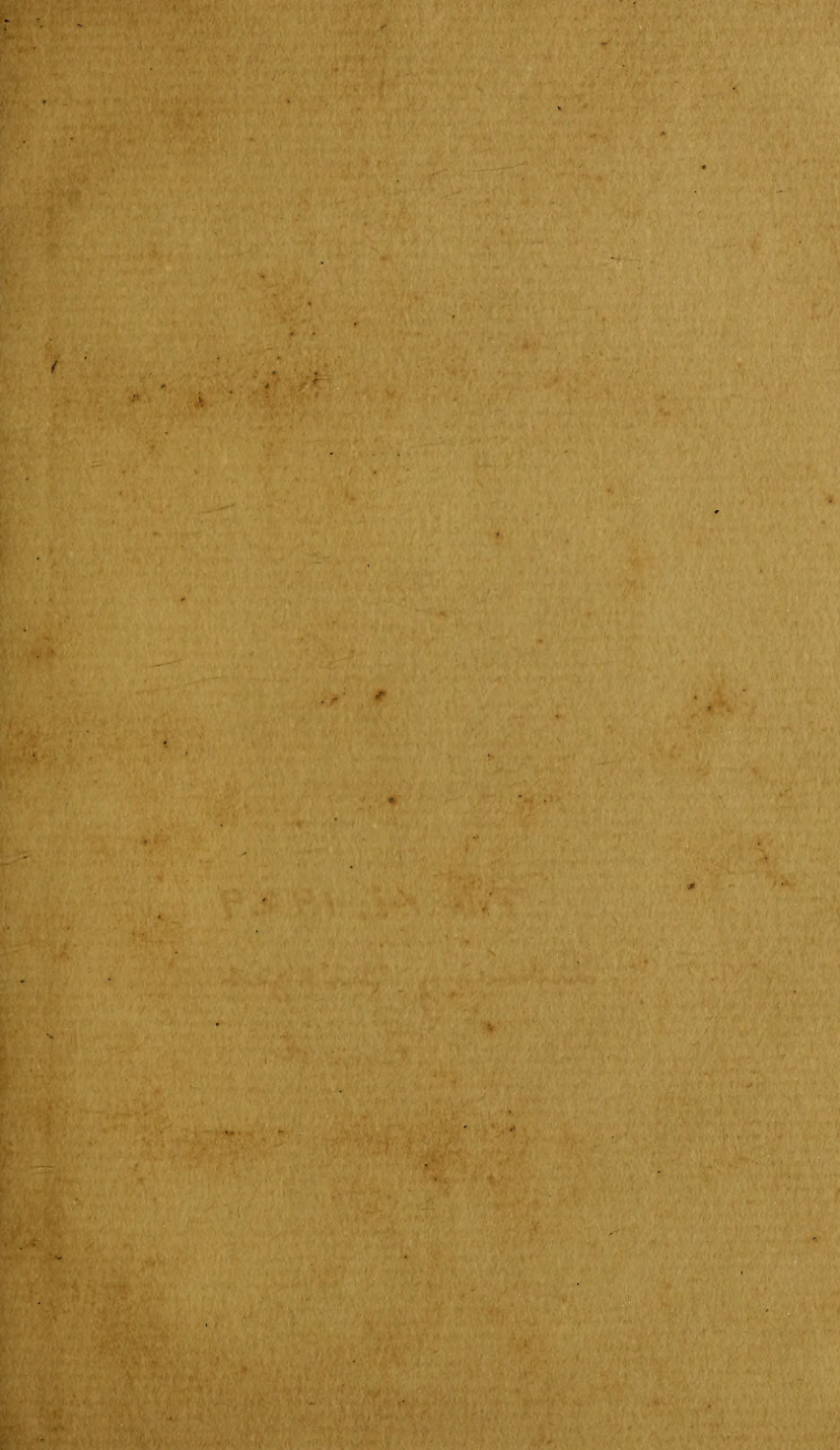


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THE
I N D I C A T O R.

VOL. I.

A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.—SPENSER.

123652

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOSEPH APPLEYARD, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND,
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1820.

THE

INDICATOR

VOL. I.

A dollar of silver is worth a pound of gold—GIVEN.

123652

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOSEPH APPELARD, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,
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1830

THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. I.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1819.

IT is the object of this periodical work to notice any subjects whatsoever within the range of the Editor's knowledge or reading. He will take them up, as they happen to suggest themselves; and endeavour to point out their essence to the reader, so as at once to be brief and satisfactory. The subjects will chiefly consist of curious recollections of biography; short disquisitions on men and things; the most interesting stories in history or fiction told over again, with an eye to their proper appreciation by unvulgar minds; and now and then a few original verses. Indeed the whole matter, whatever the subject may be, will be strictly original, in one sense of the word; and it will be the Editor's aim, as well as a part of his own pleasure, to render it all as entertaining as he can. To the unvulgar he exclusively addresses himself; but he begs it to be particularly understood, that in this description of persons are to be included all those, who without having had a classical education, would have turned it to right account; just as all those are to be excluded, who in spite of that "discipline of humanity" think ill of the nature which they degrade, and vulgarly confound the vulgar with the uneducated.

The INDICATOR will attend to no subject whatsoever of immediate or temporary interest. His business is with the honey in the old woods. The Editor has enough to agitate his spirits during the present eventful times, in another periodical work; and he is willing to be so agitated: but as he is accustomed to use his pen, as habitually as a bird his pinion, and to betake himself with it into the nests and bowers of more lasting speculations, when he has done with public ones, he is determined to keep those haunts of his recreation free from all noise and wrangling, both for his own pleasure and for those who may chuse to accompany him.

The INDICATOR will appear every Wednesday morning, at an hour early enough for the breakfast-table; and though the subjects will not be temporary or those of the moment, they will be written as much at the moment as if they were; so that there will still be a certain freshness of intercourse between the Editor and his readers.

DIFFICULTY OF FINDING A NAME FOR A WORK OF THIS KIND.—Never did gossips, when assembled to determine the name of a new-born child, whose family was full of conflicting interests, experience half the difficulty which an author finds in settling the title for a periodical work. There is generally some paramount uncle, or prodigious third cousin, who is silently understood to have the chief claims, and to the golden lustre of whose face the clouds of hesitation and jealousy gradually give way. But these children of the brain have no godfather ready at hand: and then their single appellation is bound to comprise as many public interests as all the Christian names of a French or a German prince. It is to be modest: it is to be expressive: it is to be new: it is to be striking: it is to have something in it equally intelligible to a man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination:—in one word, it is to be impossible. How far we have succeeded in the attainment of this happy nonentity, we leave others to judge. There is one good thing however which the hunt after a title is sure to realize;—a good deal of despairing mirth. We were visiting a friend the other night, who can do any thing for a book but give it a title; and after many grave and ineffectual attempts to furnish one for the present, the company, after the fashion of Rabelais, and with a chair-shaking merriment which he might have joined in himself, fell to turning a hopeless thing into a jest. It was like that exquisite picture of a set of laughers in Shakspeare:—

One rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleered, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried "Via! We will do't, come what will come!"
The third he capered, and cried "All goes well!"
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their laughter, passion's solemn tears.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Some of the names had a meaning in their absurdity, such as the Adviser, or Helps for Composing;—the Cheap Reflector, or Every Man His Own Looking-Glass;—the Retailer, or Every Man His Own Other Man's Wit;—Nonsense, To be Continued. Others were laughable by the mere force of contrast, as the Crocodile, or Pleasing Companion;—Chaos, or the Agreeable Miscellany;—the Fugitive Guide;—the Foot-Soldier, or Flowers of Wit;—Bigotry, or the Cheerful Instructor;—the Polite Repository of Abuse;—Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays. Others were sheer ludicrousness and extravagance, as the Pleasing Ancestor; the Silent Remarker; the Tart; the Leg of Beef by a Layman; the Ingenious Hat-band; the Boots of Bliss; the Occasional Diner; the Tooth-ache; Recollections of a Very Unpleasant Nature; Thoughts on Taking up a Pair of Snuffers; Thoughts on a Barouche-Box; Thoughts on a Hill of Considerable Eminence; Meditations on a Pleasing Idea; Materials for Drinking; the Knocker, No. I;—the Hippopotamus Entered at Stationers' Hall; the Piano-forte of Paulus Æmilius; the Seven Sleepers at Cards; the Arabian Nights on Horseback:—with an infinite number of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to "push us from our stools," and which none but the wise or good-natured would ever think of laughing at.

A MISTAKE OF MR. THOMAS PAINE'S UPON LEARNING; AND A WORD OR TWO ON TRANSLATION.—We speak of Mr. Paine as a deceased author, whom it is a vulgar error to under-rate. His great natural powers have forced themselves into eminence through every species of obstacle. Well aware of them himself, seeing in what manner they were often denied, and what a convention there was among worldly and common-place men, possessed of a little scholarship, to cry down every thing but themselves, he ran to an extreme natural enough to such a mind, and proclaimed at once that all which is commonly understood by the word Learning was useless. He saw that others mistook the letter for the spirit; and yet in objecting to this mistake, he fell into one of the very same nature, and asserted that learning was no longer wanted, because all the “useful books” in the ancient languages had been translated. By useful books, he means such works as Euclid's Elements: and here again he fell into an error, from which the true spirit of learning might have saved him: he confounded utility with mere science. He forgot that for one instance in which mere science is necessary to our happiness, there are a hundred in which we have more to do with our passions and tempers, with our affections, our perceptions, with our ability or inability to extract pleasure from the innumerable things in the intellectual and external world. Utility is only utility in as much as it conduces somehow or other to advantage and pleasure. Every thing that is truly pleasurable or beautiful is as useful as the most scientific thing upon earth. Jane, when she smiles at us, or takes a country walk with us, or reads an author with us, is at least as good as a Spinning Jenny. If we have twenty pleasures from the sight of a cherry, such as the admiration of it's bloom, it's figure, it's scent, it's suitability to the leaves, it's connexion with orchards and the country, and it's association with all that we have read of it in the poets, it is surely better than if we only knew the taste of it, and could reckon how much a dozen of them would come to at a farthing apiece. If we see nothing in the moon but a light for old gentlewomen to go home by, or a satellite to the earth, or even a vague beauty and serenity, we do not receive so much utility from it as when we recollect that it is the very same moon which Homer has so often looked at and so beautifully described,—which said beauty of description is not to be found in the translation of Pope. Now there is scarcely any of all the great poets in other languages, of whom the English reader has had a proper account from translators. An individual may have so much in him, from nature, of what the writers on the side of beauty and imagination have done for humanity, that he may want little improvement from books. And we all *could* go on without learning. We all *could* go on with half, or a quarter, or half a quarter of the science that is now in the world. But if we are to see our way to happiness through knowledge (and we cannot well return to it now-a-days through the paths of ignorance, beset as they have been with every species of tyranny) then the more we know of what great minds have felt and said, the more we increase the general stock of humanity in its largest sense. That all the “useful books” therefore have been translated, must be denied. Intelligent men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, for instance, and Ariosto, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory. And they well might. The translations are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the

same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Theocritus, of Petrarch, &c. &c. and in many respects of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief yet complete specimen of the way in which bad translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the common-place kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage for instance, where the lovers in the Merchant of Venice seat themselves on a bank by moonlight:—

How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Now a foreign translator, of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style amounting to the following:—

With what a charm, the moon, serene and bright,
Lends on this bank its soft reflected light!
Sit we, I pray; and let us sweetly hear
The strains melodious with a raptured ear;
For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,
To harmony impart divinest power.

It will be our business, where a quotation from the foreign poets occurs to us, to do at any rate a little better than this: and the English reader will have a better idea of the love-stories and other pieces of fiction which they have rendered so celebrated, in abridgments like ours of the utmost brevity and simplicity, than in whole volumes of this kind of misrepresentation. The simple elements of them will be laid before him; and the eye of his own unobstructed heart will see more of what the poets saw in them, at once.

ABARIS, a mysterious personage in the time of Pythagoras. He is said to have received an arrow from Apollo, with which he rode through the air, and which he afterwards gave to Pythagoras in return for the instruction of that philosopher. His first appearance at Athens was in consequence of a pestilence which then afflicted the world, and for the cessation of which an oracle had enjoined the Athenians to pray in behalf of all the other nations. Abaris came as the representative of the Hyperboreans. The probability is, that he was a Pythagorean from some northern country, who astonished the Athenians by the rapidity of his journies, and was not sorry perhaps to have it thought supernatural. A metaphor has often been enough to make a miracle. He rode like an arrow. Drop the word *like*, and the miracle is ready. Swift says of the famous Lord Peterborough,—

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion
He's with you like an apparition.

If this had been said of a man in some ages of the world, the next step would have been to use his apparition at once, and allow him a travelling ghost.

ABRADATES AND PANTHEA, a singular example of conjugal affection on a throne. Abradates was king of Susa in Persia during the wars between Cyrus and Artaxerxes; and hearing that his wife Panthea, who had gotten into the hands of the former, had been treated by him with singular continence and respect, Cyrus having denied himself even the temptation of seeing her, he went over to that prince with all his troops. Unfortunately, he was slain in the first battle that he fought for his new friend; and Panthea, unable to bear the loss of so noble and affectionate a spirit, killed herself on his dead body. The story was first told by Xenophon. Besides its own interest, it is curious as one of the few specimens afforded by the ancient world, of chivalrous gallantry towards a woman.

URIEL ACOSTA, a Portuguese at the beginning of the 17th century, presented the world with a strange instance of vacillation in religious faith. He first turned Jew, converting at the same time his mother and brothers, and fled with them to Amsterdam, where they were received into a synagogue. Becoming dissatisfied with some of the Jewish rites, and giving vent to his objections, he was excommunicated by the Jews. He then wrote a treatise against the immortality of the soul, for which he was seized and fined. After a lapse of fifteen years, he made his submission, and was again received; but not entirely conforming to the Mosaic law, and having dissuaded two Christians from adopting Judaism, he was again expelled. Under this second sentence he remained seven years, abandoned by his friends, and reduced to an extremity of wretchedness. At last, he again prostrated himself before the Jewish priests, and was again received after an extraordinary penance, during which the most melancholy and appalling ceremonies were gone through, candles lighted up and put out, and blood dropped into basins. We speak from the recollection of what we have read; but the proceeding was of this description. At the conclusion of these infernal ceremonies, he lay down upon the ground at the threshold of the synagogue, and every member of it walked over his body. He shot himself.—Acosta has been idly accused of impiety, and even of worldly selfishness. A man is not full of religious scruples out of impiety; much less keeps out of the pale of his worldly interest over and over again, and for so many years together. Perhaps his history is only an extraordinary instance of the perplexity arising from having had progenitors of different faiths. Acosta's father was a Roman-Catholic, but descended from a Jewish stock. The Catholics would naturally wish to keep him Catholic, and the Jews would naturally help his yearnings after Judaism. Perplexed between references to both, his mind wavered; and being an inquiring one, took to thinking for itself; but this was what neither Catholic nor Jew would tolerate. Perplexed by early prejudices; called upon, as it were, by the voices of his ancestors to become a Jew; making bold efforts to disengage himself from this cruel alternative; then plunged in misery; and above all, abandoned by men calling themselves his friends, and whom he had taken for such, a distracted state of mind, weakened perhaps into hopelessness by an atrabilious temperament, drove him back, like a frightened animal, into the toils of his *first fear*, the oldest supersti-

tion in the family. He stared about him a while, amidst the candles, the curses, and the dropping blood; and then went melancholy, and killed himself.—Thus an honest man is driven into suicide, because his ancestors differed in point of faith! The religionist will say that this shews the value of having one regular hereditary faith; but would he cease then to convert the heretic to his own? And what good did this do to the poor unwilling martyr Acosta? The philosopher will say that it shews the wretched tyranny of custom.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, and GALATEA, one of the most celebrated love-stories in ancient fable. Acis was a mortal, because his mother was so, though his father was the wood-god Faunus. Galatea, who loved him deeply, and whose passion was returned, was an immortal sea-nymph, the daughter of two deities of the ocean. They enjoyed the happiness of their affection in the delightful vales of Sicily; but unfortunately it had one drawback, which was the jealous importunity of Neptune's gigantic and one-eyed son, the terrible Polyphemus. In vain the enamoured monster implored Galatea to listen to him. In vain had love softened the natural ferocity of his manners, so that he would sit whole days on the sea-coast, watching to catch a glimpse of her out of the water, while the tears ran down his dreadful face, and he was as gentle and humble as a child. The fair nymph fled but the more for refuge into the arms of the handsome shepherd. The wretched Polyphemus, looking down one day into a valley, saw the happy lovers giving way to their transport; and this sight made the load of his despair intolerable. He rent off a fragment of the rock on which he was sitting; and hurling it down as Jupiter might do his thunder, smote his rival so as to crush him to death. Galatea, inconsolable, and unable to restore her lover to life, or render him a deity like herself, turned him into a fountain. It was after this event that we may suppose Polyphemus to have become the inhospitable and cruel wretch which he is described to be in Homer's *Odyssey*: and this point of view helps to throw an additional interest over his story, which always appeared to us one of the most pathetic and deeply-meaning in poetry. He was separated by his monstrous appearance from human kind, and yet in his heart and inclinations he sympathized with them. The want of this sympathy from others made him ireful, revengeful, impious. What moral can go to the heart of things more deeply than this?

This story has been a great favourite with all men of genius. It has been touched upon with great pathos and simplicity by Theocritus, who was followed not so well by Virgil, and with much less nature by Ovid. The Italian writers are so fond of it, that they have sonnets, called Polyphemic sonnets. Raphael painted a beautiful picture of Galatea triumphing on the waters, of which there are many engravings. And Handel finished the homage of the arts to it by that divine oratorio of Acis and Galatea, for which Gay contributed words not unworthy. If the reader wishes to know how the great poets have written on the subject, he should hear how Handel composed.

COUNTRY HOUSES NEAR TOWN.—We have often wondered, in the midst of the trees and fields, how people can be aware of the existence of such beautiful things, and not long to enjoy them :—we mean, of course, in the manner as well as the degree, in which some others enjoy them : for though Nature will be felt and acknowledged some how or other under all her aspects, and though the inhabitants of the metropolis have plenty of little country houses scattered about the skirts of it, yet their pleasure in them is rather of a negative than positive kind ; rather a fidgeting respite from smoke and noise, than a sense of the beauties of scenery or of the solitude. When the citizen gets out of the town, he contrives to be almost as much confined as when he is in it. At the best, he generally pokes about his garden a little, and sees that the apple trees are productive, and the brick walls secure. If he goes out, it is chiefly when his neighbours are abroad to meet him, and along the high-road. He may cross the fields in the morning to church, in order to take care of his eternal interests upon the same principle on which he takes care of his temporal every other day in the week ; but he confines himself to the path as he goes ; he returns by it as ploddingly ; and though not so bad as the sourer bigot, who after insisting all the morning at the meeting house that the world is a vile world ; takes all the selfish or unsocial means he can to prove his words, he spends the rest of the day with almost as little sense of the beauties and kindness of creation, either eating and drinking himself to sleep in his easy chair, or treating some friends with the provisions he stuffed his carriage with the day before, and cultivating a hot-faced, noisy, and boozing indigestion till bed-time. This, and a confinement all the rest of the week to close and noisy streets,—the transition from dark rooms with windows half dust and half board, to the bargaining uproar of an Exchange,—the total ignorance of all intellectual pleasures, an utter deadness to what is called sentiment, —a person which has no graces in consequence,—a face, sometimes jovial but not happy, generally care-worn, and always vulgar,—an enjoyment, such as it is, allied to gambling, and cut with a thousand anxieties,—an unhealthy temperament, always contradicting his comfort also, though he may not know as much,—toil, toil, toil, every morning,—indigestion, indigestion, every evening,—a gout in his old age, and a bad conscience all his life,—such is the picture of a complete, successful, flourishing, sophisticated, money-getting animal ; who is called “ a good man,” because his knaveries enable him to pay ; and a knowing one, because he has found out with infinite labour and pains how to make himself forty times as uncomfortable as other people.

All this comes from imaginary wants, and from abandoning nature in order to get as much as possible out of art ; whereas art with twenty times the toil will never yield a twentieth part of the real harvest. A third of the industry that is now thought necessary, and an improved knowledge which does not confound good taste with expensiveness, would leave mankind to the enjoyment of a leisure and a happiness, which they have only tasted at intervals. But in the mean time, instead of happiness being attended to, the phrase is, that “ business must be attended to.” The same pains, or mere profligacies, are bequeathed to children ; and with the exception of a few understandings who have survived the convulsions of the times, and have got hold of a weapon against error, which wisdom never had before, and which we trust it will never let go—the middle classes in this green and beautiful country, make a religion of their money-getting

and town habits, sitting in their well-clothed stupidity, and sneering with as much ignorant scepticism at all improvement, as ever their ancestors might have done in their painted skins.

The present generation, in this respect, is too old and too foolish to mend; but the rising one has new light; and how easily might it see, not only from the sophistications of its parents, but from their sufferings and even their little unconscious hankerings after something better, the policy of improving its habits of thinking! How much better would it be to have a third of the toil, and a twentieth part of the anxiety! How much better to have air and exercise every day, instead of once a week! How much better to have cheap luxuries, easy digestions, cool slumbers, and quiet minds!

Nor is this mere talking, or a thing only to be found in books; as if there were no medium between the extreme of folly and that of injustice. Let them come out in the fields, and see. Let them read of the smaller country gentlemen, a class which has since vanished,—of archeries and other rural sports, of the old mixture of business and pleasure, which were in a more reasonable proportion than now; and let them add to these, the improvements which philosophy would now enable them to make in a thousand matters involving the common good; and they would soon see the folly of wasting their time by a mistaken sense of it.

Upon this subject we shall present our readers by and by with a story of a man who never went out of the metropolis for ten years, and what took him out of it at last.

ANACREON'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MISTRESS.

Αγε, ζωγραφων απισε.

Come, master of the rosy art,
Thou painter after my own heart,
Come, paint my absent love for me,
As I shall describe her thee.
Paint me first her fine dark hair,
Fawning into ringlets there;
And if brush has power to do it,
Paint the odour breathing through it.
Then from out her ripe young cheek,
Underneath those tresses sleek,
Paint her brow of ivory;
Taking care the eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as her's are, stol'n together;
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue.
Then as those bright orbs require,

Fetch her eyesight out of fire;
Like Minerva's, sparkling blue;
Moist, like Cytherea's too:
Give her nose and cheeks a tint
Like shallow milk with roses in't:
Let her lip Persuasion's be,
Asking our's provokingly:
And beneath her satin chin,
With a dimple broken in,
And all about those precious places,
Set a thousand hovering graces.
Now then,—let the drapery spread,
With an under tint of red,
And a glimpse left scarcely drest,
So that what remains be guess'd.
'Tis enough: 'tis she! 'tis she!
O thou sweet face, speak to me.

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And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. II.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1819.

THE INDICATOR AND EXAMINER.—AUTUMNAL COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES.—MANTLE-PIECES.—APARTMENTS FOR STUDY.

ONE or two persons, we understand, have supposed that the present periodical work will interfere with the literary part of another, in which the Editor has long been concerned. This is a great mistake. The Examiner will continue to be more literary, as well as painstaking in every other respect, than it has ever been. It will have more than the usual literature, for instance, connected with politics and criticism,—especially the latter. Indeed, should the new paper injure the old one, it would be dropped. The fact is, that as far as the Editor is concerned, the Examiner is to be regarded as the reflection of his public literature, and the Indicator of his private. In the one he has a sort of public meeting with his friends: in the other, a more retired one. The Examiner is his tavern-room for politics, for political pleasantries, for criticism upon the theatres and living writers. The Indicator is his private room, his study, his retreat from public care and criticism, with the reader who chuses to accompany him.

Here we are then, this chilly weather, with a warm fire. How pleasant it is to have fires again! We have not time to regret summer, when the cold fogs begin to force us upon the necessity of having a new kind of warmth;—a warmth not so fine as sunshine, but as manners go, more sociable. The English get together over their fires, as the Italians do in their summer-shade. We do not enjoy our sunshine as we ought: our climate in general seems to render us almost unaware that the weather is fine, when it really becomes so: but for the same reason, we make as much of our winter as the anti-social habits that have grown upon us from other causes will allow. And for a similar reason, the southern European is unprepared for a cold day. The houses in Italy are almost all summer-houses, letting in the air on every side; so that when a fit of cold weather comes on, the dismayed inhabitant, walking and shivering about with a

little brazier in his hands, presents an awkward image of insufficiency and perplexity. A few of our fogs, shutting up the sight of every thing out of doors, and making the trees and the eaves of the houses drip like rain, would soon admonish him to get warm in good earnest. If "the web of our life" is always to be "of a mingled yarn," a good warm hearth-rug is not the worst part of the manufacture.

Here we are then again, with our fire before us, and our books on each side. What shall we do? Shall we take out a *Life* of somebody, or a *Theocritus*, or *Dante*, or *Ariosto*, or *Montaigne*, or *Marcus Aurelius*, or *Horace*, or *Shakspeare* who includes them all? Or shall we read an engraving from *Poussin* or *Raphael*? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, *while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good nature*, that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured?

Ah—take care. You see what that old looking saucer is, with a handle to it. It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth, to an Athenian, about two-pence; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could—deny for it. And yet he would depy it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. It's little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantle-pieces. You may often see on no very rich mantle-piece a representative body of all the elements, physical and intellectual,—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man;—and underneath all, is the bright and ever-springing fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality. We like to have any little curiosity of the mantle-piece kind within our reach and inspection. For the same reason, we like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us,—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than see her at a distance. To have a huge apartment for a study is like lying in the great bed at Ware, or being snug on a milestone upon Hounslow Heath. It is space and physical activity, not repose and concentration. It is fit only for grandeur and ostentation,—for those who have secretaries, and are to be approached like gods in a temple. The archbishop of Toledo, no doubt, wrote his homilies in a room ninety feet long. The Marquis Marialva must have been approached by *Gil Blas* through whole ranks of glittering authors, standing at due distance. But *Ariosto*, whose mind could fly out of it's nest over all nature, wrote over the house he built, "*Parva, sed apta mihi*"—Small, but suited to me. However, it is to be observed, that he could not afford a larger. He was a Duodenarian, in that respect, like ourselves. We do not know how our ideas of a study

might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne "of that ilk," and lord of a great chateau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." He congratulates himself, at the same time, on it's circular figure, evidently from a feeling allied to the one in favour of smallness. "The figure of my study," says he, "is round, and has no more flat (bare) wall, than what is taken up by my table and my chairs; so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." (Cotton's Montaigne. B.3. Ch. 3.) A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage, upon the same reasoning as before; but we like to have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study, extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*; thus letting others into a share of his enjoyments, by the imagination of them.

And let my lamp at midnight hour
Be *seen* in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The Spirit of Plato, to unfold
What world or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

There is a fine passionate burst of enthusiasm on the subject of a study in Fletcher's play of the Elder Brother, Act. 1. Scene 2.

Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness:
But purer spirits, purged and refined,
Shake off that clog of human frailty. Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Lights there for my study!

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE,

A LOVE STORY IN THE ANTIENT WRITERS.

Acontius was a youth of the island Cea (now Zia), who at the sacrifices in honour of Diana fell in love with this beautiful virgin, Cydippe; but she was unfortunately so much above him in rank, that he had no hope of obtaining her hand in the usual way. The

wit of a lover accordingly helped him to an expedient. There was a law in Cea, that any oath pronounced in the temple of Diana, was irrevocably binding. Acontius got an apple, and writing some words upon it, pitched it into Cydippe's bosom.

The words were these ;—

MA THN APTEMIN AKONTION GAMOTMAI.

By Dian, I will marry Acontius.

Or as a poet has written them :

Juro tibi sanctæ per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram.

I swear by holy Dian, I will be
Thy bride betrothed, and bear thee company.

Cydippe read, and married herself.—It is said that she was repeatedly on the eve of being married to another person ; but her imagination in the shape of the Goddess as often threw her into a fever ; and the lover, whose ardour and ingenuity had made an impression upon her, was made happy. Aristænetus in his *Epistles* calls the apple *κυδωνιον μηλον*, a Cretan apple, which is supposed to mean a quince : or as others think, an orange, or a citron. But the apple was, is, and must be, a true, unsophisticated apple. Nothing else would have suited. “The apples, methought,” says Sir Philip Sydney, of his heroine in the *Arcadia*, “fell down from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast.” The idea seems to have originated with Theocritus, (*Idyl.* 27. v. 50. Edit. Valckenaer.) from whom it was copied by the Italian writers. It makes a lovely figure in one of the most famous passages of Ariosto, where he describes the beauty of Alcina (*Orlando Furioso*, Canto 7. st. 14.) :—

Bianca neve è il bel collo, e'l petto latte :
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo :
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow ;
A rounded neck ; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves, that on the coast beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

And after him, Tasso, in his fine ode on the Golden Age :—

Allor tra fiori e linfe
Tracan dolci carole
Gli Amoretti senz' archi e senza faci :
Sedean pastori e ninfe
Meschiando a le parole
Vezzi e susurri, ed ai susurri i baci
Strettamente tenaci.
La verginella ignude
Scopria sue fresche rose
Ch'or tien nel velo ascose,
E le pome del seno acerbe e crude :
E sperso o in fiume o in lago
Scherzar si vide con l'amata il vago.

Then among streams and flowers,
 The little Winged Powers
 Went singing carols, without torch or bow ;
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden, budding oe'r,
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore:
 And oftentimes in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

VENICE.

This is the country of Titian, of Palladio, of Marcello, who from a nobleman became one of the finest musicians in Italy ; of Bembo, one of the most liberal and accomplished of cardinals ; of Paul Sarpi, who kept his countrymen independent of the church of Rome.

The Venetians are like a lively family cut off from the rest of Europe. Let the reader imagine himself pushing off from a sea-coast, and coming at a distance of a league and a half upon a city standing in the sea. This is Venice. It is built upon seventy-two little islands, the houses abutting directly upon the water, the finest of them without even a landing place but the stairs ; so that instead of streets there are only canals of sea-water ; and instead of coaches and carts, gondolas and other boats. Perhaps the best idea the reader can have of a Venetian street is to imagine a street like Portland-place, or rather a more winding one like the High-street at Oxford, mixed with nobler as well as smaller houses, and the full sea running through it, with abundance of boats of traffic and swift-darting gondolas. The gondola is a sort of wherry, about five feet broad, and twenty-five long, covered with black cloth, and having a cabin standing up in the middle of it, like the body of a caravan. The cabin is covered with black also, and has moveable windows with curtains. A Venetian gentleman keeps his gondola as an Englishman does his coach ; only with much greater cheapness. The full complement of a gondola is two rowers, who stand to their oars, one at each end, and with their faces the reverse way of our boatmen. They are very expert, and dart their gondolas in and out among the intricacies of this watery bustle, like fish. They are proverbial for their cheerfulness and honesty. They used to be famous for singing passages out of Tasso and other Italian poets ; but political trouble has dashed the spirits even of the Venetian gondolier, and he is now comparatively mute.* The guitar

* It is curious and natural enough, that one of their most favourite passages was the beginning of the seventh book of the Jerusalem Delivered, where Erminia gets among the country-people. They sang to a kind of chant, sometimes responding to each other ; and the effect at night-time, when the sound came softened by distance over the water, was often delightful. Rousseau, who was

however is still heard in Venice, especially of an evening; and the visitor continually hears those delightful dancing airs which have been collected and published in this country. The chief, or rather the only place of assemblage for the inhabitants of Venice out of doors (for they have a fine opera and multitudes of opera-houses within) is a large square, containing the principal church and the government offices. Here all ranks are accustomed to meet of an evening; and here something of amusement is generally going forward all day, from the guitar-player to the punchinello. There is very little more standing-room throughout the city; and so little vegetation, that they call a court by way of eminence the Court of the Tree, and there is a church entitled our Lady of the Garden. There is a monastery with one of these gardens, such as they are; the Palace Zenobio has another, and a Casino,* called Zanne, another. We suppose they muster up some others in miniature; but there is an island near Venice, where the gentry have country-houses, and contrive to be a little more horticultural.

Next to it's watery streets, Venice is remarkable for the number of it's bridges and palaces. The latter are truly so called, and comprise many of the master-pieces of Palladio. Every noble family appears to have once occupied a palace, some of them many palaces. They stand upon the principal canals, into which run smaller ones, all of them having their bridges. These bridges however are in general very small; nor is the famous one, called the Rialto, so remarkable as it's celebrity would imply, though it is built in a striking manner, of one arch. It has houses on it, like old London bridge, though not after the same fashion. They cross it in a covered angle, forming a double arcade. The artist who built it was called Antonio of the Bridge. In the same spirit of poetical tendency, the bridge leading to the city jail is called the Bridge of Sighs; and one of the principal canals, probably from the residence of some great musician, is entitled the River of Song.

The Venetians have always been famous for their enjoying temper, and what the Italians call Brio,—a certain sparkling of the animal spirits. A quintessence of this quality would seem to have been almost the only thing which made a late celebrated dramatist, Goldoni, be taken all over Europe for a great genius. Yet the Venetian character in general is relieved from the frivolous by an evident capacity

once at Venice, published the chant in notes. We do not remember whether it is from him that Mr. Shield has copied it in the appendix to his *Introduction to Harmony*; but it is there to be found. Ariosto used to be the great favourite with the Venetians; but Tasso's poem seems to have superseded even the Orlando in popularity. An Italian gentleman, when asked his opinion of this mystery, thought it explained by the great mixture of Turkish affairs in the Jerusalem, the Venetians having had a good deal to do with the Turks, both as enemies and friends.

* Baretto defines one of these Casinos exactly. He calls it "a small house kept for pleasure in a town, besides our own." They are in great request at Venice; more so now, we suppose than ever, since the nobility have shrunk in their palaces like withered nuts.

for the serious. The wine in their blood has a body with it. There is a tone and substance in their composition as different from the old French levity, as Titian's pictures are from *La Guerre*. You still meet with Titian's men and women at Venice,—the same rich dark complexions and fine figures; the same faces, earnest without sharpness, quick without confusion, thoughtful without severity, voluptuous without grossness. The men are robust as well as agile: the women have that sort of tone in their composition which made the very courtesan of Venice a Calypso to strangers, and enthroned the more sentimental mistress at the top of her sex, at once to fascinate and to rule.

The leading men in the state, the counsellors at law, &c. take advantage of this solid part of the national character to affect a prodigious air of gravity: and it was perhaps from a mixed spirit of republican pride, and a sort of gusto of contrast to the pleasurability of their temperament, that black colours became the national wear. Not only the divines and lawyers wore black, but the statesmen wore black, the ladies all wore black; and the gondolas, carrying guitars and lovers in their bosoms, were clothed in the same external symbol of solemnity. We believe it is the same to this day, if not so universally. There seems in this a kind of pleasant and avowed hypocrisy, which stands the lively and sincere Venetian instead of the more hypocritical zests of other countries.

Venice originated with fugitives from the Italian peninsula during the fierce time of Attila, and subsisted afterwards as an independent state for many centuries, unbesieged even but by the waves. It's famous oligarchical form of government, under which it became mistress of the sea, still divides the opinions of politicians. Some think it must have been an intolerable tyranny; while others, among whom is our republican countryman Harrington, have regarded it as the true model of a popular state. The truth seems to be, that the good climate and chearful temperament enjoyed by the Venetians rendered them very easy subjects; and this easiness had it's effect in turn upon their leaders, who with all their outward stateliness were in reality like themselves. There was none of the physical suffering, which naturally renders the people so impatient in harder climates; and on the other hand, the rulers were generally wise and kind, and not provoked into tyranny either by conscious injustice, or extra-national ambition. The Venetians were too contented with what was done and allowed, to quarrel for the last, sad privilege of political talking; and provided a Venetian did not talk politics, he might talk or do any thing he pleased. Thus they were like a happy family living under a father of austere aspect and real goodnature. But as their less happy neighbours out-grew them, this happy family was to be disturbed; and it was so. Venice in common with the other northern states of Italy became the property of the greatest neighbour for the time being,—of the Court of Vienna first, then of France, and now of Vienna again. It's nobles are at length ruined; it's palaces almost deserted; and the gay Venetian, now

a pensive animal to what he was, meditates on the approaching period when his very city is to be forsaken by the sea; when Venice itself, eyeless, voiceless, and dead, is to stand like a gigantic skeleton on a stagnant and deserted shore, whistling with the screams of sea-fowl, and the disdainful rushing of the wind.

This apprehension now appears to be a good deal entertained. It was entertained also nearly forty years back, perhaps long before; and was understood to be disproved at that time. According to the systems, however, and calculations of modern philosophy, the sea-coasts all over the globe are in a constant state either of an accretion or diminution of waters; and the imagination, in its gloomier moments, may still contemplate the desolation of Venice, approaching or far off.

Still the Venetians compared with most other people are a happy race. The blood runs quicker in their veins. They have more music, more freshness and easiness of life, more cordiality of intercourse. The good-natured philosopher still finds in Venice the greatest mixture of liveliness and sentiment: the restless man of genius, impatient of the contradiction of his young hopes, still finds there something to admire and to love. If the Venetians have been thought to be of too amorous a disposition, they are acknowledged to be temperate in every other respect, and to make excellent parents and kinsfolk: and it is to be observed that in many of the cities of Italy, the proneness to love has gradually produced a state of opinion on those matters, less severe than in some other countries; so that they do not violate their consciences so much as might be supposed, and the guilt is of necessity diminished with the sense of it. A late traveller says, that the most striking thing after all, in Venice, is the extreme kindness and attentiveness of all ranks of people to one another. A young man going by with a burden begs his "good father" (any given old gentleman) to let him have way; and the good father in as unaffected a tone is happy to make way for his "son." It may be answered, considering the Venetian character, that this is but natural; and that the old gentleman does not know whom he may be talking to. But these, we conceive, are evidences which the disputatious moralist would do better in letting alone.

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THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the *Moorc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.*

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. III.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1819.

GODIVA.

THIS is the lady, who under the title of Countess of Coventry, used to make such a figure in our childhood upon some old pocket-pieces of that city. We hope she is in great request there still; or the inhabitants deserve to be sent *from* Coventry. That city used to be famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins,—an “incredible number,” saith Selden. But the eleven thousand virgins have vanished with their credibility; and a real noble-hearted woman of flesh and blood is Coventry’s true immortality.

The story of Godiva is not a fiction, as many suppose it. At least it is to be found in Matthew of Westminster, and is not of a nature to have been a mere invention. Her name, and that of her husband, Leofric, are mentioned in an old charter recorded by another early historian. That the story is omitted by Hume and others argues little against it; for the latter are accustomed to confound the most interesting anecdotes of times and manners with something below the dignity of history (a very absurd mistake);—and Hume, of whose philosophy better things might have been expected, is notoriously less philosophical in his history than in any other of his works. A certain coldness of temperament, not unmingled with aristocratical pride, or at least with a great aversion from every thing like vulgar credulity, rendered his scepticism so extreme, that it became in spite of itself a sort of superstition in turn, and blinded him to the claims of every species of enthusiasm, civil as well as religious. Milton, with his poetical eyesight, saw better when he meditated the history of his native country. We do not remember whether he relates the present story; but we remember well, that at the beginning of his fragment on that subject, he says he shall relate doubtful stories as well as authentic ones, for the benefit of those, if no others, who will know how to make use of them,—namely, the poets.* We have faith however in the story ourselves.

* When Dr. Johnson, among his other impatient accusations of our great republican, charged him with telling unwarrantable stories in his history, he must have overlooked this announcement; and yet, if we recollect, it is but in the second page of the fragment. So hasty, and blind, and liable to be put to shame is prejudice.

It has innate evidence enough for us, to give full weight to that of the old annalist. Imagination can invent a good deal; affection more: but affection can sometimes do things, such as the tenderest imagination is at least not in the habit of inventing; and this piece of noble-heartedness we believe to have been one of them.

Leofric, Earl of Leicester, was the lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, of which Coventry formed a part. He lived in the time of Edward the Confessor; and was so eminently a feudal lord, that the hereditary greatness of his dominion appears to have been singular even at that time, and to have lasted with an uninterrupted succession from Ethelbald to the Conquest,—a period of more than three hundred years. He was a great and useful opponent of the famous Earl Goodwin.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not, does not appear; but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage, by which it would seem that the feudal despot enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The progress of knowledge has shewn us how abominable, and even how unhappy for all parties, is an injustice of this description; yet it gives one an extraordinary idea of a mind in those times, to see it capable of piercing through the clouds of custom, of ignorance, and even of self-interest, and petitioning the petty tyrant to forego such a privilege. This mind was Godiva's. The other sex, always more slow to admit reason through the medium of feeling, were then occupied to the full in their warlike habits. It was reserved for a woman to anticipate whole ages of liberal opinion, and to surpass them in the daring virtue of setting a principle above a custom.

The countess entreated her lord to give up his fancied right; but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry, naked. She took him at his word; and said she would. One may imagine the astonishment of a fierce unlettered chieftain, not untinged with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that too of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise: but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only

her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets.*

What scene can be more touching to the imagination,—beauty, modesty, feminine softness, a daring sympathy; an extravagance, producing by the nobleness of its object and the strange gentleness of its means, the grave and profound effect of the most reverend custom. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon; the doors all shut, the windows closed; the earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants, many of them gushing with grateful tears, and all reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast but not a shamefaced eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the dumb and deserted streets, like an angelic spirit.

It was an honourable superstition in that part of the country, that a man who ventured to look at the fair saviour of his native town, was struck blind. But the vulgar use to which this superstition has been turned by some writers of late times, is not so honourable. The whole story is as unvulgar and as sweetly serious, as can be conceived.

Drayton has not made so much of this subject, as might have been expected; yet what he says, is said well and earnestly.

Coventry at length

From her small, mean regard recovered state and strength;
By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage were expelled;
Whose dutchess which desired this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begged. The duke, to make her cease,
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse
By daylight through the street: which certainly he thought
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

We wonder that none of our painters have yet drawn us Godiva upon her horse. They can hardly have met with the subject, or surely they would have fallen in love with it.

* “Nuda,” says Matthew of Westminster, “equum ascendens, erines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit.” See Selden’s Notes to the Polyolbion of Drayton. Song 13. It is Selden from whom we learn, that Leofric was Earl of Leicester, and the other particulars of him mentioned above. The Earl was buried at Coventry, his Countess most probably, in the same tomb.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS CONNECTED WITH VARIOUS PARTS
OF THE METROPOLIS.

One of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations. We spoke of this in our first number, and shall often have occasion to recur to it. It is an art that of necessity increases with the stock of our knowledge; and though in acquiring our knowledge we must encounter disagreeable associations

also, yet if we secure a reasonable quantity of health by the way, these will be far less in number than the agreeable ones : for unless the circumstances which gave rise to the associations, press upon us, it is only from want of health that the power of throwing off these burdensome images becomes suspended.

And the beauty of this art is, that it does not insist upon pleasant materials to work on. Nor indeed does health. Health will give us a vague sense of delight, in the midst of objects that would tease and oppress us during sickness. But healthy association peoples this vague sense with agreeable images. It will relieve us, even when a painful sympathy with the distresses of others becomes a part of the very health of our minds. For instance, we can never go through St. Giles's, but the sense of the extravagant inequalities in human condition presses more forcibly upon us ; but some pleasant images are at hand even there to refresh it. They do not displace the others, so as to injure the sense of public duty which they excite ; they only serve to keep our spirits fresh for their task, and hinder them from running into desperation or hopelessness. In St. Giles's Church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer ; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe. We are as sure to think of these two men, and of all the good and pleasure they have done to the world, as of the less happy objects about us. The steeple of the church itself too is a handsome one ; and there is a flock of pigeons in that neighbourhood, which we have stood with great pleasure to see careering about it of a fine afternoon, when a western wind had swept back the smoke towards the city, and shewed the white of the stone steeple piercing up into a blue sky. So much for St. Giles's, whose very name is a nuisance with some. It is dangerous to speak disrespectfully of old districts. Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis ? And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it : it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave ; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower ; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the scite pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer sets out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

To return over the water, who would expect any thing poetical from East Smithfield ? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. So was Gray, in Cornhill. So was Milton, in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence

of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Church-yard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's Inn Fields; in Holborn, near Red Lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James's Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-Fields; and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Ben Jonson, who was born "in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross," was at one time "master" of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented, with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill. Beaumont, writing to him from the country in an epistle full of jovial wit, says,

The sun, which doth the greatest comfort bring,
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see, however absent, is
Here our best haymaker: forgive me this:
It is our country style:—in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

* * * * *

Methinks the little wit I had, is lost,
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid? Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there hath been thrown
Wit, able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit, that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled, and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time, was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-Bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It is in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's Inn garden wall, which looks upon Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar still remaining.

Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stand in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes) lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Grey Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agin-

court. Here also lies Thomas Burdet, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward the Fourth, for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag which the king had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward the Second,

She, wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.—GRAY.

Her “mate’s” heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; or after reading one of Shakspeare’s tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night time, as we used. Camden, “the nourrice of antiquitie,” received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others known in the literary world, were bred two of the most powerful and deep-spirited writers of the present day; whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

In a palace on the scite of Hatton Garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook House, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the “friend of Sir Philip Sydney.” In the same street, died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person Thomas Chatterton,—

The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.

WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe Lane;—a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray’s Inn lived, and in Gray’s Inn garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton Row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also for some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.* Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly’s, the perfumer, at whose house the Tatler was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Puke. Tavistock-street was

* * The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them it is believed was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.

then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world ; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the Beggar's Opera. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen Anne's time, was in Russell-street,—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden Church-yard ; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the scite of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James's: he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James's-street, where a scandal-monger of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of Captain Steele, idling before the Coffee-houses, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster,—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland-House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel ; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill ; and that on the scite of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also ? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in East-cheap,—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not East-cheap and the Boar's Head ? Have we not all been there time out of mind ? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps ?

But a line or two, a single sentence in an author of former times, will often give a value to the commonest object. It not only gives us a sense of its duration, but we seem to be looking at it in company with its old observer ; and we are reminded at the same time of all that was agreeable in him. We never saw, for instance, even the gilt ball at the top of the College of Physicians, without thinking of that plea-

sant mention of it in Garth's *Dispensary*, and of all the wit and generosity of that amiable man:—

Not far from that most celebrated place,*
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear it's oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill.

* The Old Bailey.

Gay, in describing the inconvenience of the late narrow part of the Strand, by St. Clement's, took away a portion of it's unpleasantness to the next generation, by associating his memory with the objects in it. We did not miss without regret even the "combs" that hung "dangling in your face" at a shop which he describes, and which was standing till the improvements took place. The rest of the picture is still alive. (*Trivia*, Book 3d.)

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crouds heaped on crouds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

There is a touch in the winter picture in the same poem, which every body will recognize:—

At White's the harnessed chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands.

The bewildered passenger in the Seven Dials is compared to Theseus in the Cretan Labyrinth. And thus we come round to the point at which we began.

Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city, as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer's has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his *Canterbury Pilgrims*, he tells us, among her other accomplishments, that

French she spake full faire and featously;
adding with great gravity,
After the school of Stratford atte Bowe;
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

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THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *Cuculus Indicator* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth fly;
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. IV.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3d, 1819.

THE BEAU MISER, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AT BRIGHTON.

THERE was a man of the name of Kennedy, who was well known to people of fashion in our childhood, but with whose origin, pretensions, or way of living, nobody was acquainted. That he was rich was certain, for he wore the most precious stones on his fingers, and was known to keep a great deal of money at a banker's. He was evidently very fond of the upper circles, and for some time was admitted into their parties. He was now and then at the opera; oftener at routs and balls; and always went to court, when he could get there.

We have heard him described. He was a very spare man, not much above thirty, of the middle height, with eyes a little shut and lowering, a small nose, and a very long chin. But he dressed extremely well; had a softness of manners amounting to the timid; and paid exceeding homage to every person and thing of any fashionable repute.

All this, for some time, procured him a good reception; but at last, people began to wonder that though he got invitations from every body, he gave none himself. It was not even known that he ever made a present, or had a person home with him even to a luncheon or a cup of tea. Twice he gave a great dinner, at which it was owned that there was a profusion of every thing; but though it was not at a tavern, it was not at his own place of abode; and the people of the house knew nothing about him.

All this gave rise to a suspicion, that he was a miser; and people soon contrived to have pretty strong proofs of it. In vain the least bashful of his acquaintances admired the beauty of his numerous rings; in vain others applied to him for loans of money, some by way of trial and others from necessity; in vain his movements were watched by the more idle and gossiping; in vain hints were thrown out and questions asked, and his very footsteps pursued. His rings were all keepsakes; he always had no money *just then*;

he referred for his lodgings to an hotel, where he occasionally put up, perhaps for that very purpose ; and a curious fellow, who endeavoured to follow him home one night, was led such an enormous round through street after street, and even suburb after suburb, that he gave up the point with an oath.

After this, his acquaintance grew more and more shy of him : they gradually left off inviting him to their houses, some from mercenary disappointment, some from a more generous disgust, others because the rest did so ; and at last, just after a singular adventure which happened to him at Brighton, he totally disappeared.

Every body took him for a madman on that occasion. He had not been at the place above a day or two, and was seen, during that time, walking about the beach very thoughtfully, with an air of sorrow, owing, it was conjectured, to his having put himself to the expense of travelling without obtaining his expected repayment, for nobody invited him. But be this as it may, he was seen, one morning, running in the most violent manner across the Steyne, and crying out " Fire ! " His face was as pale as death ; he seemed every now and then, in the midst of his haste, to be twitched and writhed up with a sort of convulsion ; and his hat having been blown off by the wind, no wonder he was thought seized with a frenzy. Yet when he arrived at his lodging, there was no fire, nor even a symptom of it.

The suspicion of his being out of his wits, was rendered still stronger by a rumour which took place the same day ; for the servants of the family which he used to visit most, and in which he was paying his addresses to a young lady, declared that not many minutes after the uproar about the fire, he came to their master's house, through the by-ways, with a coal-heaver's hat on. And the assertion was confirmed by some tradesmen who had seen him pass, and by some boys who had followed him with shouts and nick-names.

The mystery supplied the world with talk for more than a week, when at length it was explained through the family we have just mentioned. Kennedy, it seems, was really a miser, and had inherited the estates of a third or fourth cousin, whose name he took. He had had little or no acquaintance with his kinsman, before he found himself his heir. His father was a petty overseer somewhere or other, at a great distance from London ; and the cousin, whose estates he succeeded to, was the son of a general officer in the East-India service. The cousin had had a son whom he sent abroad to follow his grandfather's profession ; but receiving the news of his death a little before his own, he sickened the faster, and being in a state of great weakness and despondency, left his estates to his next heir, without having much heart to inquire what sort of person he was. The fortunate young overseer quitted his shop immediately, and coming up to town had occasion to wait on a young lady, to whom his cousin's son had been attached. It was to give her a lock of her lover's hair, and a gold watch, which his father sent her with it in token of his own regard for her. A little note accompanied them,

which she shewed one day with the tears in her eyes, though she was then happy enough :—

“ I leave you no money, my dear child ; I am dying, and you are wealthy enough, and money is not the thing wanted by either of us. Just before I received the news of my poor boy's death, he sent me this lock of his hair for you, to shew you how glossy and healthy—Excuse me, my love ;—the tears blot out what I was going to write ; and so they ought. But I know well enough that the kind-hearted generous girl who was worthy of him, will think I pay her a greater compliment in leaving her only what belonged to her Charles, than if I had sent her all the money which he never possessed. The next heir, I am told, is a good young man, and he is poor, with a number of poor relations. The watch was Charles's, when a boy. My father gave it me, and I to him, and he used to say that he would—God in heaven bless you, my poor, sweet girl, prays your *old*

CHARLES KENNEDY.”

The consequence of the new heir's visiting Miss Cameron, was his falling in love with her ; if such a miser as he turned out to be, could be said to fall in love. But though she could not help pitying him at first, as she afterwards said, it was only on account of his strange habits, which she soon detected, and which she foresaw would make him ridiculous and unhappy wherever he went. He soon tired and disgusted her. After a very unequivocal repulse one day, which seemed to make him prodigiously thoughtful and unhappy, he came in the evening, with a mixture of odd triumph and uneasiness in his aspect, at which Miss Cameron said she could hardly forbear laughing, even from a feeling of bitterness. She saw that he expected to make an impression on her of some sort ; and so he did ; for taking an opportunity of speaking with her alone, he drew out of his waistcoat pocket, with much anxiety, the first present his wealth had ever made her,—a fine diamond pin. A very fine one she confessed it was. It was clear that he thought this irresistible ; and nothing could exceed his surprise when she refused him peremptorily once more, and the pin with him. She owned that her sense of the ridiculous so far surmounted her other feelings, as to give her a passing inclination to accept the diamond, as she knew very well that he had reckoned on its returning to him by marriage. But her contempt recovered itself ; and her disgust and scorn were completed by his mentioning the words “ Mrs. Kennedy,” which brought so noble and lamented a contrast before her, and visited her so fiercely with a sense of what she had lost, that she quitted the room with a sort of breathless and passionate murmur.

This was but the day before the adventure of the fire. She was almost inclined on the latter occasion to think him mad, as others did, especially when he once more appeared before her, shuffling in a most ludicrous manner with something in his hand which he wished to conceal, and which she found afterwards was the hat. He would

not have ventured to appear before her again ; but the truth was, that her father, who was but an ordinary sort of monied man, and not very delicate, did not interfere as he ought, to prevent her being thus persecuted. But not only was the mystery explained to her next day : it was the most important one of both their lives.

On the morning when Kennedy was frightened by the fire, he was standing very thoughtfully by the Ship Inn, near the sea-side, when he was suddenly clapped by somebody on the shoulder. He turned round with a start, and saw a face which he knew well enough. It was that of a gentleman who, riding once when a youth, by the place where he lived, had saved him from drowning in a little piece of water. Some mischievous companions had hustled him into it, not knowing how far their malicious joke might have gone. When he was pulled out and had recovered from his first fright, he thanked the young gentleman in as warm a way as he could express ; and taking fourpence-halfpenny out of a little leathern bag, offered it him as a proof of his gratitude. The young gentleman declining it with a good-natured smile, thinking the offer to be the effect of mere simplicity ; but the lads who were looking on, and who had helped to get him out when told of the danger, burst out into taunting reproaches of the fellow's meanness, and informed his preserver that he had at least three shillings in the other fob of his leathern bag, besides silver pennies. So saying, they wrenched it out of his hands in spite of his crying and roaring ; and one of them opening it, shook out, together with the water, five shillings in sixpences, and the silver pennies to boot. The young gentleman laughed and blushed at the same instant, and not knowing well what to do, for he longed to give the young miser a lesson, and yet thought it would be unjust to share the money between the lads who had nearly drowned him, said to him, " I am not the only one to whom you are indebted for being saved, for it was the screams of those little girls there which brought me to you, and so you know," continued he, with a laugh which the others joined, " they ought to be rewarded as well as myself. Don't you think so ? " " Yes, Sir," mumbled the young hunks, half frightened, and half sulky. The young gentleman then divided all the silver but a shilling among the little girls, who dropped him a hundred curtsies ; and giving the fourpence-halfpenny to the boy who had been most forward in helping, and least noisy in accusing, rode off amidst the shouts of the rest.

It was the first time the two had met since. " I believe," said the stranger, with a sort of smile, " I have had the honour of meeting you before ? " " The same, Sir," answered the other, " at your service. I believe, Sir,—I think,—I am sure." " Yes, Sir," returned the stranger, " it was I who played you that trick with your bag of sixpences."—" Oh, dear Sir," rejoined the other, half ashamed at the recollection, and admiring the fashionable air of his preserver, " I am sure I had no reason to complain. Been abroad, Sir, I presume, by a certain brownness of complexion, not at all unbecoming ? " " Yes, Sir," said the gentleman, smiling more and

more : "I hope you have been as lucky at home, as some of us who go abroad ?"

"Why, yes, Sir ;—I have a pretty fortune, thank heaven, though at present—just now—"

"Oh, my dear Sir," interrupted the stranger, with a peculiar sort of look, in which animal spirits and a sense of the ridiculous seemed predominant—"I can wait—I can wait."

"Can wait, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, I know what you mean: you have a sort of liberal yearning, which incites you to make me an acknowledgment for the little piece of service I was enabled to render you. But I am not poor, Sir; and indeed should decline such a thing from any but a man of fortune, and upon any other score than that of relieving his own feelings; so that I can very easily wait, you know, for an opportunity more convenient to you; when I shall certainly not hesitate to accept a trifle or so,—a brilliant—or a diamond seal,—or any little thing of that sort."

"Bless me, Sir, you are very good. But you see, Sir, you—you—see—I am very sorry, Sir, but no doubt—in the fashionable circles,—but at present, I have an engagement."

"Ah, Sir," said the stranger with a careless air, and giving him a thump on the shoulder which made him jump—"pray do not let me interrupt you. I only hope you are not lodging in—in—what's the name of the street?"

"North Street?—I tried the Steyne, but—"

"Ah, North Street."

"Why so, Sir, pray?" asked the other, with an air of increasing fidget and alarm, and looking about him.

"Why, Sir, an accident has just happened there."

"An accident! Oh my dear Sir, you know those sort of things cannot be helped."

"No, Sir, but it's a very awkward sort of accident, and the lodger, I understand, is from home."

"How, Sir,—what lodger,—what accident, what is it you mean, dear Sir?"

"Why, look there, my good friend—look there;—there they are, removing them—removing the goods:—a fire has broken out."

Kennedy seemed petrified. There was a great crowd in the street to which the stranger pointed, occasioned by a scuffle with a puppet-show man. The boys were shouting, and the little moveable Punch theatre tumbled about in the top of the fray, looking in the distance, like a piece of a bedstead, or some other sort of goods.

"There they are—" continued the stranger, "now they take away the bedstead,—now they bring the engines,—now they are conveying out something else,—the smoke—don't you see the smoke!"

"O lord, I do, I do," exclaimed the miser, who saw nothing but his own imagination, and his boxes of brilliants carried off. He turned deadly pale, then red, then pale again, and seeming to sum-

mon up a convulsive strength, sprang off with all his might, and rushed across the Steyne like a madman.

When he arrived at his lodging he found the street empty, and the house quite cool, and being anxious to make the best and quickest of his story with his mistress and her father, went there as instantly as possible: but first, in a great hurry, he borrowed a hat of his landlord, who half in haste also, and half in joke, gave him one of his coal-meter's, which he unconsciously put on.

Scarcely had he astonished the young lady, and set his foot again out of doors, than he encountered the stranger who had played him the joke. His first impulse was to be very angry, but he wanted courage to complain; and recollecting his first adventure with his preserver, would have passed by under pretence of not seeing him. He was stopped however by the elbow. "My dear Sir," exclaimed the stranger with his old smile, "I rejoice to find that all was safe." "Pray" continued he, changing his aspect, and looking grave and earnest,—“You know the various families at Brighton;—I have found just now that there is one here which will save me a journey to London—the name is Cameron—can you tell me where they live? There is a person of the name of Kennedy also, who I understand is here too;—but that doesn't signify at present;—pray tell me if you know where the Camerons are.”

“There, there, sir,” answered the other, almost frightened out of his wits, and anxious to get away;—“there, two or three doors off.”

The stranger dropped his arm in an instant, and in an instant knocked at the door. With almost as much speed poor Kennedy returned to his lodging. We know not what he was thinking about; but he surprised the landlord with his exceeding hurry to be gone; and gone he would have been much sooner than he was, if it had not been for a dispute about a bill, which he was in the midst of contesting, when a footman came from the Camerons, requesting his presence immediately upon important business.

The poor miser's mortifications were not to cease by the way. The footman, upon being admitted to him, turned out to be the same person who was riding as a foot-boy behind the young gentleman; when the latter came up to help him out of the water. “Good God, sir,” says the man, who had something of his master's look about him, “I beg your pardon,—but are you the Mr. Kennedy who has got my master's fortune?” The other had been agitated already; but the whole truth seemed now to come upon him as fast, as if it would squeeze the breath out of his body; and muttering a few indistinct words, he motioned to the footman that he would go with him. He then looked about in a bewildered manner for his hat, and taking up the coal-heaver's, which in spite of some other feelings, made the footman turn aside to hold his own to his mouth, he dropped it down again, and turning as pale as a sheet, fell back into a chair.

The footman, after administering a glass of water, called up the landlord; and begging him, in a respectful manner, to take care of the

gentleman, to whom he would fetch his master, hastened back to inform the latter, who, comparing the accounts of his old acquaintance with the Camerons, had already guessed the secret, to the great wondering of all parties.

You have doubtless been guessing with him ; and it is easy to fancy the remainder. There had been a false return of the young soldier's death, in accounts from the army in India. He had been taken prisoner, and when he obtained his liberty, learnt with great grief and surprise, that his father had died under the impression that he was dead also, and had left his property to unknown heirs. The property would have been a very secondary thing, in his mind, for its own sake ; and he was aware he could regain it ; but his father's death afflicted him much, particularly under all the circumstances ; and he felt so much anguish at the thought of what Miss Cameron must suffer, to whom he had plighted his faith but two years before, that it was with difficulty he held up against grief, and hurry, and a burning climate, so as not to fall into an illness ; the very fear of which, and the delay that it would cause, was almost enough to produce it. Not to mention that it was possible his mistress believing him dead, might too quickly enter into engagements with another, though he did not suppose it very likely. But we need not dwell upon these matters. He found his mistress the same as ever ; shed sweet bitter tears with her, for his father, his own supposed loss, and her grieving constancy ; and regaining his fortune, settled an income upon the poor miser, which the latter, remembering the adventure of the drowning, could hardly believe possible.

TO THE LARES

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES.

Ye little household fairies,
 Called anciently the Lares,
 Who on my study shelf there,
 Though Venus was herself there,
 Slept all the summer hours,
 Beneath your little bowers
 Of glassy-watered flowers ;—
 Your busy time is come now ;
 So take care, all and some now ;
 And keep my hearth in order
 Through every nook and border ;
 And let the fire burn brightly
 And solidly yet lightly,
 With just a little clinking,
 To soothe me while I'm thinking ;
 And fit for glorious poking,
 In case a friend should look in.
 So may your shelf afford ye

Fit place to bed and board ye,
 With never dust or smoking
 (That acrimonious choking!)
 But evergreens and berries,
 And all the best which there is
 Among the winter flowers
 To serve ye still for bowers ;
 And sticks of odorous wood to
 Send up your Godships food too ;
 And some divine antique too,
 Which ye may whisper Greek to ;
 And then a sea-shell glistening,
 With music for your listening ;
 And chimney-mounting vapours
 With all their coils and capers,
 Such as are fit for chacing,
 When ye would go a racing.

TOLERATION.

The world has afforded some melancholy examples of great and good minds rendered intolerant by mistaking dogmas for religion; but in general, a man's intolerance is in proportion to his want of wisdom and natural kindness. It is only an extreme evidence, from whatever cause arising, of the inability to bear an argument; whether from conscious tendency to doubt, and want of candour or courage to acknowledge it; or from a fierce egotism too proud to be differed with; or from the callousness of mere worldly supereminence, ready to trample down every thing that endangers its authority, or shames it with its truth; or lastly, from fright and imbecility, which confound mere custom with every species of security and good. Ordinary intolerance generally arises from the first or the last of these causes. Dr. Johnson, who longed to repose in the bosom of an infallible church, was intolerant from the united influence of doubt rendered melancholy by disease. But his intolerance lay chiefly in discourse. He had a great deal of real charity and goodness, with all his dictatorial manners. Henry the 8th was intolerant from a ferocious self-love, changing his own opinion as he pleased, and then calling on others to obey the new ones as they had done the old. Lastly, such a man as Bonner appears to have been intolerant from sheer hard-hearted worldliness, mixed perhaps with an impious belief that the Supreme Being was a tyrant after the fashion of worldly tyrants, and was to be so served and made court to. But toleration has been gradually increasing with the strength of opinion and the press. It is pressed upon with less hardness at every fresh use of the foot of authority, however foolish and uncharitable even that pressure may be. And the last and best proof of its increase (a proof, which ought to shame all its enemies) is, that intolerance itself is treated with candour.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—What is called knowledge of the world is in general nothing better than an ignorance of nine-tenths of the creation.

ART OF WRITING.—One of the arts of writing, at least as far as the communication of pleasure is concerned, is to write with enjoyment. He whose task gives himself real pleasure for its own sake, unaccompanied with uneasy thoughts about its success or with the mere pride of authorship, can hardly fail in communicating some portion of his pleasure to others, if it be only from their witnessing his own gladdened face.

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THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. V.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1819.

TO ANY ONE WHOM BAD WEATHER DEPRESSES.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little enquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times; and try if you cannot find out new means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body; but the body also affects the mind. There is a mutual re-action between them; and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour therefore to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather, as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel; but

Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And the rogue obeys you well.

Do not the less however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it,—your boots, &c. against wet feet, and your great coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight, which are to be deprecated, not proper armour for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat, on the least attack. A proper use of the latter will only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure even for a

wounded conscience. Nor is this opinion a dangerous one. For there is no system, even of superstition, however severe or cruel in other matters, that does not allow a wounded conscience to be curable by some means. Nature will work out it's rights and it's kindness some way or other, through the worst sophistications; and this is one of the instances in which she seems to raise herself above all contingencies. The conscience may have been wounded by artificial or by real guilt; but then she will tell it in those extremities, that even the real guilt may have been produced by circumstances. It is her kindness alone, which nothing can pull down from it's predominance.

See fair play between cares and pastimes. Diminish your mere wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or poor: for the rich man's wants, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means; and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. Do not want money, for instance, for money's sake. There is excitement in the pursuit; but it is dashed with more troubles than most others, and gets less happiness at last. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fireside, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either yet to grow wiser or is past it. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any man how to unite industry with enjoyment, has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one;—not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying his creation. He will be gratified at reading this paragraph on his second-Sunday morning.

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes,—to adopt no great and extreme changes in diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind; but they are not fit for a nature, to which custom has been truly said to be a second nature. Dr. Cheyne (as we remember reading on a stall) may tell us that a drowning man cannot too quickly get himself out of the water: but the analogy is not good. If the water has become a second habit, he might almost as well say that a fish could not get too quickly out of it.

Upon this point, Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus,—that “a man do vary and interchange contraries, but rather with an inclination to the more benign extreme.” “Use fasting,” he says, “and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but *rather* sleep; sitting and exercise, but *rather* exercise, and the like; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries.”

We cannot do better than conclude with one or two other passages out of the same Essay, full of his usual calm wisdom. "If you fly physick in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you need it." (He means that a general state of health should not make us over-confident and contemptuous of physick; but that we should use it moderately if required, that it may not be too strange to us when required most.) "If you make it too familiar, it will have no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physick, except it be grown into a custom: for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less."

"As for the passions and studies of the mind," says he, "avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtil and knotty inquiries, joys and exhalations in excess, sadness not communicated" (for as he says finely, somewhere else, They who keep their griefs to themselves, are "cannibals of their own hearts.") "Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy;" (that is to say, cheerfulness rather than what we call boisterous merriment); "variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."

CHARLES BRANDON, AND MARY QUEEN OF FRANCE.

The fortune of Charles Brandon was remarkable. He was an honest man, yet the favourite of a despot. He was brave, handsome, accomplished, possessed even delicacy of sentiment; yet he retained his favour to the last. He even had the perilous honour of being beloved by the despot's sister, without having the least claim to it by birth; and yet instead of it's destroying them both, he was allowed to be her husband.

Charles Brandon was the son of Sir William Brandon, whose skull was cleaved at Bosworth by Richard the Third, while bearing the standard of the Duke of Richmond. Richard dashed at the standard, and appears to have been thrown from his horse by Sir William, whose strength and courage however could not save him from the angry desperation of the king.

But Time, whose wheel with various motion runne,
Repays this service fully to his sonne,
Who marries Richmond's daughter, born betwene
Two royal parents, and endowed a queene.

Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field.

The father's fate must doubtless have had it's effect in securing the fortunes of the son. Young Brandon, we believe, grew up with Henry the Seventh's children, and was the playmate of his future king and bride. The prince, as he increased in years, seems to have carried the idea of Brandon with him like that of a second self; and the

princess, whose affection was not hindered from becoming personal by any thing sisterly, nor on the other hand allowed to waste itself in too equal a familiarity, may have felt a double impulse given to it by the great improbability of her ever being suffered to become his wife. Royal females in most countries have certainly none of the advantages of their rank, whatever the males may have. Mary was destined to taste the usual bitterness of their lot; but she was amply repaid. At the conclusion of the war with France, she was married to the old king Louis the Twelfth, who witnessed from a couch the exploits of her future husband at the tournaments. The doings of Charles Brandon that time were long remembered. The love between him and the young queen was suspected by the French court; and he had just seen her enter Paris in the midst of a gorgeous procession, like Aurora come to marry Tithonus. He dealt his chivalry about him accordingly with such irresistible vigour, that the Dauphin, in a fit of jealousy, secretly introduced into the contest a huge German, who was thought to be of a strength incomparable. But Brandon grappled with him, and with seeming disdain and detection so pummelled him about the head with the hilt of his sword, that the blood burst through the vizor. Imagine the feelings of the queen, when he came and made her an offering of the German's shield. Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, we know not on what authority, tells us, that on one occasion during the combats, perhaps this particular one, she could not help saying out loud, "Hurt not my sweet Charles," or words to that effect. He then pleasantly represents her as doing away suspicion by falling to commendation of the Dauphin, and affecting not to know who the conquering knight was;—an ignorance not very probable; but the knights sometimes disguised themselves purposely.

The old king did not long survive his festivities. He died in less than three months, on the first day of the year 1515; and Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk the year before, re-appeared at the French court, with letters of condolence, and more persuasive looks. The royal widow was young, beautiful, and rich; and it was likely that her hand would be sought by many princely lovers; but she was now resolved to reward herself for her late sacrifice, and in less than two months she privately married her first love. The queen, says a homely but not mean poet (Warner, in his *Albion's England*) thought that to cast too many doubts

Were oft to erre no lesse
Than to be rash : and thus no doubt
The gentle queen did guesse,
That seeing this or that, at first
Or last, had likelyhood,
A man so much a manly man
Were dastardly withstood.
Then kisses revelled on their lips,
To either's equal good.

Henry shewed great anger at first, real or pretended; but he had not then been pampered into unbearable self-will by a long reign of

tyranny. He soon forgave his sister and friend; and they were publicly wedded at Greenwich on the 13th of May.

It was during the festivities on this occasion (at least we believe so, for we have not the chivalrous Lord Herbert's life of Henry the 8th by us, which is most probably the authority for the story; and being a good thing, it is omitted, as usual, by his historians) that Charles Brandon gave a proof of the fineness of his nature, equally just towards himself, and conciliating towards the jealous. He appeared at a tournament on a saddle-cloth, made half of frize and half of cloth of gold, and with a motto on each half. One of the mottos ran thus:—

Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold.

The other:

Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize.

It is this beautiful piece of sentiment which puts a heart into his history, and makes it worthy remembering.

ON THE HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Ancients had three kinds of household Gods,—the Daimon (Dæmon) or Genius, the Penates, and the Lares. The first was supposed to be a spirit allotted to every man from his birth, some say with a companion; and that one of them was a suggester of good thoughts, and the other of evil. It seems, however, that the Genius was a personification of the conscience, or rather of the prevailing impulses of the mind, or the other self of a man; and it was in this sense most likely that Socrates condescended to speak of his well-known Dæmon, Genius, or Familiar Spirit, who, as he was a good man, always advised him to a good end. The Genius was thought to paint ideas upon the mind in as lively a manner as if in a looking-glass; upon which we chose which of them to adopt. Spenser, a most learned as well as imaginative poet, describes it in one of his most comprehensive though not most poetical stanzas, as

— That celestial Powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaine in charge particulare;
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.

Therefore a god him sage antiquity
Did wisely make.—Faerie Queene, Book 2, St. 47.

Of the belief in an Evil Genius, a celebrated example is furnished in Plutarch's account of Brutus's vision, of which Shakspeare has given so fine a version (Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Sc. 3.). Beliefs of this

kind seem traceable from one superstition to another, and in some instances are no doubt immediately so. But fear, and ignorance, and even the humility of knowledge are at hand to furnish them, where precedent is wanting. There is no doubt however, that the Romans, who copied and in general vulgarized the Greek mythology, took their Genius from the Greek Daimon: and as the Greek word has survived and taken shape in the common word Dæmon, which by scornful reference to the Heathen religion came at last to signify a Devil, so the Latin word Genius, not having been used by the translators of the Greek Testament, has survived with a better meaning, and is employed to express our most genial and intellectual faculties. Such and such a man is said to indulge his genius:—he has a genius for this and that art:—he has a noble genius, an airy genius, an original and peculiar genius. And as the Romans from attributing a genius to every man at his birth, came to attribute one to places and to soils, and other more comprehensive peculiarities, so we have adopted the same use of the term into our poetical phraseology. We speak also of the genius, or idiomatic peculiarity, of a language. One of the most curious and edifying uses of the word Genius took place in the English translation of the French Arabian Nights, which speaks of our old friends the Genie and the Genies. This is nothing more than the French word retained from the original translator, who applied the Roman word Genius to the Arabian Dive or Elf.

One of the stories with which Pausanias has enlivened his description of Greece, is relative to a Genius. He says that one of the companions of Ulysses having been killed by the people of Temesa, they were fated to sacrifice a beautiful virgin every year to his manes. They were about to immolate one as usual, when Euthymus, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, touched with pity at her fate and admiration of her beauty, fell in love with her, and resolved to try if he could not put an end to so terrible a custom. He accordingly got permission from the state to marry her, provided he could rescue her from her dreadful expectant. He armed himself, waited in the temple, and the Genius appeared. It was said to have been of an appalling presence. It's shape was every way formidable, it's colour of an intense black; and it was girded about with a wolf-skin. But Euthymus fought and conquered it; upon which it fled madly, not only beyond the walls, but the utmost bounds of Temesa, and rushed into the sea.

The Penates were Gods of the house and family. Collectively speaking, they also presided over cities, public roads, and at last over all places with which men were conversant. Their chief government however was supposed to be over the most inner and secret part of the house, and the subsistence and welfare of it's inmates. They were chosen at will out of the number of the gods, as the Roman in modern times chose his favourite saint. In fact, they were only the higher gods themselves, descending into a kind of household familiarity. They were the personification of a particular Providence. The

most striking mention of the Penates which we can call to mind is in one of Virgil's most poetical passages. It is where they appear to Æneas, to warn him from Crete, and announce his destined empire in Italy. (Book 3, v. 147.)

Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat.
Effigies sacræ divôm, Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum a Troja, mediisque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare jacentis
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se
Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras.

'Twas night; and sleep was on all living things.
I lay, and saw before my very eyes
Dread shapes of gods, and Phrygian deities,
The great Penates; whom with reverent joy
I bore from out the heart of burning Troy.
Plainly I saw them, standing in the light
Which the moon poured into the room that night.

And again, after they had addressed him,—

Nec sopor illud erat; sed coram agnoscere vultus,
Velatasque comas, præsentiaque ora videbar:
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor.

It was no dream: I saw them face to face,
Their hooded hair; and felt them so before
My being, that I burst at every pore.

The Lares, or Lars, were the lesser and most familiar household gods; and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates, with whom they are often wrongly confounded, their principal sphere was the fire-place. This was in the middle of the room; and the statues of the Lares generally stood about it in little niches. They are said to have been in the shape of monkies; more likely mannikins, or rude little human images. Some were made of wax, some of stone, and others doubtless of any material for sculpture. They were represented with good-natured grinning countenances, were clothed in skins, and had little dogs at their feet. Some writers make them the offspring of the goddess Mania, who presided over the spirits of the dead; and suppose that originally they were the same as those spirits; which is a very probable as well as agreeable superstition, the old nations of Italy having been accustomed to bury their dead in their houses. Upon this supposition, the good or benevolent spirits were called Familiar Lares, and the evil or malignant ones Larvæ and Lemures. Thus Milton, in his awful Hymn on the Nativity:—

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But Ovid tells a story of a gossiping nymph Lara, who having told Juno of her husband's amour with Juturna, was "sent to hell"

by him, and courted by Mercury on the road; the consequence of which was the birth of the Lares. This seems to have a natural reference enough to the gossiping over fire-places.

It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between these lesser household gods and some of the offices of our old English elves and fairies. But of them, more by and by. Dacier, in a note upon Horace (Book 1, Od. 12.) informs us, that in some parts of Languedoc, in his time, the fire-place was still called the Lar; and that the name was also given to houses.

Herrick, an excellent poet of the Apacreontic order in the time of Elizabeth, whose works we shall often have occasion to recommend to the reader, and who was visited perhaps more than any poet that ever lived with a sense of the pleasantest parts of the cheerful mythology of the ancients, has written some of his lively little odes upon the Lares. We have not them by us at this moment, but we remember one beginning,—

It was, and still my care is,
To worship you, the Lares.

We take the opportunity of the Lars' being mentioned in it, to indulge ourselves, and we hope our readers, in a little poem of Martial's, very charming for it's simplicity. It is an Epitaph on a child of the name of Erotion.

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra,
Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Manibus exiguis annua justa dato.
Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

THE EPITAPH OF EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone,
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipt away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayst be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

We understand that many of our readers mistook the story of the *Bean Miser* in our last number for a true one, or at least for one founded on fact. We wish to correct this mistake; and shall make a point hereafter of so wording any thing we write in the shape of a narrative, that a mere fiction shall not be confounded with our personal experience. For we would keep the truth of our testimony undisputed.—The fact is, that the story was originally intended to be one of a series told by an imaginary set of persons, after the fashion of the *Decameron*; and the manner of it became modified accordingly.

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And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. VI.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1819.

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.

IT is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (Trist. Book 4. v. 51.) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona.

With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor; one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

In this friendly genealogy we have omitted the numerous side-branches, or common friendships; but of those we shall give an account by and by. It may be mentioned however, in order not to omit Spenser, that Davenant resided some time in the family of Sir Fulke Greville Lord Brooke, the Friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Spenser's intimacy with Sydney is mentioned by himself, in a letter, still extant, to Gabriel Harvey.

We will now give the authorities for our intellectual pedigree. Sheridan is mentioned in Boswell as being admitted to the celebrated club, of which Johnson, Goldsmith, and others were members. He had then, if we remember, just written his *School for Scandal*, which made him the more welcome. Of Johnson's friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favourite leading preposition), the well-known *Life* is an interesting and honourable record. It is said that in the commencement of their friendship, they have sometimes wandered together about London for want of a lodging;—more likely, for Savage's want of it, and Johnson's fear of offending him by offering a share of his own. But we do not remember how this circumstance is related by Boswell.

Savage's intimacy with Steele is recorded in a pleasant anecdote, which he told Johnson. Sir Richard once desired him, "with an air of the utmost importance," says his biographer, "to come very early to his house the next morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

"Mr. Savage then imagined that his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for, and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Steele's acquaintance with Pope, who wrote some papers for his

Guardian, appears in the letters and other works of the wits of that time. Johnson supposes that it was his friendly interference, which attempted to bring Pope and Addison together after a jealous separation. Pope's friendship with Congreve appears also in his letters. He also dedicated the *Iliad* to him, over the heads of peers and patrons. Congreve, whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance and wit of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden. He was publicly hailed by him as his successor, and affectionately bequeathed the care of his laurels. Dryden did not know who had been looking at him in the coffee-house.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

Congreve did so with great tenderness.

Dryden is reported to have asked Milton's permission to turn his *Paradise Lost* into a rhyming tragedy, which he called the *State of Innocence*, or the *Fall of Man*; a work, such as might be expected from such a mode of alteration. The venerable poet is said to have answered, "Ay, young man, you may tag my verses, if you will." Be the connection, however, of Dryden with Milton, or of Milton with Davenant as it may, Dryden wrote the alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, as it is now perpetrated, in conjunction with Davenant. They were great hands, but they should not have touched the pure grandeur of Shakspeare. The intimacy of Davenant with Hobbes is to be seen by their correspondence prefixed to *Gondibert*. Hobbes was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, a singularly illustrious instance of servant and master. Bacon is also supposed to have had Ben Jonson for a retainer in some capacity; but it is certain that Jonson had his acquaintance, for he records it in his *Discoveries*. And had it been otherwise, his link with the preceding writers could be easily supplied through the medium of Greville and Sydney, and indeed of many others of his contemporaries. Here then we arrive at Shakspeare, and feel the electric virtue of his hand. Their intimacy, dashed a little, perhaps, with jealousy on the part of Jonson, but maintained to the last by dint of the nobler part of him and of Shakspeare's irresistible fineness of nature, is a thing as notorious as their fame. Fuller says, "Many were the wit-combates betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Johnson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion and an English man of war: Master Johnson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk,

but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a happy simile, with the exception of what is insinuated about Jonson's greater solidity. But let Jonson shew for himself the affection, with which he regarded one, who did not irritate or trample down rivalry, but rose above it like the quiet and all-gladdening sun, and turned emulation to worship.

Soul of the age !
Th' applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room ;
Thou art a monument without a tomb ;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

ANGLING.

The anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable; nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other." Nay, if he had books with him and a pleasant day, we can even account for the joyousness of that prince of all punters, who having been seen in the same identical spot one morning and evening, and asked both times whether he had had any success, said No; but in the course of the day, he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says,

Here we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws.

Other joys
Are but toys.

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy

a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm-sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp,—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you shew yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud, is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ancles with weeds and stones.

Other joys
Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is undoubtedly a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man, who in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his wonderful harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off? All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with loco-motion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in;" to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broad cloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy.* Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies indeed had been a little superabundant; and left him perhaps not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject of angling in his writings, than in those of his father.

Walton says, that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues, that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented;" and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too)

* The reader may see both the portraits in the late editions of Walton.

There whilst behind some bush we wait
 The scaly people to betray,
 We'll prove it just with treacherous bait
 To make the preying trout our prey.

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; mere beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by Inquisitors. Indeed among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful chuse to inflict.

We scratch not our pates,
 Nor repine at the rates
 Our superiors impose on our living;
 But do frankly submit,
 Knowing they have more wit
 In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit,
 We conclude all things fit,
 Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose pastimes became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then up on that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes: only the men luckily had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying. We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
 Are but toys.

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a footpad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and

then tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say, that all anglers are of a cruel nature. Many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only shew, that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

CASTS FROM SCULPTURE AND GEMS.

There is a set of Italians now going about the streets, who sell busts, vases, and other casts in plaister. Every body may not be aware, that some of these casts are after the antique. There is a head, for instance, of the Apollo Belvedere from the statue at Rome; another of Homer; another of Antinous; another, we believe, of a Melpomene, crowned with vine-leaves in allusion to the origin of tragedy; and a head of Sappho, which, if we are not mistaken, is from an ancient gem. They are more frequently seen with busts from statues by Canova, such as a Paris and a Venus; which latter, we confess, with its little scratches of curls in front, and its hair tied up behind like a lump of sausages, we cannot admire. But they will procure the antiques, if asked for. Some of the vases are from the antique; some Florentine, which are fine, but not so good; some French, which are the least in merit. The casts of figures, though copied from the antique, are inferior to the busts. The latter are from good old casts; sometimes worn, but still retaining the general spirit of the original. The figures are from slight and hasty moulds; feeble abridgments,—yet not without their worth either, as resembling the originals, however faintly. There is the Venus de Medici, the Gladiator, the Quoit-Player, the Antinous, the Piping Faun, the Apollo Belvedere, all after the antique; and there is a Couching Venus, after John of Bologna, the original of which must have been like Venus re-appearing from the antique world.

Fewer people are aware how cheaply these things are sold. The little statues are three or four shillings apiece, perhaps less; and a profit is got upon the head of Sappho at eighteen-pence. You may set a price upon Paris's head, and have the knave brought you at two shillings.

Impressions from ancient gems are now also to be had with singular cheapness, in consequence of an invention of Mr. Tassie's, of Leicester-square. He has found out a composition, which enables him to procure in a few days, for three and sixpence, an impression exactly resembling that of any gem you may select. This you may either have set for your watch-chain, or keep in your desk or pocket; for the composition is very hard, and does not easily wear or chip off, even at the edges. In a seal or a desk, it might last, we should think, as long as the gem itself. Mr. Tassie's collection of antiques appears to be very extensive. You may have your choice among all the gods and graces of the ancient world,—Jupiters, Apollos, Venuses, the Graces, the Muses, Lyres, Loves, Festivals, Pastorals, Patriots, Poets, and Philosophers.

It may be made an objection to the busts and other plaister casts, that being so white and of such a material, they will not keep clean. But they will keep as clean and as long too as the seals, if taken care of. You have only to wash them lightly but completely over with a brush dipped in linseed oil; and besides their taking a fine yellowish hue, much better than the cold white, the dust may be brushed off ever after as easily as from an oil painting. Paint will secure them in the same way; but it is apt to injure the marking and expression, by thickening the outline, and filling up the more delicate hollows.

Thus for eighteen-pence, a room may be adorned with a cast after the antique. And it must be a very fine picture, in our opinion, which can equal the effect even of a bust, much less of a large statue. There is a kind of presence in sculpture, which there is not in the flat surface and more obvious artifice of painting. It is more companion-like; or rather, it is more godlike, intellectual, and predominant. The very beauty of its shape becomes meditative. There is a look in its calm, sightless eyes, that seems to dispense with the common medium of vision;—a perceiving thought, an undisturbable depth of intuition.

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THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognized, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the *Moroc*, *Bee-Cuckoo*, or *Honey-Bird*.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. VII.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1819.

LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION.

MEN of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into exaggeration;—into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible: and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by it's becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—“three-piled hyperboles,”—till the over-done Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Falstaff was a great master of this art. He loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice “with singing of anthems:” and he calls Bardolph's red nose “a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light;” and says it has saved him “a thousand marks in links and torches,” walking with it “in the night betwixt tavern and tavern.” See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—“You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies.—No eye hath seen such scare-crows.—I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;—and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves.”

An old schoolfellow of ours, (who by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare's characters) used to be called upon for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort; it being an understood thing that he had a privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader knows

the old blunder attributed to Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-drest peas to Hammersmith, "because that was the way to Turn'em Green;" upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion;—"John should take those peas, I think, to Hammersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way to make 'em green." Now our friend would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing. "At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers, one after another, with great anxiety, till he found that peas were among them; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. "You are fond of peas, Sir?" said one of the company. "Yes, Sir," said Goldsmith, "particularly so:—I eat them all the year round;—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is any body so fond of peas as I am." "Is there any particular reason, Doctor," asked a gentleman present, "why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?"—"No, Sir, none whatsoever:—none I assure you" (here Goldsmith shewed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests): "I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else: but they carry their own eloquence with them: they are things, Sir, of infinite taste." (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) "But, bless me!" he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas:—"I fear they are very ill-done: they are absolutely yellow instead of *green*" (here he put a strong emphasis on *green*); "and you know, peas should be emphatically green:—greenness in a pea is a quality as essential, as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoilt them:—but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission." Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in, ready booted and spurred. "Ha!" exclaimed Goldsmith, "those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, Sir, what you have done?"—"No, Sir."—"Why, you have made the peas yellow, Sir. Go instantly, and take 'em to Hammersmith." "To Hammersmith, Sir?" cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so:—"please Sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?"—"Because, Sir," and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation, "that is the way to render those peas green."

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in Butler's *Remains*,—a collection, by the bye, well worthy of *Hudibras*, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when *Hudibras* is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a short Description of Holland:—

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
 In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous Character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy or the original of Butler's, if in those Anti-Batavian times the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable, that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning or multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon our amphibious neighbour:—

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
 As but the off-scouring of the British sand;
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.

— — — — —
 Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labour,* fished the land to shore;
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece;
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away;
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole:—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
 Thorough the centre *their new-catched miles*;
 And to the stake *a struggling country* bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
 Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
 To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
 Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
 As if on purpose it on land had come
 To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*;†
 A dayly deluge over them does boil;
 The earth and water play at level-coyl;

* Dryden afterwards, of fighting for gain, in his song of "Come, if you dare:"

The Gods from above the mad labour behold.

† A *Free Ocean*.

The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest :
 And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.
 Or, as they over the new level ranged,
 For pickled herring; pickled Heeren changed.
 Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake :
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings :
 For as with Pigmys, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drowned he that drains.
 Not who first sees the rising sun, commands ;
 But who could first discern the rising lands ;
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
 Him they their lord and country's father speak ;
 To make a bank was a great plot of state ;—
 Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these or some other ludicrous verses of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter ; but we must curtail our self-indulgence for the present.

GILBERT ! GILBERT !

The idea generally conveyed to us by historians of Thomas à Becket is that of a mere haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But in looking more narrowly into the accounts of him, it appears that for a great part of his life he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as man of business ; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness to all ranks, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

All on a sudden, to every body's surprise, Henry the 2nd, from Chancellor made him Archbishop ; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church put off all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth) ;—and in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced a solitary cloister ; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water ; and in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in it nothing but ambition. We certainly think that three parts of the truth are with the latter ; and that Becket, suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to the new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry, and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life,—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so dif-

ferent a greatness against his former one,—shews, that his character partook at least of as much sincerity, as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was likely that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court: he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his religious office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulousness of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas à Becket may have inherited his portion of the romantic from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was in his youth a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear; but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language,—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street pronouncing Gilbert. A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert! Gilbert! She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one, in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servant recognized her; and Gilbert Becket took to his arms, and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary fond word.

These are better histories than the quarrels of kings and arch-bishops.

FATAL MISTAKE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS FOR INSANITY.

Some affecting catastrophes in the public papers induce us to say a few words on the mistaken notions, which are so often, in our opinion, the cause of their appearance. It is much to be wished that some physician, truly so called, and philosophically competent to the task, would write a work on this subject. We have plenty of books on symptoms and other alarming matters, very useful for increasing the harm already existing. We believe also there are some works of a different kind, if not written in direct counteraction; but the learned authors are apt to be so prodigiously grand and etymological in their title-pages, that they must frighten the general understanding with their very advertisements.

There is this great difference between what is generally understood by the word insanity, and the nervous or melancholy disorders, the excess of which is so often confounded with it. Insanity is a consequence of malformation of the brain, and is by no means of necessity attended with melancholy or even ill health. The patient, in the very midst of it, is often strong, healthy, and even cheerful. On the other hand, nervous disorders or even melancholy in it's most aggravated state, is nothing but the excess of a state of stomach and blood, extremely common. The mind no doubt will act upon that state, and exasperate it; but there is great reaction between mind and body; and as it is a common thing for a man in an ordinary fever, or fit of the bile, to be melancholy, and even to do or feel inclined to do an extravagant thing, so it is as common for him to get well and be quite cheerful again. Thus it is among witless people that the true insanity will be found. It is the more intelligent that are subject to the other disorders; and a proper use of their intelligence will shew them what the disorders are.

But weak treatment may frighten the intelligent. A kind person for instance, in a fit of melancholy, may confess that he feels an inclination to do some desperate or even cruel thing. This is often treated at once as insanity, instead of an excess of the kind just mentioned; and the person seeing he is thought mad, begins to think himself so, and at last acts as if he were. This is a lamentable evil; but it does not stop here. The children or other relatives of the person may become victims to the mistake. They think there is madness, as the phrase is, "in the family;" and so whenever they feel ill, or meet with a misfortune, the thought will prey upon their minds; and this may lead to catastrophes, with which they have really no more to do than any other sick or unfortunate people. How many persons have committed an extravagance in a brain fever, or undergone hallucinations of mind in consequence of getting an ague, or taking opium, or fifty other causes; and yet the moment the least wandering of mind is observed in them, others become frightened; their fright is manifested beyond all necessity; and the patients and their family must suffer for it. They seem to think, that no disorder can properly be held a true Christian sickness, and fit for charitable interpretation, but where the patient has gone regularly to bed, and had curtains, and caudle-cups, and nurses about him, like a well-behaved respectable sick gentleman. But this state of things implies muscular weakness, or weakness of that sort which renders the bodily action feeble. Now, in nervous disorders, the muscular action may be as strong as ever; and people may reasonably be allowed a world of illness, sitting in their chairs, or even walking or running.

These mistaken pronouncers upon disease ought to be told, that when they are thus unwarrantably frightened, they are partaking of the very essence of what they misapprehend; for it is *fear*, in all it's various degrees and modifications, which is at the bottom of nervousness and melancholy; not fear in it's ordinary sense, as opposed to

cowardice, (for a man who would shudder at a bat or a vague idea, may be bold as a lion against an enemy), but imaginative fear;—fear either of something known, or of the patient knows not what;—a vague sense of terror,—an impulse,—an apprehension of ill,—dwelling upon some painful and worrying thought. Now this suffering is inevitably connected with a weak state of the body in *some* respects, particularly of the stomach. Hundreds will be found to have felt it, if patients enquire; but the mind is sometimes afraid of acknowledging it's apprehensions even to itself; and thus fear broods over and hatches fear.

These disorders, generally speaking, are greater or less in their effects according to the exercise of reason. But do not let the word be misunderstood: we should rather say, according to the extent of the information. A very imaginative man will indeed be likely to suffer more than others; but if his knowledge is at all in proportion, he will also get through his evil better than an uninformed man suffering great terrors. And the reason is, that he knows how much bodily unhealthiness has to do with it. The very words that frighten the unknowing, might teach them better, if understood. Thus insanity itself properly means nothing but unhealthiness or unsoundness. Derangement explains itself, and may surely mean very harmless things. Melancholy is compounded of two words, which signify dark bile. Hypochondria is the name of one of the regions of the stomach,—a very instructive etymology. And lunacy refers to effects, real or imaginary, of particular states of the moon; which if any thing after all, are nothing more than what every delicate constitution feels in its degree from particular states of the weather; for weather, like the tides, is apt to be in such and such a condition, when the moon presents such and such a face.

It has been said,

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.

It is curious that he who wrote the saying (Dryden) was a very sound wit to the end of his life; while his wife, who was of a weak understanding, became insane. An excellent writer (Wordsworth) has written an idle couplet about the insanity of poets:

We poets enter on our path with gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

If he did not mean madness in the ordinary sense, he should not have written this line; if he did, he ought not to have fallen, in the teeth of his information, into so vulgar an error. There are very few instances of insane poets, or of insane great understandings of any sort. Bacon, Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, &c. were all of minds as sound as they were great. So it has been with the infinite majority of literary men of all countries. If Tasso and a few others were exceptions, they were *but* exceptions; and the derangement in these eminent men has very doubtful characters about it, and is sometimes made a question. It may be pretty safely af-

firmed, at least, upon an examination of it, that had they not been the clever men they were, it would have been much worse and less equivocal. Collins, whose case was after all one of inanition rather than insanity, had been a free liver; and seems to have been hurt by having a fortune left him. Cowper was weak-bodied, and beset by Methodists. Swift's body was full of bad humours. He himself attributed his disordered system to the effects of a surfeit of fruit on his stomach; and in his last illness he used to break out in enormous biles and blisters. This was a violent effort of nature to help and purify the current of his blood,—the main object in all such cases. Dr. Johnson, who was subject to mists of melancholy, used to fancy he should go mad; but he never did.

Exercise, conversation, cheerful society, amusements of all sorts, or a kind, patient, and gradual helping of the bodily health, till the mind be capable of amusement (for it should never foolishly be told “not to think” of melancholy things, without having something done for it to mend the bodily health),—these are the cures, the only cures, and in our opinion the almost infallible cures of nervous disorders, however excessive. Above all, the patient should be told; that there has often been an end to that torment of one haunting idea, which is indeed a great and venerable suffering. Many persons have got over it in a week, a few weeks, or a month, some in a few months, some not for years, but they have got over it at last. There is a remarkable instance of this in the life of our great king Alfred. He was seized, says his contemporary biographer, with such a strange illness while sitting at table in the twenty-fifth year (we think) of his age, that he shrieked aloud; and for twenty years afterwards this illness so preyed upon him, that the relief of one hour was embittered by what he dreaded would come the next. His disorder is conjectured by some to have been an internal cancer; by others, with more probability, the black bile, or melancholy. The physicians of those times knew nothing about it; and the people shewed at once their ignorance, and their admiration of the king, by saying that the devil had caused it out of jealousy. It was probably produced by anxiety for the state of his country; but the same thing which wounded him might have helped to keep him up; for he had plenty of business to attend to, and fought with his own hand in fifty-six pitched battles. Now exactly twenty years after, in the forty-fifth year of his age (if our former recollection is right) this disorder totally left him; and his great heart was where it ought to be, in a heaven of health and calmness.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

No. VIII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1819.

MISTS AND FOGS.

THE world never feels so cheerless, as when it is undergoing mists and fogs. As long as there are objects to look at, it is hard if we cannot find something to entertain our thoughts; but when the world itself is shut out from our observation; when the same mists, that shut it out, come clinging round about us with cold; and when we think what the poor are likely to suffer from the approaching winter, we seem to feel, not only that we are dreary, but that we ought to be so.

And so we ought, as far as our own dreariness will the more excite us to relieve that of others. Sympathy is our first duty, let it come either in the shape of pain or pleasure. But when we have done our duty to others; when we have refused, as much as in us lies, to take our own pleasures till we have done what we can to share them with others, whether by a fortunate power to bestow, or by other personal helping, less fortunate but sometimes more noble, or even by nothing but the dissemination of instructed and cheerful thoughts,—smiles, which even a poverty-stricken hand may sometimes sow in the warm earth of humanity,—then we have the fullest right to gather enjoyment from all we can; and then also, because we have the fullest right, we have the greatest power.

And yet at the same time, when we speak of right, we are struck with the inconclusiveness which is to be found in decisions, apparently the kindest as well as most useful. Who shall say what is the greater right, which any one human being, under all the circumstances which modify his character, has beyond any other to be made happy? However, there seems a great difference between man and man in the actual amount of their enjoyments; and if the great silence of Nature keeps us in ignorance of the reason (for superstition does but perplex the matter, instead of unfolding it), it is a comforting reflection, not only that the general yearning of things is towards happiness, but that happiness is produced, in proportion as the yearning is general and sympathetic; in other words, in proportion as it tends to the greatest sum of happiness.

Behold one of the advantages of fogs and mists! If the southern nations, with their sunshine and clear air, are more joyous than we are, and have a greater but vaguer instinct to make others partake

of their pleasure, our greater share of melancholy sets us upon scheming how to turn that instinct of humanity to the best account. It is thus that England, though slow to enjoy, has of old been quick to relieve;—has had the chief hand in giving those great lifts to the world in knowledge and liberty, for which the sunny Italian was too idle and contented.

It is from the same cause, that our great poets (with *one* exception perhaps as to grandeur of invention) are greater than those of Italy. They have seen the dark as well as the bright side of things; and their knowledge of both, gives to their writings a depth of charity as well as imagination, pre-eminently human. All the things that can be said *for* human nature, as well as about its passions and imaginings, are to be found perhaps in Shakspeare, and in Shakspeare only; but his contemporaries had a good share of the same gentle spirit of arbitration.

On the other hand, where the English do not cultivate the more genial part of experience, they are likely to err more than most nations: for pain, when it does not turn into knowledge, is apt to turn into sullenness and malignity. Its reliefs also become of the grossest and most selfish nature; and nothing can be more disgustingly pitiable than a gross arrogant Englishman, who in the plenitude of his egotism talks against vanity; and in the midst of the most selfish and sordid vices,—money-scraping, or gormandizing, or drinking, or cock-fighting,—thinks himself entitled to despise other nations, whose vices are rather the excesses of sympathy.

Such a man is not worthy of his very fogs; for even they have their bright sides, and help to increase the comforts of our houses. And now then to say something of their merits and treatment.

Fogs and mists, being nothing but vapours which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must have body enough to present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they must appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps, which at other times float far over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.

We do not say, that any one can “hold a fire in his hand,” by thinking on a fine sunset; or that sheer imagination of any sort can make it a very agreeable thing to feel as if one’s body were wrapped round with cold wet paper; much less to flounder through gutters, or run against posts. But the mind can often help itself with agreeable images against disagreeable ones; or pitch itself round to the best sides and aspects of them. The solid and fiery ball of the sun, stuck, as it were, in the thick foggy atmosphere; the moon just winning her way through it, into beams; nay, the very candles and gas-lights in the shop windows of a misty evening,—all have, in our eyes, their agreeable varieties of contrast to the surrounding haze. We have even halted, of a dreary autumnal evening, at that open part of the Strand by St. Clement’s, and seen the church, which is a

poor structure of itself, take an aspect of ghastly grandeur from the dark atmosphere; looking like a tall white mass mounting up interminably into the night overhead.

The poets, who are the common friends that keep up the intercourse between nature and humanity, have in numberless passages done justice to these our melancholy visitors, and shewn us what grand personages they are. To mention only a few of the most striking. When Thetis in Homer's *Iliad* (Book 1, v. 359.) rises out of the sea to console Achilles, she issues forth in a mist; like the gigantic Genius in the *Arabian Nights*. The reader is to suppose that the mist, after ascending, comes gliding over the water; and condensing itself into a human shape, lands the white-footed goddess on the shore.

When Achilles, after his long and vindictive absence from the Greek armies, re-appears in consequence of the death of his friend Patroclus, and stands before the appalled Trojan armies, who are thrown into confusion at the very sight, Minerva to render his aspect the more astonishing and awful, puts about his head a halo of golden mist, streaming upwards with fire (Book 18, v. 205). He shouts aloud under this preternatural diadem; Minerva throws into his shout her own immortal voice with a strange unnatural cry; at which the horses of the Trojan warriors run round with their chariots; and twelve of their noblest captains perish in the crush.

A mist was the usual clothing of the gods, when they descended to earth; especially of Apollo, whose brightness had double need of mitigation. Homer, to heighten the dignity of Ulysses, has finely given him the same covering, when he passes through the court of Antinous, and suddenly appears before the throne. This has been turned to happy account by Virgil, and to a new and noble one by Milton. Virgil makes Æneas issue suddenly from a mist, at the moment when his friends think him lost, and the beautiful Queen of Carthage is wishing his presence. Milton,—but we will give one or two of his minor uses of mists, by way of making a climax of the one alluded to. If Satan, for instance, goes lurking about Paradise, it is “like a black mist low creeping.” If the angels on guard glide about it, upon their gentler errand, it is like fairer vapours;

On the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. (Par. Lost. B. 12. v. 628.)

Now behold one of his greatest imaginations. The fallen demi-gods are assembled in Pandæmonium, waiting the return of their “great adventurer” from his “search of worlds.”

He through the midst unmarked,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, passed; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
Ascended his high throne; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw unseen.

*At last,—as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter; clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect; and whom they wished, beheld,
 Their mighty chief returned.*

There is a piece of imagination in Apollonius Rhodius worthy of Milton or Homer. The Argonauts, in broad daylight, are suddenly benighted at sea with a black fog. They pray to Apollo; and he descends from heaven, and lighting on a rock, holds up his illustrious bow, which shoots a guiding light for them to an island.

Spenser in a most romantic chapter of the *Fairy Queen* (Book 2), seems to have taken the idea of a benighting from Apollonius, as well as to have had an eye to some passages of the *Odyssey*; but like all great poets, what he borrows, only brings worthy companionship to some fine invention of his own. It is a scene thickly beset with horror. Sir Guyon, in the course of his voyage through the perilous sea, wishes to stop and hear the Syrens: but the Palmer his companion dissuades him;

When suddenly a grosse fog over spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great universe seemed one confused mass.
 Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkness wide,
 But feared to wander in that wastefull mist
 For tomling into mischiefe unespyde:
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
 Suddeinly an innumerable flight
 Of harmfull fowles about them fluttering cride,
 And with theyr wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.
 Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abborre and hate;
 The ill-faced owle, deaths dreadful messengere:
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere:
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy:
 The ruefull stritch, still waiting on the bere:
 The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy:
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny:
 All these, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and fild theyr sayles with fear;
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare.

Ovid has turned a mist to his usual account, an amatory one. It is where Jupiter, to conceal his amour with Io, throws a cloud over the valley of Tempe. There is a picture of Jupiter and Io, by Corregio, in which that great artist has finely availed himself of the circumstance; the head of the father of gods and men coming placidly out of the cloud, upon the young lips of Io, like the very benignity of creation.

The poet who is the most conversant with mists, is Ossian, who

was a native of the north of Scotland or Ireland. But we have not his works by us, and must give a specimen or two next week.

We must mention another instance of the poetical use of a mist, if it is only to indulge ourselves in one of those masterly passages of Dante, in which he contrives to unite minuteness of detail with the most grand and sovereign impressiveness. It is in a lofty comparison of the planet Mars looking through morning vapours; the reader will see with what (Pur. Canto 2, v. 10). Dante and his guide Virgil have just left the infernal regions, and are lingering on a solitary sea-shore in purgatory; which reminds us of that still and far-thoughted verse—

Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

But to our English-like Italian.

Noi eravam lugh' esso 'l mare ancora, &c.

That solitary shore we still kept on,
 Like men, who musing on their journey, stay
 At rest in body, yet in heart are gone;
 When lo, as at the early dawn of day,
 Red Mars looks deepening through the foggy heat,
 Down in the west, far o'er the watery way;
 So did mine eyes behold (so may they yet)
 A light, which came so swiftly o'er the sea,
 That never wing with such a fervour beat.
 I did but turn to ask what it might be
 Of my sage leader, when it's orb had got
 More large meanwhile, and came more gloriously:
 And by degrees, I saw I knew not what
 Of white about it; and beneath the white
 Another. My great master uttered not
 One word, till those first-issuing candours bright
 Fanned into wings; but soon as he had found
 Who was the mighty voyager now in sight,
 He cried aloud, "Down, down, upon the ground:
 It is God's Angel." *

* These are the famous *terzetti* or triplets of the Italians, which are linked together like a chain; the fresh rhyme in the middle of every stanza being connected with the first and last lines of the next. We think we recollect that Mr. Hayley has given a specimen of a translation of Dante in the original measure. If not, the present one is perhaps the first that has appeared in the language; which we mention, of course, as a mere curiosity.

THE SHOEMAKER OF VEYROS.

A PORTUGUESE TRADITION.

In the time of the old kings of Portugal, Don John, a natural son of the reigning prince, was governor of the town of Veyros, in the province of Alentejo. The town was situate (perhaps is there still), upon a mountain, at the foot of which runs a river; and at a little distance there was a ford over it, under another eminence. The bed of the river thereabouts was so high as to form a shallow sandy place; and in that clear spot of water, the maidens of Veyros, both of high rank and humble, used to wash their clothes.

It happened one day, that Don John, riding out with a company,

came to the spot at the time the young women were so employed : and being, says our author, " a young and lusty gallant," he fell to jesting with his followers upon the bare legs of the busy girls, who had tucked up their clothes, as usual, to their work. He passed along the river ; and all his company had not yet gone by, when a lass in a red petticoat, while tucking it up, shewed her legs somewhat high ; and clapping her hand on her right calf, said loud enough to be heard by the riders, " Here's a white leg, girls, for the Master of Avis."*

These words, spoken probably out of a little lively bravado, upon the strength of the governor's having gone by, were repeated to him when he got home, together with the action that accompanied them : upon which the young lord felt the eloquence of the speech so deeply, that he contrived to have the fair speaker brought to him in private ; and the consequence was, that our lively natural son, and his sprightly challenger, had another natural son.

Ines (for that was the girl's name) was the daughter of a shoemaker in Veyros ; a man of very good account, and wealthy. Hearing how his daughter had been sent for to the young governor's house ; and that it was her own light behaviour, which subjected her to what he was assured she willingly consented to ; he took it so to heart, that at her return home, she was driven by him from the house, with every species of contumely and spurning. After this, he never saw her more. And to prove to the world and to himself, that his severity was a matter of principle, and not a mere indulgence of his own passions, he never afterwards lay in a bed, nor eat at a table, nor changed his linen, nor cut his hair, nails, or beard ; which latter grew to such a length, reaching below his knees, that the people used to call him Barbados, or Old Beards.

In the meantime, his grandson, called Don Alphonso, not only grew to a man, but was created Duke of Braganza ; his father Don John having been elected to the crown of Portugal ; which he wore after such noble fashion, to the great good of his country, as to be surnamed the Memorable. Now the town of Veyros stood in the middle of seven or eight others, all belonging to the young Duke, from whose palace at Villa Viciosa it was but four leagues distant. He therefore had good intelligence of the shoemaker his grandfather ; and being of a humane and truly generous spirit, the accounts he received of the old man's way of life made him at last extremely desirous of paying him a visit. He accordingly went with a retinue to Veyros ; and meeting Barbados in the streets, he alighted from his horse, bareheaded ; and in the presence of that stately company and the people, asked the old man his blessing. The shoemaker, astonished at this sudden spectacle, and at the strange contrast which it furnished to his humble rank, stared in a bewildered manner upon the unknown personage, who thus knelt to him in the public way ; and said, " Sir, do you mock me ? " " No," answered the Duke ; " May God so help me, as I do not : but in earnest I crave I may kiss your hand and receive your blessing, for I am your grandson,

* An order of knighthood, of which Don John was Master.

and son to Ines your daughter, conceived by the king, my lord and father." No sooner had the shoemaker heard these words, than he clapped his hands before his eyes, and said, "God bless me from ever beholding the son of so wicked a daughter as mine was! And yet, forasmuch as you are not guilty of her offence, hold; take my hand and my blessing, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." So saying, he laid one of his old hands upon the young man's head, blessing him; but neither the Duke nor his followers could persuade him to take the other away from his eyes; neither would he talk with him a word more. In this spirit, shortly after, he died: and just before his death, he directed a tomb to be made for him, on which were sculptured the tools belonging to his trade, with this epitaph:—

This sepulchre Barbadon caused to be made,
(Being of Veyros, a shoemaker by his trade)
For himself and the rest of his race,
Excepting his daughter Ines in any case.*

The author says that he has "heard it reported by the ancientest persons, that the fourth Duke of Braganza, Don James, son to Donna Isabel, sister to the King Don Emanuel, caused that tomb to be defaced, being the sepulchre of his fourth grandfather."†

As for the daughter, the conclusion of whose story comes lagging in like a penitent, "she continued," says the writer, "after she was delivered of that son, a very chaste and virtuous woman; and the king made her commandress of Santos, a most honourable place, and very plentiful; to the which none but princesses were admitted; living, as it were, abbesses and princesses of a monastery built without the walls of Lisbon, called Santos, that is, Saints, founded by reason of some martyrs that were martyred there. And the religious women of that place have liberty to marry with the knights of their order, before they enter into that holy profession."

The rest of our author's remarks are in too curious a spirit to be omitted. "In this monastery," he says, "the same Donna Ines died, leaving behind her a glorious reputation for her virtue and holiness. Observe, gentle reader, the constancy that this Portuguese, a shoemaker, continued in, loathing to behold the honourable estate of his grandchild, nor would any more acknowledge his daughter, having been a lewd woman, for purchasing advancement with dishonour. This considered, you will not wonder at the Count Julian, that

* We have retained the homely translation of our informant, as most likely to resemble the cast of the original. His account of the story is to be found in the Supplement to the Adventures of Don Sebastian: Harleian Miscellany, Vol. 2. We omitted to mention last week, that the ground-work of the article headed Gilbert! Gilbert! was from Turner's History of England from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward the First: Chap. 9. We thank the correspondent who has sent us the account of Gilbert Becket's mother, from the Quadrilogus, which is Mr. Turner's own authority; but he will doubtless perceive, that we cannot afford room to indulge in extracts, the main spirit of which was already been given.

† It appears by this, that the Don John of the tradition is John the 1st, who was elected king of Portugal, and became famous for his great qualities; and that his son by the alleged shoemaker's daughter was his successor, Alphonso the 5th.

plagued Spain, and executed the king Roderigo for forcing his daughter la Cava. The example of this shoemaker is especially worthy the noting, and deeply to be considered; for, besides that it makes good our assertion, it teaches the higher not to disdain the lower, as long as they be virtuous and lovers of honour. It may be, that this old man, for his integrity, rising from a virtuous zeal, merited that a daughter coming by descent from his grandchild, should be made Queen of Castile, and the mother of great Isabel, grandmother to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Ferdinando."

Alas! a pretty posterity our shoemaker had, in Philip the 2d and his successors,—a race more suitable to his severity against his child, than his blessing upon his grandchild. Old Barbadoe was a fine fellow too, after his fashion. We do not know how he reconciled his unforgiving conduct with his christianity; but he had enough precedents on that point. What we admire in him is, his shewing that he acted out of principle, and did not mistake passion for it. His crepidarian sculptures indeed are not so well; but a little vanity may be allowed to mingle with and soften such edge-tools of self-denial, as he chose to handle. His treatment of his daughter was ignorant, and in wiser times would have been brutal; especially when it is considered how much the conduct of children is modified by education and other circumstances: but then a brutal man would not have accompanied it with such voluntary suffering of his own. Neither did Barbadoe leave his daughter to take her chance in the wide world, thinking of the evils she might be enduring, only to give a greater zest of fancied pity to the contentedness of his cruelty. He knew she was well taken care of; and if she was not to have the enjoyment of his society, he was determined that it should be a very uncomfortable one to himself. He knew that she lay on a princely bed, while he would have none at all. He knew that she was served upon gold and silver, while he renounced his old chesnut table,—the table at which she used to sit. He knew while he sat looking at his old beard and the wilful sordidness of his hands, that her locks and her fair limbs were objects of worship to the gallant and the great. And so he set off his destitutions against her over-possession; and took out the punishment he gave her, in revenge upon himself. This was the instinct of a man who loved a principle, but hated nobody:—of a man, who in a wiser time, would have felt the wisdom of kindness. Thus his blessing upon his grandchild becomes consistent with his cruelty to his child: and his living stock was a fine one in spite of him. His daughter shewed a sense of the wound she had given such a father, by relinquishing the sympathies she loved, because they had hurt him: and her son, worthy of such a grandfather and such a daughter, and refined into a gracefulness of knowledge by education, thought it no mean thing or vulgar to kneel to the grey-headed artisan in the street, and beg the blessing of his honest hand.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. IX.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1819.

MORE NEWS OF ULYSSES.

TALKING the other day with a friend about Dante, he observed, that whenever so great a poet told us any thing in addition or continuation of an ancient story, he had a right to be regarded as classical authority. For instance, said he, when he tells us of that characteristic death of Ulysses in one of the books of his *Inferno*, we ought to receive the information as authentic, and be glad that we have more news of Ulysses than we looked for.

We thought this a happy remark, and instantly turned with him to the passage in question; for not having read Dante regularly, we had passed it over so slightly as not to remember it. Yet it is a striking one, as the reader will see. The last account of Ulysses upon which we may fairly reckon, in the ancient poets, is his sudden re-appearance before the suitors at Ithaca, and his consummate and godlike victory over their crest-fallen insolence. There is something more told of him, it is true, before the *Odyssey* concludes; but with the exception of his visit to his aged father, our memory scarcely wishes to retain it; nor does it controvert the general impression left upon us, that the wandering hero is victorious over his domestic enemies; and reposes at last, and for life, in the bosom of his family.

The lesser poets however could not let him alone. Homer leaves the general impression upon one's mind, as to the close of his life; but there are plenty of obscurer fables about it still. We have specimens in modern times of this propensity never to have done with a good story; which is natural enough, though not very wise; nor are the best writers likely to meddle with it. Thus Cervantes was plagued with a spurious *Quixote*; and our circulating libraries have the adventures of Tom Jones in his Married State. The ancient writers on the present subject, availing themselves of an obscure prophecy of Tiresias, who tells Ulysses on his visit to hell, that his old enemy the sea would be the death of him at last, bring over the sea Telegonus, his son by the goddess Circe, who gets into a scuffle with the Ithacans, and kills his father unknowingly. It is added, that Telegonus afterwards returned to his mother's island, taking Penelope and his half-brother Telemachus with him; and

here a singular arrangement takes place, more after the fashion of a modern Catholic dynasty, than an ancient heathen one : for while *Ædipus* was fated to undergo such dreadful misfortunes for marrying his mother without the knowledge of either party, *Minerva* herself comes down from heaven, on the present occasion, to order *Telegonus*, the son of *Ulysses*, to marry his father's wife ; the other son, at the same time, making a suitable match with his father's mistress, *Circe*. *Telemachus* seems to have had the best of this 'extraordinary bargain, for *Circe* was a goddess, consequently always young ; and yet to perplex these windings-up still more, *Telemachus* is represented by some as marrying *Circe's* daughter, and killing his immortal mother-in-law. Nor does the character of the chaste and enduring *Penelope* escape in the confusion. Instead of waiting her husband's return in that patient manner, she is reported to have been overhospitable to all the suitors ; the consequence of which was a son called *Pan*, being no less a personage than the god *Pan* himself, or *Nature* ; a fiction, as *Lord Bacon* says, "applied very absurdly and indiscreetly." There are different stories respecting her lovers ; but it is reported that when *Ulysses* returned from *Troy*, he divorced her for incontinence ; and that she fled, and passed her latter days in *Mantinea*. Some even go so far as to say, that her father *Icarius* had attempted to destroy her when young, because the oracle had told him that she would be the most dissolute of the family. This was probably invented by the comic writers out of a buffoon malignity ; for there are men, so foolishly incredulous with regard to principle, that the reputation of it, even in a fiction, makes them impatient.

Now it is impossible to say whether *Dante* would have left *Ulysses* quietly with *Penelope* after all his sufferings, had he known them as described in *Homer*. The old *Florentine*, though wilful enough when he wanted to dispose of a modern's fate, had great veneration for his ancient predecessors. At all events, he was not acquainted with *Homer's* works. They did not make their way again into *Italy* till a little later. But there were *Latin* writers extant, who might have informed him of the other stories relative to *Ulysses* ; and he saw nothing in them, to hinder him from giving the great wanderer a death of his own.

He has accordingly, with great attention to nature, made him impatient of staying at home, after a life of such adventure and excitement. But we will relate the story in his own order. He begins it with one of his most romantic pieces of wildness. The poet and his guide *Virgil* are making the best of their difficult path along a ridge of the craggy rock, that overhangs the eighth gulph of hell ; when *Dante*, looking down, sees the abyss before him full of flickering lights ; as numerous, he says, as the fire-flies, which a peasant, reposing on a hill, sees filling the valley, of a hot evening. Every flame shot about separately ; and he knew that some terrible mystery or other accompanied it. As he leaned down from the rock, grasping one of the crags, in order to look closer, his guide who perceived his earnestness, said, " Within those fires are spirits ; every one swathed

in what is burning him." Dante told him, that he had already guessed as much; and pointing to one of them in particular, asked who was in that fire, which was divided at top, as though it had ascended from the funeral-pile of the hating Theban brothers. "Within that," answered Virgil, "are Diomed and Ulysses; who speed together now to their own misery, as they used to do to that of others." They were suffering the penalty of the various frauds they had perpetrated in concert; such as the contrivance of the Trojan horse, and the plunder of the Palladium. Dante entreats with the greatest earnestness, that if those who are within the sparkling horror can speak, it may be made to come near. Virgil says it shall; but begs the Florentine not to question it himself; as the spirits, being Greek, might be shy of holding discourse with him. When the flame has come near enough to be spoken to, Virgil addresses the "two within one fire;" and requests them, if he ever deserved any thing of them as a poet, great or little, that they would not go away, till one of them had told him how he came into that extremity.

At this, says Dante, the greater horn of the old fire began to lap hither and thither, murmuring; like a flame struggling with the wind. The top then, yearning to and fro, like a tongue trying to speak, threw out a voice, and said: "When I departed from Circe, who withdrew me to her for more than a year in the neighbourhood of Gaieta, before Eneas had so named it; neither the sweet company of my son, nor pious affection for my old father, nor the long-owed love with which I ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer the ardour that was in me to become wise in knowledge of the world, of man's vices and his virtue. I put forth into the great open deep with only one bark, and the small remaining crew by whom I had not been left. I saw the two shores on either side, as far as Spain and Morocco; and the island of Sardinia, and the other isles which the sea there bathes round about. Slowly we went, my companions and I, for we were old; till at last we came to that narrow outlet, where Hercules set up his pillars, that no man might go further. I left Seville on the right hand: on the other I had left Ceuta. O brothers, said I, who through a hundred thousand perils are at length arrived at the west, deny not to the short waking day that yet remains to our senses, an insight into the unpeopled world, setting your backs upon the sun. Consider the stock from which ye sprang: ye were not made to live like the brute beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge. I so sharpened my companions with this little speech on our way, that it would have been difficult for me to have withheld them, if I would. We left the morning right in our stern, and made wings of our oars for the idle flight, always gaining upon the left. The night now beheld all the stars of the other pole; while our own was so low, that it arose not out of the ocean-floor. Five times the light had risen underneath the moon, and five times fallen, since we put forth upon the great deep; when we descried a dim mountain in the distance, which appeared higher to me than ever I had seen any before. We rejoiced, and as soon mourned: for there sprung a whirlwind

from the new land, and struck the foremost frame of our vessel. Three times, with all the waters, it whirled us round: at the fourth it dashed the stern up in air, and the prow downwards; till, as seemed fit to others, the ocean closed above our heads."

Tre volte il fè girâr con tutte l' acque :
A la quarta levar la poppa in suso,
E la prora ire in giù, come altrui piacque,
Infîn ch' l' mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

Why poor Ulysses should find himself in hell after his immersion, and be condemned to a swathing of eternal fire, while St. Dominic, who deluged Christianity with fire and blood, is called a Cherubic light, the papist, not the poet, must explain. He puts all the Pagans in hell, because however good some of them may have been, they lived before Christ, and could not worship God properly—(debitamente). But he laments their state, and represents them as suffering a mitigated punishment: they *only* live in a state of perpetual desire without hope (sol di tanto offesi)! A sufficing misery, it must be allowed; but compared with the horrors he fancies for heretics and others, undoubtedly a great relief. Dante, throughout his extraordinary work, gives many evidences of great natural sensibility; and his countenance, as handed down to us, as well as the shade-struck gravity of his poetry in general, shews the cuts and disquietudes of heart he must have endured. But unless the occasional hell of his own troubles, and his consciousness of the mutability of all things, helped him to discover the brevity of individual suffering as a particular, and the lastingness of nature's benevolence as an universal; and thus gave his poem an intention beyond what appears upon the surface; we must conclude, that a bigoted education, and the fierce party politics in which he was a leader and a sufferer, obscured the kind greatness of his spirit. It is always to be recollected however, as Mr. Coleridge has observed somewhere in other words, that when men consign each other to eternal punishment and such like horrors, their belief is rather a venting of present impatience and dislike, than any thing which they take it for. The fiercest Papist or Calvinist only flatters himself (a strange flattery too!) that he could behold a fellow creature tumbling and shrieking about in eternal fire. He would begin shrieking himself in a few minutes; and think that he and all heaven ought to pass away, rather than that one such agony should continue. Tertullian himself, when he longed to behold the enemies of his faith burning and liquefying, only meant, without knowing it, that he was in an excessive rage at not convincing every body that read him. Yet, in the mean time, these notions disturb humanity, and degrade the Divine Spirit.

FAR COUNTRIES.

Imagination, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into

which it's flight carries it, might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not Beauty or Moral Justice, with it's equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and reassure it; shewing it, that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation, just now. We only intend to shew a particular instance, in which imagination instinctively displays it's natural humility: we mean, in the fondness which imaginative times and people have shewn for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take every thing unknown for magnificent, rather than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features; and in Vanity Fair there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no farther than France, let them go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In practical philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honester one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of unbounded religious toleration; a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so, for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was,—any thing in which they differed from the French,—their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious; and have a great talent at bowing out am-

bassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most, is that of gun-making, and of the East Indian passage. When our countrymen shewed them a map of the earth, they enquired for China; and on finding that it only made a little piece in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It may have gathered some such insolence with it among the Romans, as they spread their own barbarous power; but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries from which they brought the elements of their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the Odyssey was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the chief accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Every thing shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are their Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdat, till you hear of Grand Cairo; and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city! Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken,

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel; a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person!

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them ; but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the campaign itself *had* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight, had been

Sometime with the lord of Palattee
Agen another hethen in Turkie :
And evermore he had a sovereign price ;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

How like a return from the moon must have been the re-appearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the Great Cham of Tartary ! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses, and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in one those favourite passages of his, in which he turns a mere vocabulary into such grand meaning and music, shews us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance ; emphatically using the words, far, farthest, and utmost !

— Embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotick isle ; and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these ;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—Parad. Reg. B. 4.

One of the main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. " O that I had wings like a dove ! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word far is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

In Irelande farre over the sea
There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure :—

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders every thing beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr. Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his schoolfellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island*." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked, "whether, on the other side of that hill there were not robbers:" to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, "And some say, serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we: for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylphs and fairies.

" So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The child is father to the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

PASSAGES FROM OSSIAN, ALLUDED TO IN OUR LAST.

On renewing our acquaintance with Ossian, we felt tempted to go to some length about him ; but we must reserve our criticism for another time. The following are as many specimens of his uses of mist, as we have room for. The first is very grand ; the second as happy in it's analogy ; the third is ghastly, but of more doubtful merit.

TWO CHIEFS PARTED BY THEIR KING.—" They sunk from the king on either side, like two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side, each toward its reedy pool."

A GREAT ENEMY.—" I love a foe like Cathmor : his soul is great ; his arm is strong ; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is like a vapour, that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill, lest the winds meet it there."

A TERRIBLE OMEN.—" A mist rose slowly from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. It's large limbs did not move in steps ; for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood."

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. X.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1819.

A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim stories now-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten every body, he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story, merely horrible or even awful, which contains no sentiment, elevating to the human heart and it's hopes, is a mere appeal to the least-judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions, fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it, are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with their wits off; and this is the cause, why less talents are required to enforce it, than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say, that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on One Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad; and indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage.

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age: but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are common-places to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun, com-

pelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning Skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the Pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr. Lewis, who wanted sentiment to complete his talents, are quite puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious: for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, either of callousness, or morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite as much as possible objects such as they are in life with a præternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one,—at least to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility,—they should imply some great sentiment,—something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When “the buried majesty of Denmark” revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised; and the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not affecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the frame-work. Burns, in his Tam O'Shanter, shews the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to excite the one; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

Coffins stood round like open presses,
Which shewed the dead in their last dresses:
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each, in his cault hand, held a light.

Reanimation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world,

with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of it's self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of common-place and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change; and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers of the galvanized dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser is that of Maleger; (Fairy Queen. b. 2. c. 11.)

Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound.

Mr. Coleridge in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the Ancient Mariner (which works out however a fine sentiment) does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when it's crew are dead; but re-animates, for a while, the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's Notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive; till a worm gnawing through the prop, he falls down.—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with something mortal or supernatural, is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teased, and enticed, with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the Ancient Mariner. The most appalling personage in Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in it's own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems at the moment to turn common-place itself into a sort of spectral doubt. The Mariner, after describing the horrible calm, and the rotting sea, in which the ship was stuck, is speaking of a strange sail which he descried in the distance.

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she neers and neers!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs, through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold,
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mair Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

But we must come to Mr. Coleridge's story, with all our imagination upon us. Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys's Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus*.

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself entirely up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgencies contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet he loved her, as one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned round upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon, while living, than to forget, when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him; and rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself; or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risque by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees, even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He eat and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner,

* The Saxon Latin poet, we presume, Professor of Belles-Lettres at Frankfort. We know nothing of him except from a biographical dictionary.

with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up; "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it, with a beating yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun, read these words:

To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife.

Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger, who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha.

Otto (for such, it seems, was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world,—Life and Death; and that Death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and loco-motion. He said to himself, once, as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors tomorrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as

he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him; for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of enquiry, he said "Bertha?"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again, as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together, the arm, which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at the lady's reappearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to shew, that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing, in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, and so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her, than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was, that his old habits returned upon him; not so often indeed; but with greater violence and pride, when they did. These were the only times, at which his wife was observed to shew any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice—"This treatment to *me* too! To *me*! To me, who if the world knew all—At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He, and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received

no answer. At last, one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last, one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the Room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day, that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a goodnatured-looking earnest kind of person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might.

THE OLD SKIFF.

From the style of this animated little poem of Catullus, as well as from it's general spirit, the commentators have naturally supposed that it was written in imitation or emulation of the Greeks. "*Adeo spirat,*" says Doering, "*Græcorum indolem, leporem, et in usu metaphorarum audaciam.*" The probability is, that Catullus, who was a traveller, wrote it upon some favourite vessel, which after long service he had thus consecrated to the twin stars of Castor and Pollux, and laid up near his beloved house on the peninsula of Sirmio. The reader is to imagine, that the poet, during a visit of some friends, takes them down to a retired bay of the water, and shews them his old skiff laid up in port, like a battered pensioner.

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
 Ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
 Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
 Nequissæ præterire, sive palmulis
 Opus foret volare, sive linteo.
 Et hoc negat minacis Adriatici
 Negare litus, insulasve Cycladas,
 Rhodumve nobilem, horridamque Thraciam,
 Propontida, truce[m]ve Ponticum sinum, &c.

The bark, my friends, which you see here,
 Will tell you that it had no peer;
 And that no skiff that swam the main,
 Could get before it, strain for strain,
 Whether it flew with sail or oar.
 And this it says, not Adria's shore
 With all its bluster can deny,
 Nor that Ægæan company,
 Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thrace,
 Nor Hellespont with either face,
 Nor the tremendous Pontic bay,—
 Where, till it took it's watery way,
 It was a thing of sylvan locks,
 And used, on the Cytorian rocks,
 To hiss and talk, with windy hair.
 And thou, Amastris, and thou, there,
 Cytorus, with whose box it grew,
 All this, it says, was known to you;
 And that from its remotest birth,
 It held the summit of your earth;
 And in your waters bathed it's oars;
 And so by all the harmless shores,
 Carried it's master in it's breast,
 Whether the wind was east or west;
 Or whether Jove, upon the sail,
 Sent, steady and blithe, a forward gale:
 Nor ever had it vows to pay
 To gods that watch the billowy way,
 When it came home from distant seas
 And in this limpid lake took ease.
 But this is past: and now, grown old,
 It lays it's age in this calm hold,
 And dedicates itself to thee,
 Castor, and thy twin deity.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about dtoh fie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XI.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22d, 1819.

THIEVES; ANCIENT AND MODERN.

HAVING met in the Harleian Miscellany with an account of a pet thief of ours, the famous Du Vall, who flourished in the time of Charles the Second, and wishing to introduce him worthily to the readers, it has brought to mind such a number of the light-fingered gentry, his predecessors, that we almost feel hustled by the thoughts of them. Our subject, we may truly fear, will run away with us. We feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and are not sure that our paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under our pen. Already we miss some excellent remarks, which we should have made in this place. If the reader should meet with any of that kind hereafter, upon the like subject, in another man's writings, twenty to one they are stolen from us, and ought to have enriched this our plundered exordium. He that steals an author's purse, may emphatically be said to steal trash; but he that filches from him his good things — Alas, we thought our subject would be running away with us. We must keep firm. We must put something heavier in our remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

The more ruffianly crowd of thieves should go first, as pioneers; but they can hardly be looked upon as progenitors of our gentle Du Vall; and besides, with all their ferocity, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—*Semihominis Caci facies dira*. (*Æneid*, B. 8, v. 194.) He was the Raw-head-and-bloody-bones of ancient fable. He lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting king Evander's highway like the Apollyon of Pilgrim's Progress.

Semperque recenti

*Cæde tepebat humus; foribusque adfixa superbis
Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida trabo.*

The place about was ever in a plash
Of steaming blood; and o'er the insulting door
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore.

He stole some of the cows of Hercules, and dragged them backwards into his cave to prevent discovery; but the oxen happening to low, the cows answered them; and the demigod, detecting the miscreant in his cave, strangled him after a hard encounter. This is one of the earliest sharpening tricks upon record.

Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakspeare christened his merry rogue in the *Winter's Tale*) was a thief suitable to the greater airiness of his origin. He is said to have performed tricks, which must awake the envy even of horse-dealers; for in pretending to return a capital horse which he had stolen, he palmed upon the owners a sorry jade of an ass; which was gravely received by those flats of antiquity. Another time he went still farther; for having conveyed away a handsome bride, he sent in exchange an old lady elaborately hideous; yet the husband did not find out the trick, till he had got off.

Autolycus himself however was outwitted by Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Autolycus was in the habit of stealing his neighbours cattle, and altering the marks upon them. Among others he stole some from Sisyphus; but notwithstanding his usual precautions, he was astonished to find the latter come and pick out his oxen, as if nothing had happened. He had marked them under the hoof. Autolycus, it seems, had the usual generosity of genius; and was so pleased with this evidence of superior cunning, that some say he gave him in marriage his daughter Anticlea, who was afterwards the wife of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. According to others however, he only favoured him with his daughter's company for a time, a fashion not yet extinct in some primitive countries; and it was a reproach made against Ulysses, that Laertes was only his pretended, and Sisyphus his real father. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. His famous punishment in hell, of being compelled to roll a stone up a hill to all eternity, and seeing it always go down again, is attributed by some to a characteristic trait, which he could not help playing off upon Pluto. It was supposed by the ancients, that a man's ghost would wander in a melancholy manner upon the banks of the Styx, as long as his corpse remained without burial. Sisyphus on his death-bed purposely charged his wife to leave him unburied; and then begged Pluto's permission to go back to earth, on his parole, merely to punish her for so scandalous a neglect. Like the lawyer however, who contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step in for it, Sisyphus would not return; and so when Pluto had him again, he paid him for the trick, with setting him upon this everlasting job.

The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass every thing achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the Hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his pre-maturity in swindling. He had not been born many hours before he stole Vulcan's tools, Mars's sword, and Jupiter's sceptre. He beat Cupid in a wrestling bout on the same day; and Venus caressing him for his conquest, he returned the embrace by filching

away her girdle. He would also have stolen Jupiter's thunder-bolts, but was afraid of burning his fingers. On the evening of his birthday, he drove off the cattle of Admetus, which Apollo was tending. The good-humoured god of wit endeavoured to frighten him into restoring them; but could not help laughing, when in the midst of his threatenings he found himself without his quiver.

The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the history of cities. The latter have not come down to us from the ancient world, with some exceptions in the comic writers, immaterial to our present purpose, and in the loathsome rhetoric of Petronius. The finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander, in which he said that the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus we will tell another time. We can call to mind no other thieves in the Greek and Latin writers, (always excepting political ones) except some paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner; and the robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in *Gil Blas*. When we come however to the times of the Arabians and of chivalry, they abound in all their glory, both great and small. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten Forty Thieves, with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one? Have we not all ridden backwards and forwards with them to the wood a hundred times? Watched them, with fear and trembling, from the tree? Sewn up, blindfolded, the four quarters of the dead body? And said, "Open, Sesame," to every door at school? May we ride with them again and again; or we shall lose our appetite for some of the best things in the world.

We pass over those interlopers in our English family, the Danes; as well as Rollo the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. In fact they did so, as they got on. We have also no particular worthy to select from among that host of petty chieftains, who availed themselves of their knightly castles and privileges, to commit all sorts of unchivalrous outrages. These are the giants of modern romance; and the Veglios, Malengins, and Pinabellos, of Pulci, Spenser, and Ariosto. They survived in the petty states of Italy a long while; gradually took a less solitary though hardly less ferocious shape among the fierce political partisans recorded by Dante; and at length became represented by the men of desperate fortunes, who make such a figure, between the gloomy and the gallant, in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*. The breaking up of the late kingdom of Italy with its dependencies, has again revived them in some degree; but not, we believe, in any shape above common robbery. The regular modern thief seems to make his appearance for the first time, in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his

way. The way in which he robs Sacripant King of Circassia, of his horse, has been ridiculed by Cervantes; if indeed he did not rather repeat it with great zest; for his use of the theft is really not such a caricature as in Boiardo and his great follower. While Sancho is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Gines de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somnolent squire propped up on the saddle with four sticks. His consternation on waking may be guessed. But in the Italian poets, the Circassian prince has only fallen into a deep meditation, when Brunello draws away his steed. Ariosto appears to have thought this extravagance a hazardous one, though he could not deny himself the pleasure of repeating it; for he has made Sacripant blush, when called upon to testify how the horse was stolen from him. (Orlando Furio. c. 27. st. 84.)

In the Italian Novels and the old French Tales, are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact. We will give a specimen as we go, by way of making this article the completer. A doctor of laws in Bologna had become rich enough, by scraping money together, to indulge himself in a grand silver cup, which he sent home one day to his wife from the goldsmith's. There were two sharpening fellows prowling about that day in search of a prize; and getting scent of the cup, they laid their heads together, to contrive how they might indulge themselves in it instead. One of them accordingly goes to a fishmonger's, and buys a fine lamprey, which he takes to the doctor's wife, with her husband's compliments, and he would bring a company of his brother doctors with him to dinner, requesting in the mean time that she would send back the cup, by the bearer, as he had forgotten to have his arms engraved upon it. The good lady, happy to obey all these pleasing impulses on the part of master doctor, takes in the fish and sends out the cup, with equal satisfaction; and sets about getting the dinner ready. The doctor comes home at his usual hour, and finding his dinner so much better than ordinary, asks with an air of wonder, where was the necessity of going to that expense: upon which the wife, putting on an air of wonder in her turn, and proud of possessing the new cup, asks him where are all those brother doctors, whom he said he should bring with him. What does the fool mean? said the testy old gentleman. Mean! rejoined the wife:—what does *this* mean? pointing to the fish. The doctor looked down with his old eyes at the lamprey. "God knows," said he, "what it means. I am sure I don't know what it means, more than any other fish; except that I shall have to pay a pretty sum for every mouthful you eat of it." "Why it was your own doing, husband," said the wife; "and you will remember it perhaps, when you recollect that the same man that brought me the fish, was to take away the cup to have your name engraved upon it." At this the doctor started back, with his eyes as wide open as the fish's, exclaiming, "And you gave it him, did you?" "To be sure I did;" returned the good housewife. The old doctor here began a passionate speech, which he suddenly broke off; and

after stamping up and down the room, and crying out that he was an undone advocate, ran quivering out into the street like one frantic, asking every body if he had seen a man with a lamprey. The two rogues were walking all this time in the neighbourhood; and seeing the doctor set off, in his frantic fit, to the goldsmith's, and knowing that he who brought the lamprey had been well disguised, they began to ask one another, in the jollity of their triumph, what need there was for losing a good lamprey, because they had gained a cup. The other therefore went to the doctor's house, and putting on a face of good news, told the wife that the cup was found. "Master doctor," said he, "bade me come and tell you that it was but a joke of your old friend What's-his-name." "Castellani, I warrant me," said the wife, with a face broad with delight. "The same," returned he:—"master doctor says that Signor Castellani, and the other gentlemen he spoke of, are waiting for you at the Signor's house, where they purpose to laugh away the cholér they so merrily raised with a good dinner and wine; and to that end they have sent me for the lamprey." "Take it in God's name," said the good woman; "I am heartily glad to see it go out of the house, and shall follow it myself speedily." So saying, she gave him the fine hot fish, with some sauce, between two dishes; and the knave, who felt already round the corner with glee, slid it under his cloak, and made the best of his way to his companion, who lifted up his hands and eyes at sight of him, and asked twenty questions in a breath, and chuckled, and slapped his thigh, and snapped his fingers for joy, to think what a pair of fools two rogues had to do with. Little did the poor despairing doctor, on his return home, guess what they were saying of him as he passed the wall of the house in which they were feasting. Heyday! cried the wife, smiling all abroad, as she saw him entering, "What, are thou come to fetch me then, bone of my bone? Well; if this isn't the gallantest day I have seen many a year! It puts me in mind—it puts me in mind——Here the chirping old lady was about to remind the doctor of the days of his youth, holding out her arms and raising her quivering voice, when (we shudder to relate) she received a considerable cuff on the left cheek. "You make me mad," cried the doctor, "with your eternal idiotical nonsense. What do you mean by coming to fetch you, and the gallantest day of your life? May the devil fetch you, and me, and that invisible fiend that stole the cup." "What!" exclaimed the wife, suddenly changing her tone from a vociferous complaint which she had unthinkingly set up, "did you send nobody then for the lamprey?" Here the doctor cast his eyes upon the bereaved table; and unable to bear the shame of this additional loss, however trivial, began tearing his hair and beard, and hopping about the room, giving his wife a new and scandalous epithet at every step, as if he was dancing to a catalogue of her imperfections. The story shook all the shoulders in Bologna for a month after.

As we find, by the length to which this article has already reached, that we should otherwise be obliged to compress our recollections of

Spanish, French, and English thieves into a compass that would squeeze them into the merest dry notices, we will postpone them at once to our next number; and relate another story from the same Italian novelist that supplied our last.* Our author is Massuccio of Salerno, a novelist who disputes with Bandello the rank next in popularity to Boccaccio. We have not the original by us; and must be obliged to an English work for the ground-work of our story, as we have been to Paynter's Palace of Pleasure for the one just related. But we take the liberty usual with the repeaters of these stories. We retain the incidents, but tell them in our own way, and imagine what might happen in the intervals.

Two Neapolitan sharpers, having robbed a Genoese merchant of his purse, make the best of their way to Sienna, where they arrive during the preaching of St. Bernardin. One of them attends a sermon with an air of conspicuous modesty and devotion, and afterwards waits upon the preacher, and addresses him thus: "Reverend father, you see before you a man, poor indeed, but honest. I do not mean to boast. God knows, I have no reason. Who upon earth has reason, unless it be one who will be the last to boast, like yourself, holy father?" Here the saintly orator shook his head. "I do not mean," resumed the stranger, "to speak even of the reverend and illustrious Bernardin, but as a man among men. For my part, I am, as it were, a creeping thing among them; and yet I am honest. If I have any virtue, it is that. I crawl right onward in my path, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and yet I have my temptations. Reverend father, I have found this purse. I will not deny, that being often in want of the common necessities of life, and having been obliged last night, in particular, to sit down faint at the city gates, for want of my ordinary crust and onion, which I had given to one (God help him!) still worse off than myself, I did cast some looks—I did, I say, just open the purse, and cast a wistful eye at one of those shining pieces, that lay one over the other inside, with something like a wish that I could procure myself a meal with it, unknown to the lawful proprietor. But my conscience, thank Heaven, prevailed. I have to make two requests to you, reverend father. First, that you will absolve me for this my offence; and second, that you will be pleased to mention in one of your discourses, that a poor sinner from Milan, on his road to hear them, has found a purse, and would willingly restore it to the right owner. I would fain give double the contents of it to find him out; but then, what can I do? All the wealth I have consists in my honesty. Be pleased, most illustrious father, to mention this in your discourse, as modestly as becomes my nothingness; and to add especially, that the purse was found on the road from Milan, lying, miraculously as it were,

* It is by no means our intention in general to carry on a subject from one paper to another. We have our reasons for doing otherwise. But we may take the liberty sometimes, when the subject is of a various nature like the present; and when the reader may, in fact, leave off at several points, if he pleases, without any necessity of going forward.

upon a sunny bank, open to the view of all, under an olive tree, not far from a little fountain, the pleasant noise of which peradventure had invited the owner to sleep." The good father, at hearing this detail, smiled at the anxious sincerity of the poor pilgrim, and giving him the required absolution, promised to do his utmost to bring forth the proprietor. In his next sermon, he accordingly dwelt with such eloquence on the opportunities thrown in the way of the rich who lose purses to behave nobly, that his congregation several times half rose from their seats out of enthusiasm, and longed for some convenient loss of property, that might enable them to shew their disinterestedness. At the conclusion of it, however; a man stepped forward, and said, that anxious as he was to do justice to the finder of the purse, which he knew to be his the moment he saw it (only he was loth to interrupt the reverend father), he had claims upon him at home, in the person of his wife and thirteen children,—fourteen perhaps, he might *now* say,—which, to his great sorrow, prevented him from giving the finder more than a quarter of a piece; this however he offered him with the less scruple, since he saw the seraphic disposition of the reverend preacher and his congregation, who he had no doubt would make ample amends for this involuntary deficiency on the part of a poor family man, the whole portion of whose wife and children might be said to be wrapt up in that purse. His sleep under the olive tree had been his last for these six nights (here the other man said, with a tremulous joy of acknowledgment, that it was indeed just six nights since he had found it); and heaven only knew when he should have had another, if his children's bread, so to speak, had not been found again." With these words, the sharper (for such, of course, he was) presented the quarter of a piece to his companion, who made all but a prostration for it; and hastened with the purse out of the church. The other man's circumstances were then enquired into, and as he was found to have almost as many children as the purse-owner, and no possessions at all, as he said, but his honesty,—all his children being equally poor and pious,—a considerable subscription was raised for him; so large indeed, that on the appearance of a new claimant next day, the pockets of the good people were found empty. This was no other than the Genoese merchant, who having turned back on his road, when he missed his purse, did not stop till he came to Sienna, and heard the news of the day before. Imagine the feelings of the deceived people. Saint Bernardin was convinced that the two cheats were devils in disguise. The resident canon had thought pretty nearly as much all along, but had held his tongue, and now hoped it would be a lesson to people not to listen to every body who could talk, especially to the neglect of Saint Antonio's monastery. As to the people themselves, they thought variously. Most of them were mortified at having been cheated; and some swore they never would be cheated again, let appearances be what they might. Others thought that this was a resolution somewhat equivocal, and more convenient than happy. For our parts, we think the last were right: and this reminds us of a true

English story, more good than striking, which we heard a short while ago from a friend. He knew a man of rugged manners, but good heart (not that the two things, as a lover of parenthesis will say, are at all bound to go together), who had a wife somewhat given to debating with hackney-coachmen, and disputing acts of settlement respecting half miles, and quarter miles, and abominable additional sixpences. The good housewife was lingering at the door, and exclaiming against one of these monstrous charioteers, whose hoarse low voice was heard at intervals, full of lying protestations and bad weather, when the husband called out from a back-room, "Never mind there, never mind:—let her be cheated; let her be cheated."

This is a digression; but it is as well to introduce it, in order to take away a certain bitterness out of the mouth of the other's moral.

We intended to introduce the following delightful little lyric, by a friend, in very different company from that of the gentlemen just presented to the reader; but as Mercury, who was the god of thieves, was also the inventor of the lyre, and as Love himself, time out of mind, has been called a thief, it is not, in all respects, inappropriately situated. We may fancy Mercury playing, and Love singing:—and the song is indeed worthy of the performers. It is elemental, Platonical; a meeting of divineness with humanity.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Σ.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1819.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

WE now come to a very unromantic set of rogues; the Spanish ones. In a poetical sense at least they are unromantic; though doubtless the mountains of Spain have seen as picturesque vagabonds in their time, as any. There are the robbers in Gil Blas, who have at least a very respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Rolando, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, shewing with a lifted torch his treasure to the timid stripling Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurt him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. "God knows," said he, on the present occasion, "I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's help I shall redeem all." The case was this. The Cid, who was too good a subject to please his master the king, had quarrelled with him, or rather had been banished; and nobody was to give him house-room or food. A number of friends however followed him; and by the help of his nephew Martin Antolinez, he proposed to raise some money. Martin accordingly negociated the business with a couple of rich Jews, who for a deposit of two chests full of spoil, which they were not to open for a year, on account of political circumstances, agreed to advance six hundred marks. "Well then, said Martin Antolinez, ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks. This is not the way of business, said they; we must take first, and then give."—Martin accordingly goes with them to the Cid, who in the mean time has filled a couple of heavy chests with sand. The Cid smiled as they kissed his hand, and said, "Ye see I am going out of the land because of the king's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye." The Jews made a suitable answer, and were then desired to take the chests; but though strong men, they could not raise them from the ground. This put them in such spirits, that

after telling out the six hundred marks, (which Dōn Martin took without weighing) they offered the Cid a present of a fine red skin; and upon Don Martin's suggesting that he thought his own services in the business merited a pair of hose, they consulted a minute with each other, in order to do every thing judiciously; and then gave him money enough to buy, not only the hose, but a rich doublet and good cloak into the bargain.*

The regular sharpening rogues however, that abound in Spanish books of adventure, have one species of romance about them, of a very peculiar nature. It may be called, we fear, as far as Spain is concerned, a "romance of real life." We allude to the absolute want and hunger, which is so often the original of their sin. A vein of this craving nature runs throughout most of the Spanish novels. In other countries, theft is generally represented as the result of an abuse of plenty, or some other kind of profligacy, or absolute ruin. But it seems to be an understood thing, that to be poor in Spain is to be in want of the commonest necessities of life. If a poor man here and there happens not to be in so destitute a state as the rest, he thinks himself bound to maintain the popular character for an appetite; and manifests the most prodigious sense of punctuality and anticipation in all matters relating to meals. Who ever thinks of Sancho, and does not think of ten minutes before luncheon? Don Quixote on the other hand counts it ungentle and undignified to be hungry. The cheat, who flatters Gil Blas, reckons himself entitled to be insultingly triumphant, merely because he has got a dinner out of him.

Of all these ingenious children of necessity, whose roguery has been sharpened by perpetual want, no wit was surely ever kept at so subtle and fierce an edge, as that of the never-to-be-decently-treated *Lazarillo de Tormes*. If we had not been at a sort of monastic school, and known the beatitude of dry bread and a draught of spring-water, his history would seem to inform us, for the first time, what true hunger was. His cunning so truly keeps pace with it, that he seems recompensed for the wants of his stomach by the abundant energies of his head. One half of his imagination is made up of dry bread and scraps, and the other of meditating how to get at them. Every thought of his mind, and every feeling of his affection, coalesces, and tends to one point, with a ventripetal force. It was said of a contriving lady, that she took her very tea by stratagem. *Lazarillo* is not so lucky. It is enough for him, if by a train of the most ingenious contrivances, he can lay successful siege to a crust. To rout some broken victuals; to circumvent an onion or so extraordinary, is the utmost aim of his ambition. An ox-foot is his beau

* See Mr. Southey's excellent compilation entitled *the Chronicle of the Cid*. Book 3, sec. 21. If Mr. Southey—but we must recollect we are not at our politics. The version at the end of the book, attributed to Mr. Hookham Frere, of a passage out of the *Poema del Cid*, is the most native and terse bit of translation we ever met with. It rides along, like the Cid himself on horseback, with an infinite mixture of ardour and self-possession; bending, when it chuses, with grace; or bearing down every thing with mastery.

ideal. He has as intense and circuitous a sense of a piece of cheese, as a mouse at a trap. He swallows surreptitious crumbs with as much zest, as a young servant girl does a plate of preserves. But to his story. He first serves a blind beggar, with whom he lives miserably, except when he commits thefts which subject him to miserable beatings. He next lives with a priest, and finds his condition worse. His third era of esuriency takes place in the house of a Spanish gentleman; and here he is worse off than ever. The reader wonders, as he himself did, how he can possibly ascend to this climax of starvation. To overreach a blind beggar, might be thought easy. The reader will judge by a specimen or two. The old fellow used to keep his mug of liquor between his legs, that Lazarillo might not touch it without his knowledge. He did however; and the beggar discovering it, took to holding the mug in future by the handle. Lazarillo then contrives to suck some of the liquor off with a reed; till the beggar defeats this contrivance by keeping one hand upon the vessel's mouth. His antagonist, upon this, makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, filling it up with wax, and so tapping the can with as much gentleness as possible, whenever his thirst makes him bold. This stratagem threw the blind man into despair. He "used to swear and domineer," and wish both the pot and it's contents at the devil. The following account of the result is a specimen of the English translation of the work, which is done with great tact and spirit, we know not by whom. But it is worthy of De Foe. Lazarillo is supposed to tell his adventures himself. "You won't accuse me any more, I hope," cried I, "of drinking your wine*, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it." To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which dissembling at that time, he let me alone till next day at dinner. Not dreaming, my reader must know, of the old man's malicious stratagem, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, and receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up *the sweet, but hard pot*, with both his hands flung it down again with all his force upon my face; with the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment; my forehead, nose and mouth, gushing out of blood, and the latter full of broken teeth, and broken pieces of the can. From that time forward, I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe, how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy. He washed my sores with wine; and with a smile, "What say'st thou," quoth he, "Lazarillo; the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee to health. Courage, my boy." But all his raillery could not make me change my mind."

At another time, a countryman giving them a cluster of grapes, the old man, says Lazarillo, "would needs take that opportunity to

* The reader is to understand a common southern wine, more like a washy cyder than any thing else.

shew me a little kindness, after he had been chiding and beating me the whole day before. So setting ourselves down by a hedge, "Come hither, Lazarillo," quoth he, "and let us enjoy ourselves a little, and eat these raisins together; which that we may share like brothers, do you take but one at a time, and be sure not to cheat me, and I promise you for my part, I shall take no more." That I readily agreed to, and so we began our banquet; but at the very second time he took a couple, believing, I suppose, that I would do the same. And finding he had shewed me the way, I made no scruple all the while to take two, three, or four at a time; sometimes more and sometimes less, as conveniently I could. When we had done, the old man shook his head, and holding the stalk in his hand, "Thou hast cheated me, Lazarillo," quoth he, "for I could take my oath, that thou hast taken three at a time." "Who I! I beg your pardon," quoth I, "my conscience is as dear to me as another." "Pass that jest upon another," answered the old fox; "you saw me take two at a time without complaining of it, and therefore you took three." At that I could hardly forbear laughing; and at the same time admired the justness of his reasoning." Lazarillo at length quitted the service of the old hard-hearted miser, and revenged himself upon him at the same time, in a very summary manner. They were returning home one day on account of bad weather, when they had to cross a kennel which the rain had swelled to a little torrent. The beggar was about to jump over it as well as he could, when Lazarillo persuaded him to go a little lower down the stream, because there was a better crossing; that is, there was a stone pillar on the other side, against which he knew the blind old fellow would nearly dash his brains out. "He was mightily pleased with my advice. "Thou art in the right on it, good boy," quoth he, "and I love thee with all my heart, Lazarillo. Lead me to the place thou speakest of; the water is very dangerous in winter, and especially to have one's feet wet." And again:—"Be sure to set me in the right place, Lazarillo," quoth he; "and then do thou go over first." I obeyed his orders, and set him exactly before the pillar, and so leaping over, posted myself behind it, looking upon him as a man would do upon a mad bull. "Now your jump," quoth I, "and you may get over to rights, without ever touching the water." I had scarce done speaking, when the old man, like a ram that's fighting, ran three steps backwards, to take his start with the greater vigour, and so his head came with a vengeance against the stone-pillar, which made him fall back into the kennel half dead." Lazarillo stops a moment to triumph over him with insulting language; and then, says he, "resigning my blind, bruised, wet, old, cross, cunning master, to the care of the mob that was gathered about him, I made the best of my heels, without ever looking about, till I had got the town-gate upon my back; and thence, marching on a merry pace, I arrived before night at Torriogo."

At the house of the priest, poor Lazarillo gets worse off than before, and is obliged to resort to the most extraordinary shifts to arrive at a morsel of bread. At one time, he gets a key of a tinker,

and opening the old trunk in which the miser kept his bread, (a sight, he says, like the opening of heaven) he takes small pieces out of three or four, in imitation of a mouse; which so convinces the old hunks that the mice and rats have been at them, that he is more liberal of the bread than usual. He lets him have in particular "the parings about the parts where he thought the mice had been." Another of his contrivances is to palm off his pickings upon a serpent, with which animal a neighbour told the priest that his house had been once haunted. Lazarillo, who had been used when he lived with the beggar to husband pieces of money in his mouth, (substituting some lesser coin in the blind man's hand, when people gave him any thing) now employs the same hiding-place for his key; but whistling through it unfortunately, one night, as he lay breathing hard in his sleep, the priest concludes he has now caught the serpent, and going to Lazarillo's bed with a broomstick, gives him at a venture such a tremendous blow on the head, as half murders him. The key is then discovered, and the poor fellow turned out of doors.

He is now hired by a lofty-looking hidalgo; and follows him home, eating a thousand good things by anticipation. They pass through the markets however to no purpose. The squire first goes to church too, and spends an unconscionable time at mass. At length they arrive at a dreary, ominous looking house, and ascend into a decent apartment, where the squire after shaking his cloak, and blowing off the dust from a stone seat, lays it neatly down, and so makes a cushion of it to sit upon. There is no other furniture in the room, nor even in the neighbouring rooms, except a bed "composed of the anatomy of an old hamper." The truth is, the squire is as poor as Lazarillo, only too proud to own it; and so he starves both himself and his servant at home, and then issues gallantly forth of a morning, with his Toledo by his side, and a countenance of stately satisfaction; returning home every day about noon with "a starched body, reaching out his neck like a grey-hound." Lazarillo had not been a day in the house, before he found out how matters went. He was beginning, in his despair of a dinner, to eat some scraps of bread which had been given him in the morning, when the squire observing him, asked what he was about. "Come hither, boy," said he, "what's that thou art eating?" "I went," says Lazarillo, "and shewed him three pieces of bread, of which taking away the best, "upon my faith," quoth he, "this bread seems to be very good." "'Tis too stale and hard, Sir," said I, "to be good." "I swear 'tis very good," said the squire: "Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that gave it thee?" "I took it without asking any questions, Sir," answered I, "and you see I eat it as freely." "Pray God it may be so," answered the miserable squire; and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine; adding at every mouthful, "Gadzooks, this bread is excellent."

Lazarillo in short here finds the bare table so completely turned upon him, that he is forced to become provider for his master as well as himself; which he does by fairly going out every day and begging, the poor squire winking at the indignity, though not without a hint

at keeping the connexion secret. The following extract shall be our climax, which it may well be, the hunger having thus ascended into the ribs of Spanish aristocracy. Lazarillo, one lucky day, has an ox-foot and some tripe given him by a butcher-woman. On coming home with his treasure, he finds the hidalgo impatiently walking up and down, and fears he shall have a scolding for staying so long: but the squire merely asks where he has been, and receives the account with an irrepressible air of delight. "I sate down," says Lazarillo, "upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat that he might fancy I was feasting; and observed without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"*May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor squire; daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him, for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat; but in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts: it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, "Lazarillo," quoth he, (as soon as he observed me begin to eat) "I never saw any body eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company: let their stomachs be never so full, or their mouth be never so much out of taste."* Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him. "Sir," said I, "good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox-foot so nicely drest and so well seasoned, that any body would delight to taste of it."

"How!" cried the squire, interrupting me, "an ox-foot?" "Yes, Sir," said I, "an ox-foot." "Ah! then," quoth he, "*thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing that I like nearly so well as that.*"

"Will you please to try, Sir," said I, (putting the ox-foot in his hand, with two good morcels of bread) "when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that it is a treat for a king, 'tis so well drest and seasoned.

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. "Oh! the excellent bit," did he cry, "that this would be with a little garlick." Ha! thought I to myself, how hastily thou eatest it without sauce. "Gad," said the squire, "I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to day;" which I did very readily believe.

"He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was as full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had eat any. When his squireship had drank, he civilly invited me to do the like; and thus ended our feast."

We hope the reader is as much amused with this prolongation of the subject as ourselves, for we are led on insensibly by these amusing thieves, and find we shall have yet another paper to write upon them, before we have done. We will therefore conclude the present one by giving another specimen or two of the sharpening Spaniard out of Quevedo. The Adventures, by the way, of Lazarillo de Tormes, were written in the sixteenth century by a Spanish gentleman, apparently of illustrious family, Don Diego de Mendoza, who was sometime ambassador at Venice. This renders the story of the hidalgo still more curious. Not that the author perhaps ever felt the proud but condescending pangs which he describes; this is not necessary for a man of imagination. He merely meant to give a hint to the poorer gentry not to overdo the matter on the side of loftiness, for their own sakes; and hunger, whether among the proud or the humble, was too national a thing, not to be entered into by his statistic apprehension.

The most popular work connected with sharpening adventures in Gil Blas, which though known to us as a French production, seems unquestionably to have originated in the country where the scene is laid. It is a work exquisitely easy and true; but somehow we have no fancy for the knaves in it. They are of too smooth, sneaking, and safe a cast. They neither bespeak one's sympathy by necessity, nor one's admiration by daring. We except, of course, the robbers before-mentioned, who are a picturesque patch in the work, like a piece of rough poetry.

Of the illustrious Guzman d'Alfarache, the most popular book of the kind, we believe, in Spain, and admired, we know, in this country by some excellent judges, we cannot with propriety speak, for we have only read a few pages at the beginning; though we read those twice over, at two different times, and each time with the same intention of going on. In truth, as Guzman is called by way of eminence the Spanish Rogue, we must say for him, as far as our slight acquaintance warrants it, that he is also "as tedious as a king." They say however he has excellent stuff in him.

We can speak as little of Marcos de Obregon, of which a translation appeared a little while ago. We have read it; and if we remember rightly, were pleased; but want of memory on these occasions is not a good symptom. Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His Visions of Hell in particular, though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying. But our business at present is with his "History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who is no better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then school-boy, was elected king on some boyish holiday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage, as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip-tops; upon which,

having feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who agreeably to a Spanish custom was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he halloed out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonza Saturno de Rebillo. She is my mother."

Paul used to be set upon unlucky tricks by the son of a man of rank, who preferred enjoying a joke to getting punished for it. Among others, one Christmas, a counsellor happening to go by of the name of Pontio de Auguirre, the little Don told his companion to call Pontius Pilate, and then to run away. He did so, and the angry counsellor followed after him with a knife in his hand, so that he was forced to take refuge in the house of the schoolmaster. The lawyer laid his indictment, and Paul got a hearty flogging, during which he was enjoined never to call Pontius Pilate again; to which he heartily agreed. The consequence was, that next day, when the boys were at prayers, Paul, coming to the belief, and thinking that he was never again to name Pontius Pilate, gravely said, "Suffered under Pontio de Auguirre;" which evidence of his horror of the scourge so interested the pedagogue, that by a Catholic mode of dispensation, he absolved him from the next two whippings he should incur.

But we forget, that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming "You're a dead man," makes a fierce lunge at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear: the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where are the box of comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow." "Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter, the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.

Upon turning to Quevedo, we find that the story has grown a little upon our memory, as to detail; but this is the spirit of it. The prize here, it is to be observed, is something eatable; and the same yearning is a predominant property of Quevedo's sharpers, as well as the others.

Adieu, ye pleasant rogues of Spain! ye surmounters of bad government, hunger, and misery, by the mere force of a light climate and fingers! The dinner calls;—and to talk about you before it, is as good as taking a ride on horseback.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that; he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XIII.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5th, 1820.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

WE must return a moment to the Italian thieves, to relate a couple of stories related of Ariosto and Tasso. The former was for a short period governor of Grafagnana, a disturbed district in the Apennines, which his prudent and gentle policy brought back from it's disaffection. Among it's other troubles, were numerous bands of robbers, two of the names of whose leaders, Domenico Maroco, and Filippo Pacchione, have come down to posterity. Ariosto, during the first days of his government, was riding out with a small retinue, when he had to pass through a number of suspicious-looking armed men. The two parties had scarcely cleared each other, when the chief of the strangers asked a servant who happened to be at some distance behind the others, who that person was. "It is the captain of the citadel here," said the man, "Lodovico Ariosto." The stranger no sooner heard the name, than he went running back to overtake the governor, who, stopping his horse, waited with some anxiety for the event. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I was not aware that so great a person as the Signor Lodovico Ariosto was passing near me. My name is Filippo Pacchione; and when I knew who it was, I could not go on without returning to pay the respect due to so illustrious a name."

A doubt is thrown on this story, or rather on the particular person who gave occasion to it, by the similarity of an adventure related of Tasso. Both of them however are very probable, let the similarity be what it may; for both the poets had occasion to go through disturbed districts; robbers abounded in both their times; and the leaders being most probably men rather of desperate fortunes than want of knowledge, were likely enough to seize such opportunities of vindicating their better habits, and shewing a romantic politeness. The enthusiasm too is quite in keeping with the national character; and it is to be observed that the particulars of Tasso's adventure are different, though the spirit of it is the same. He was journeying, it is said, in company with others, for better security against the banditti who infested the borders of the

papal territory, when they were told that Sciarra, a famous robber, was at hand in considerable force. Tasso was for pushing on, and defending themselves if attacked; but his opinion was overruled; and the company threw themselves, for safety, into the city of Mola. Here Sciarra kept them in a manner blocked up; but hearing that Tasso was among the travellers, he sent him word that he should not only be allowed to pass, but should have safe conduct whithersoever he pleased. The lofty poet, making it a matter of delicacy perhaps to waive an advantage of which his company could not partake, declined the offer, upon which Sciarra sent another message, saying that upon the sole account of Tasso, the ways should be left open. And they were so.

We can call to mind no particular German thieves, except those who figure in romances, and in the Robbers of Schiller. To say the truth, we are writing just now with but few books to refer to; and the better informed reader must pardon any deficiencies he meets with in these egregious and furtive memorandums. Of the Robbers of Schiller, an extraordinary effect is related. It is said to have driven a number of wild-headed young Germans upon playing at banditti, not in the bounds of a school or university, but seriously in a forest. The matter-of-fact spirit in which a German sets about being enthusiastic, is a metaphysical curiosity which modern events render doubly interesting. It is extremely worthy of the attention of those rare personages, entitled reflecting politicians. But we must take care again. It is very inhuman of these politics, that the habit of attending to them, though with the greatest good-will and sincerity, will always be driving a man upon thinking how his fellow-creatures are going on.

There is a pleasant well-known story of a Prussian thief and Frederick the Second. [The mention, by the way, of these two personages together puts us in mind of the Scottish answer to travellers about a mile and a bittock,—the said bittock, or little bit, being perhaps three or four miles in addition.

Reader. There, Mr. Indicator, you get upon politics again.

Indic. What, Sir; upon modern politics?

Read. I think so.

Indic. But I cannot help it, you know, if past history applies to present events; or at least, if your wicked imagination makes it apply.

Read. Oh, ho: you have me there.

Indic. I trust you have me every where.]

We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case appeared clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had given him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary, was to deny their religion: while, on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonize impudence itself. The worthy judges, in

their perplexity, applied to the king, who under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have it's due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prussian subject, military or civil, to *accept* a present from the Virgin Mary.

The district, formerly rendered famous by the exploits of Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, and now become infamous by the tyranny of Ali Bey, has been very fertile in robbers. And no wonder, for a semi-barbarous people so governed become thieves by necessity. The name indeed, as well as profession, is in such good receipt with an Albanian, that according to late travellers, it is a common thing for him to begin a story by saying, "When I was a robber——" We remember reading of some Albanian or Sclavonian leader of banditti, who made his enemies suppose he had a numerous force with him, by distributing military caps upon the hedges.

There are some other nations who are all thieves, more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character. Such are the piratical Malays; the still more infamous Algerines; the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abyssinia. As to the Arabs, they have a prescriptive right, from tradition as well as local circumstances, to plunder every body. The sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee and other black empires on the coast of Guinea are more like a government of murderers and ogres, than thieves. They are the next ruffians perhaps in existence, to slave-dealers. The gentlest nation of pilferers are the Otaheiteans; and something is to be said for their irresistible love of hatchets and old nails. Let the European trader, that is without sin cast the first paragraph at them. Let him think what he should feel inclined to do, were a ship of some unknown nation to come upon his coast, with gold and jewels lying scattered about the deck. For no less precious is iron to the South Sea Islander. A Paraisaical state of existence would be, to him, not the Golden, but the Iron Age. An Otaheitean Jupiter would visit his Danaë in a shower of tenpenny nails.

We are now come to a very multitudinous set of candidates for the halter, the thieves of our own beloved country. For what we know of the French thieves is connected with them, excepting Cartouche; and we remember nothing of him, but that he was a great ruffian, and died upon that worse ruffian, the rack.

There is, to be sure, a very eminent instance of a single theft in the Confessions of Rousseau; and it is the second greatest blot in his book; for he suffered a girl to be charged with and punished for the theft, and maintained the lie to her face, though she was his friend, and appealed to him with tears. But it may be said for him, at any rate, that the world would not have known the story but for himself: and if such a disclosure be regarded by some as an additional offence (which it may be thought by some very delicate as well as dishonest people), we must recollect, that it was the object of his book to give a plain unsophisticated account of a human being's ex-

periences; and that many persons of excellent repute would have been found to have committed actions as bad, had they given accounts of themselves as candid. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that all children were thieves and liars: and somebody, we believe a Scotchman, answered a fond speech about human nature, by exclaiming, that "human nature was a rogue and a vagabond, or so many laws would not have been necessary to restrain it." We venture to differ, on this occasion, with both Englishman and Scotchman. Laws in particular, taking the bad with the good, are quite as likely to have made rogues, as restrained them. But we see, at any rate, what has been suspected of more orthodox persons than Rousseau; to say nothing of less charitable advantages which might be taken of such opinions. He committed a petty theft; and miserably did his false shame, the parent of so many crimes, make him act. But he won back to their infants' lips the bosoms of thousands of mothers. He restored to their bereaved and helpless owners thousands of those fountains of health and joy: and before he is abused, even for worse things than the theft, let those whose virtue consists in custom, think of this.

As we have mixed fictitious with real thieves in this article, in a manner, we fear, somewhat uncritical (and yet the fictions are most likely founded on fact; and the life of a real thief is a kind of dream and romance) we will dispatch our fictitious English thieves before we come to the others. And we must make shorter work of it than we intended, or we shall never come to our friend Du Vall. The length to which this article has stretched out, week after week, will be a warning to us, how we render our paper liable to be run away with in future.

There is a very fine story of Three Thieves in Chaucer, which we must tell at large another time. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Falstaff. If for a momentary freak, he thought it villainous to steal, at the next moment he thought it villainous not to steal.

"Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street, about you, Sir; but I marked him not. And yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not. And yet he talked wisely; and in the streets, too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for "Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."

Falstaff. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me."

We must take care how we speak of Macheath, or we shall be said to be getting political again. Fielding's Jonathan Wild the *Great* is also, in this sense, "caveare to the multitude." But we would say more of him, if we had room. Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostros and other adventurers, is a thief not at all to our taste. We are continually obliged to call his mother to our recollection, in order to bear him. The only instance in which the character of an absolute profligate pickpocket was ever made comparatively welcome to our graver feelings, is in the extraordinary novel of *Manon L'Escaut* by the Abbe Prevost. It is the story of a young man so passionately in love with a profligate female, that he follows her through every species of vice and misery, even when she is sent as a convict to New Orleans. His love indeed is returned. He is obliged to subsist upon her vices; and in return, is induced to help her with his own, becoming a cheat and a swindler to supply her outrageous extravagances. On board the convict ship (if we recollect) he waits on her through every species of squalidness; the convict-dress and her shaved head only redoubling his love by the help of pity. This seems a shocking and very immoral book; yet multitudes of very reputable people have found a charm in it. The fact is, not only that *Manon* is beautiful, sprightly, really fond of her lover, and after all, becomes reformed; but that it is delightful, and ought to be so, to the human heart, to see a vein of sentiment and real goodness looking out through all this callous surface of guilt. It is like meeting with a tree in a squalid hole of a city,—a flower, or a frank face, in a reprobate purlieu. The capabilities of human nature are not compromised. The virtue alone seems natural; the guilt, as it so often is, seems artificial, and the result of some bad education or other circumstance. Nor is any body injured. It is one of the shallowest of all shallow notions to talk of the harm of such works. Do we think nobody is to be harmed but the virtuous! Or that there are not privileged harms and vices to be got rid of, as well as unprivileged? No good-hearted person will be injured by reading *Manon L'Escaut*. There is the *belief in goodness* in it;—a faith, the want of which does so much harm both to the vicious and to the over-righteous.

The prince of all robbers, English or foreign, is undoubtedly Robin Hood. There is a worthy Scottish namesake of his, Rob Roy, who has been lately had justice done to all his injuries by a countryman; and the author, it seems, has now come down from the borders to see the Rob of the elder times well treated. We were obliged to tear ourselves away from his first volume*, to go to this ill-repaying article. But Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, "and shewed the heavens more just." However, what we have to say of him we must keep till the trees are in leaf again, and the greenwood shade delightful.

* Of Ivanhoe.

We dismiss, in one rabble-like heap, the real Jonathan Wilds, Avershaws, and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar, who have no redemption in their rascality. And after them, for gentlemen-valets, may go the Barringtons, Major Semples, and other sneaking rogues, who held on a tremulous career of iniquity betwixt pilfering and repenting. Yet Jack Shepherd must not be forgotten, with his ingenious and daring breaks out of prison; nor Turpin, who is said to have ridden his horse with such swiftness from York to London, that he was enabled to set up an *alibi*. We have omitted to notice the celebrated Buccaneers of America; but these are fellows, with regard to whom we are willing to take Dogberry's advice, and "steal out of their company."

All hail, thou most attractive of scape-graces;—thou most accomplished of gentlemen of the road;—thou, worthy to be called one of "the minions of the moon,"—Monsieur Claude Du Vall,—whom we have come such a long and dangerous journey to see!

Claude Du Vall, according to a pleasant account of him, in the Harleian Miscellany, was born at Domfront in Normandy, in the year 1643, of Pierre du Vall, miller, and Marguerite de la Roche, the fair daughter of a tailor. Being a sprightly boy, he did not remain in the country, but became servant to a person of quality at Paris; and with this gentleman he came over to England at the time of the Restoration. It is difficult to say, which came over to pick the most pockets and hearts, Charles the Second, or Claude Du Vall. Be this as it may, his "courses" of life, ("for," says the contemporary historian, "I dare not call them vices,") soon reduced him to the necessity of going upon the road; and here "he quickly became so famous, that in a proclamation for the taking several notorious highwaymen, he had the honour to be named first." He took, says his biographer, "the generous way of padding;" that is to say, he behaved with exemplary politeness to all coaches, especially those in which there were ladies; making a point of frightening them as amiably as possible; and insisting upon returning any favourite trinkets or keepsakes, for which they chose to appeal to him with "their most sweet voices."

It was in this character that he performed an exploit, which is the eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility. We will relate it in the words of our informer. Riding out with some of his confederates, "he overtakes a coach, which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of four hundred pounds in it. In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving-maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to shew she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket, and plays: Du Vall takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. 'Sir,' says he, to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one

currant with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable:' which said, the lacquey opens the boot, out comes the knight, Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Du Vall performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to shew such footing as he did in his great riding French boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Du Vall to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music:' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Du Vall took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds,' and, giving him the word, that if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, he civilly takes his leave of him.

"This story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the ladies had for Du Vall; for in this, as in an epitome, are contained all things that set a man off advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a gentleman*. First, here was valour, that he and but four more durst assault a knight, a lady, a waiting-gentlewoman, a lacquey, a groom that rid by to open the gates, and the coachman, they being six to five, odds at football; and besides, Du Vall had much the worst cause, and reason to believe, that whoever should arrive, would range themselves on the enemy's party. Then he shewed his invention and sagacity, that he could *sur le champ*, and, without studying, make that advantage of the lady's playing on the flageolet. He evinced his skill in instrumental music, by playing on his flageolet; in vocal by his singing; for (as I should have told you before) there being no violins, Du Vall sung the currant himself. He manifested his agility of body, by lightly dismounting off his horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave; his excellent deportment, by his incomparable dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the hundred pounds; his generosity, in taking no more; his wit and eloquence, and readiness at repartees, in the whole discourse with the knight and lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit."

The noise of the proclamation made Du Vall return to Paris; but he came back in a short time for want of money. His reign however did not last long after his restoration. He made an unlucky attack, not upon some ill-bred passengers, but upon several bottles of wine, and was taken in consequence at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos-street. His life was interceded for in vain: he was arraigned and committed to Newgate; and executed at Tyburn in the 27th year of his age; showers of tears from fair eyes bedewing his fate, both while alive in prison, and while dead at the fatal tree.

Du Vall's success with the ladies of those days, whose amatory taste was of a turn more extensive than enlarged, seems to have made

some very well dressed English gentlemen jealous. The writer of Du Vall's life, who is a man of wit, evidently has something of bitterness in his raileries upon this point; but he manages them very pleasantly. He pretends that he is an old bachelor, and has never been able to make his way with his fair countrywomen, on account of the French valets that have stood in his way. He says he had two objects in writing the book. "One is, that the next Frenchman that is hanged may not cause an uproar in this imperial city; which I doubt not but I have effected.

"The other is a much harder task: To set my countryman on even terms with the French, as to the English ladies' affections. If I should bring this about, I should esteem myself to have contributed much to the good of this kingdom.

"One remedy there is, which, possibly, may conduce something towards it.

"I have heard, that there is a new invention of transfusing the blood of one animal into another, and that it has been experimented by putting the blood of a sheep into an Englishman. I am against that way of experiments; for, should we make all Englishmen sheep, we should soon be a prey to the *loure*.

"I think I can propose the making that experiment, a more advantageous way. I would have all gentlemen, who have been a full year, or more, out of France, be let blood weekly, or oftener, if they can bear it. Mark how much they bleed; transfuse so much French lacquey's blood into them; replenish these last out of the English footmen, for it is no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this operation *toties quoties*, and, in process of time, you will find this event: Either the English gentlemen will be as much beloved as the French lacqueys, or the French lacqueys as little esteemed as the English gentlemen."

Butler has left an Ode, sprinkled with his usual wit, "To the Happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du Val," who

— Like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode:
Take prizes more obligingly from those,
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

As it may be thought proper that we should end this lawless article with a good moral, we will give it two or three sentences from Shakspeare worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XIV.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12th, 1820.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

THIS is an article for the reader to think of, when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

“Blessings,” exclaimed Sancho, “on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak.” It is a delicious moment certainly,—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough, to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—’tis closing;—’tis more closing;—’tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take it’s airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes: for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising, than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning, is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes however excusable, especially to a watchful or over-worked head; neither can we deny the seducing merits of “t’other doze,”—the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and your sleep the next night.

In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep, than a sleep itself. This is a privilege, allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take

it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing; is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying "Just so" to the bark of a dog, or "Yes, Madam" to the black at your elbow.

Care-worn people however might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noon-day, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day, is in summer-time, out in a field. There is perhaps no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity, seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer, and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed, is the one which a tired person takes, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious however to find, how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed, the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy loungeur will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add any thing to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shews himself a greater

leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may shew himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between it's legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an ideot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly, even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry, the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago in the first book of the Faery Queen, (Canto 1, st. 39.) sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

And more to lull him in his slumbler soft
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sonne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enimes.

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into

the body" of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

This messenger tooke leave, and went
Upon his way; and never he stent
Till he came to the dark valley,
That stant betweene rockes twey.
There never yet grew corne, ne gras,
Ne tree, ne nought that aught was,
Beast ne man, ne naught else;
Save that there were a few wells
Came running fro the the cliffs adowne,
That made a deadly sleeping sounne,
And runnen downe right by a cave,
That was under a rocke ygrave,
Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.
There these goddis lay asleepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
That was the god of Sleepis heire,
That slept and did none other worke.

Where the credentials of this new son and heir, Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir presumptive, in sleeping, and doing "none other work."

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poets; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for it's contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes*: and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering; and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, light,
And as a purling stream; thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses: sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:
Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide;
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.

* We do not translate it here, as we intend to present the reader with the whole scene in an article upon *Philoctetes*.

THE FAIR REVENGE.

The elements of this story are to be found in the old poem called *Albion's England*, to which we referred in the article on Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France.

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphles. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence however was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those, who in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming, each the favourite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master, wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace, on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in it's rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with it's roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects, and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression,—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's, that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should best spur up their smoking horses, to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Doracles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right to it; but the popularity of Daphles supplied her cause with all the ardour, which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon

metal statuary ; or staking their fated horses upon spears rivetted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, re-issuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she: "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic as well as courteous and kind in me to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices, than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison, a conqueror after all; for Daphles loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and as it seemed to her a wilful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered, she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to shew thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released, and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over-grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphles moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless on the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good will. He could guess at love in a woman; but he had but a mean opinion both of it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphles did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion, which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awaking from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return;" and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife: and a substantial throne, with a return that shall nothing perplex or interfere with thee, I do now accordingly

offer thee, not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon having been proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphles was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court, nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguening with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphles. She wrote him a letter, without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered it in a spirit, which shewed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her, while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now began to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head, which bound it's healthy white temples, when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of it's twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand; and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards; and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair; and shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was; and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He shewed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain his joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the particular companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy

daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What? Am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words, he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering; and the portrait of Daphles, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good-nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful, as I have heard?"—"Pardon me, Sir," answered Phorbas; "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw a while, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail, and after. "Her wits to fail?" murmured the king: "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these — gentle creatures, women, could so feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year however did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once smiling Daphles haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XV.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1820.

SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

FROM having a different creed of our own, and always encountering the heathen mythology in a poetical and fabulous shape, we are apt to have a false idea of the religious feeling of the ancients. ~ We are in the habit of supposing, whatever we allow when we come to reason upon the point, that they regarded their fables in the same poetical light as ourselves; that they could not possibly put faith in Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto; in the sacrifice of innocent turtle doves, the libation of wine, and the notions about Tartarus and Ixion.

Undoubtedly there were multitudes of free thinkers in the ancient world. Most of the Greek poets and philosophers appear to have differed with the literal notions of the many.* A system of refined theism is understood to have been taught to the initiated in the celebrated Mysteries. The doctrines of Epicurus were so prevalent in the most intellectual age of Rome, that Lucretius wrote a poem upon them, in which he treats their founder as a divinity; and Virgil, in a well-known passage of the Georgics, "*Felix qui potuit*" &c. exalts either Epicurus or Lucretius as a blessed being, who put hell and terror under his feet. A sickly temperament appears to have made him wish, rather than be able, to carry his own scepticism so far: yet he insinuates his disbelief in Tartarus in the sixth book of his epic poem, where Æneas and the Sybil, after the description of the lower world, go out through the ivory gate, which was the passage of false visions.† Cæsar, according to a speech of his in Sallust, derided the same notions in open Senate; and Cicero, in other parts of his writings, as well as in a public pleading, speaks of them as fables and impertinence,—"*ineptiis ac fabulis.*"

* It is remarkable that Æschylus and Euripides, the two dramatists whose faith in the national religion was most doubted, are said to have met with strange and violent deaths.—The latter was torn to pieces by dogs, and the former killed by a tortoise which an eagle let fall upon his bald head *in mistake for a stone*. These exits from the scene look very like the retributive death-beds which the bigots of all religions are so fond of ascribing to one another.

† Did Dante forget this, when he took Virgil for his guide through the Inferno?

But however this plain-dealing may look on the part of the men of letters, there is reason to believe that even in those times, the people in general were strong upon points of faith. The extension of the Greek philosophy may have insensibly rendered them familiar with latitudes of interpretation on the part of others. They would not think it impious in Cicero and Cato to have notions of the Supreme Being more consistent with the elevation of their minds. But for themselves, they adhered, from habit, to the literal creed of their ancestors, as the Greek populace had done before them. The jealous enemies of Socrates contrived to have him put to death on a charge of irreverence for the gods. A frolic of the libertine Alcibiades, which to say the least of it, was in very bad taste,—the defacing the statues of Mercury,—was followed with important consequences. The history of Socrates had the effect, in after times, at least in the ancient world, of saving philosophical speculators from the vindictive egotism of opinion. But even in the days of Augustus, Ovid wrote a popular work full of mythological fables; and Virgil himself, whose creed perhaps only rejected what was unkindly, gave the hero of his intended popular epic, the particular appellation of Pious. That Augustus should pique himself on the same attribute, proves little; for he was a cold-blooded man of the world, and could play the hypocrite for the worst and most despotic purposes. Did he now and then lecture his poetical friends upon this point, respecting their own appearances with the world? There is a curious ode of Horace (Book 1. Od. 34.) in which he says that he finds himself compelled to give up his sceptical notions, and to attend more to public worship, because it had thundered one day when the sky was cloudless. The critics are divided in their opinion of his object in this ode. Some think him in earnest, others in jest. It is the only thing of the sort in his works; and is, at all events, of an equivocal character that would serve his purpose on either side of the question.

The opinions of the ancients upon religion may be divided into three general classes. The great multitude believed any thing; the very few disbelieved every thing; the philosophers and poets entertained a refined natural religion, which while it pronounced upon nothing, rejected what was evidently unworthy of the spirit of the creation, and regarded the popular deities as personifications of its various workings. All these classes had their extravagances, in proportion to their ignorance, or viciousness, or metaphysical perplexity. The multitude, whose notions were founded on ignorance, habit, and fear, admitted many absurd and some cruel imaginations. The mere man of the world measured every thing by his own vain and petty standard, and thought the whole goods of the universe a scramble for the cunning and hypocritical. The over-refining followers of Plato, endeavouring to pierce into the nature of things by the mere effort of the will, arrived at conclusions visible to none but their own yearning and impatient eyes; and lost themselves in the ethereal dogmatisms of Plotinus and Porphyry.

The greatest pleasure arising to a modern imagination from the

ancient mythology, is in a mingled sense of the old popular belief and of the philosophical refinements upon it. We take Apollo, and Mercury, and Venus, as shapes that existed in popular credulity, as the greater fairies of the ancient world; and we regard them, at the same time, as personifications of all that is beautiful and genial in the forms and tendencies of creation. But the result, coming as it does too through avenues of beautiful poetry, both ancient and modern, is so entirely cheerful, that we are apt to think it must have wanted gravity to more believing eyes. We fancy that the old world saw nothing in religion but lively and graceful shapes, as remote from the more obscure and awful hintings of the world unknown, as physics appear to be from the metaphysical;—as the eye of a beautiful woman is from the inward speculations of a Brahmin; or a lily at noon-day from the wide obscurity of night-time.

This supposition appears to be carried a great deal too far. We will not enquire in this place, how far the *mass* of mankind, when these shapes were done away, did or did not escape from a despotic anthropomorphism; nor how far they were driven by the vaguer fears, and the opening of a more visible eternity, into avoiding the whole subject, rather than courting it; nor how it is, that the nobler practical religion which was afforded them, has been unable to bring back their frightened theology from the angry and avaricious pursuits into which they fled for refuge. But setting aside the portion of terror, of which heathenism partook in common with all faiths originating in uncultivated times, the ordinary run of pagans were perhaps more impressed with a sense of the invisible world, in consequence of the very visions presented to their imagination, than the same description of men under a more shadowy system. There is the same difference between the two things, as between a populace believing in fairies, and a populace not believing. The latter is in the high road to something better, if not drawn aside into new terrors on the one hand, or mere worldliness on the other. But the former is led to look out of the mere worldly common-places about it, twenty times to the other's once. It has a sense of a supernatural state of things, however gross. It has a link with another world, from which some think like gravity is sure to strike into the most cheerful heart. Every forest, to the mind's eye of a Greek, was haunted with superior intelligences. Every stream had it's presiding nymph, who was thanked for the draught of water. Every house had it's protecting gods, which had blessed the inmate's ancestors; and which would bless him also, if he cultivated the social affections: for the same word which expressed piety towards the Gods, expressed love towards relations and friends. If in all this there was nothing but the worship of a more graceful humanity, there may be worships much worse as well as much better. And the divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us, that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us, either to do or to foresee.

Imagine the feelings with which an ancient believer must have gone by the oracular oaks of Dodona, or the calm groves of the

Eumenides, or the fountain where Proserpine vanished under ground with Pluto; or the Great Temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis; or the laurelled mountain Parnassus, on the side of which was the temple of Delphi, where Apollo was supposed to be present in person. Imagine Plutarch, a devout and yet a liberal believer, when he went to study theology and philosophy at Delphi: with what feelings must he not have passed along the woody paths of the hill, approaching nearer every instant to the presence of the divinity, and not sure that a glance of light through the trees was not the lustre of the god himself going by. This is mere poetry to us, and very fine it is; but to him it was poetry, and religion, and beauty, and gravity, and hushing awe, and a path as from one world to another.

With similar feelings he would cross the ocean, an element that naturally detaches the mind from earth, and which the ancients regarded as especially doing so. He had been in the Carpathian sea, the favourite haunt of Proteus, who was supposed to be gifted above every other deity with a knowledge of the causes of things. Towards evening, when the winds were rising, and the sailors had made their vows to Neptune, he would think of the old "shepherd of the seas of yore," and believe it possible that he might become visible to his eyesight, driving through the darkling waters, and turning the sacred wildness of his face towards the blessed ship.

In all this, there is a deeper sense of another world, than in the habit of contenting oneself with a few vague terms and embodying nothing but Mammon. There is a deeper sense of another world, precisely because there is a deeper sense of the present; of its varieties, its benignities, its mystery. It was a strong sense of this, which made a living poet, who is accounted very orthodox in his religious opinions, give vent, in that fine sonnet, to his impatience at seeing the beautiful planet we live upon, with all its starry wonders about it, so little thought of, compared with what is ridiculously called *the world*. He seems to have dreaded the symptom, as an evidence of materialism, and of the planets being dry self-existing things, peopled with mere successive mortalities, and unconnected with any superintendence or consciousness in the universe about them. It is abhorrent from all we think and feel, that they should be so: and yet Love might make heavens of them, if they were.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

An Italian author,—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit,—has written a poem upon Insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the North may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquirers into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, &c., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold,—from fire to ice. They are “haled” out of their “beds,” says Milton, by “harpy-footed furies,”—fellows who come to call them.—On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage-chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. “It is very cold this morning, is it not?”—

"Very cold, Sir."—"Very cold indeed, isn't it?"—"Very cold indeed, Sir."—"More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?" (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) "Why, Sir - - I think it is." (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) "I must rise however—Get me some warm water."—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of "no use" to get up. The hot water comes. "Is it quite hot?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?"—"No, Sir; it will just do." (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) "Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt:—linen gets very damp this weather."—Yes, Sir." Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. "Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too."—"Very well, Sir."—Here another interval. At length every thing is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the bye, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder, that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate King; her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxury of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakspeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's.—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and ofiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from any thing like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shews, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his Seasons—

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be

allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three and four-pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say "What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?" but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious liar in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the "enormous bliss"—of the vice in question. A liar in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is shewing the reasonableness of consulting his own, or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat *over-persuasive*; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he says, telling him that the bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most goodnatured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humour and a state of comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to *him*, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by— Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a — Ycs, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand, and the *vis inertiae* on the other; should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last; and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. admires so much; and a student or

artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr. Indicator, how do you behave yourself in this respect?

Indic. Oh, Madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as the old way of sermonizing and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh of yours. If I should look in to-morrow morning - - -

Indic. Ah, Madam, the look in of a face like yours does any thing with me. It shall fetch me up at nine, if you please——*six*, I meant to say.

It does not enter within the plan, or perhaps we should rather say, the understood promises, of this little weekly publication, to relieve the Editor with *much* correspondence; but he is glad when he can indulge himself, in proportion; and he inserts with pleasure the following piece of poetry, which is very much to his heathenish taste.

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

Oh! what a voice is silent. It was soft
As mountain-echoes, when the winds aloft
(The gentle winds of summer) meet in caves;
Or when in sheltered places the white waves
Are 'waken'd into music, as the breeze
Dimples and stems the current: or as trees
Shaking their green locks in the days of June:
Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
They sang harmonious pray'rs: or sounds that come
(However near) like a faint distant hum
Out of the grass, from which mysterious birth
We guess the busy secrets of the earth.
— Like the low voice of Syrinx, when she ran
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan:
Or sad CEnone's, when she pined away
For Paris, or (and yet 'twas not so gay)
As Helen's whisper when she came to Troy,
Half sham'd to wander with that blooming boy.
Like air-touch'd harps in flowery casements hung;
Like unto lovers' ears the wild words sung
In garden bowers at twilight: like the sound
Of Zephyr when he takes his nightly round
In May, to see the roses all asleep:
Or like the dim strain which along the deep
The sea-maid utters to the sailors' ear,
Telling of tempests, or of dangers near.
Like Desdemona, who (when fear was strong
Upon her soul) chaunted the willow song,
Swan-like before she perish'd: or the tone
Of flutes upon the waters heard alone:
Like words that come upon the memory
Spoken by friends departed; or the sigh
A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
The love her eyes betray to all beside.

XXX.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XVI.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1820.

EXTREMES MEET; OR, ALL LONDON AND NO LONDON.

A TALE.

IN a village not far from the metropolis, lives a hearty old fellow, who is the comfort of all his neighbours with his vivacity and his pleasant stories. He goodnaturedly laughs when any one calls him old; and says he looks upon himself as a youth, who has white instead of brown hair, and that he took leave of his old age in the fortieth year of his life.

Happening to stroll as far as this village, one afternoon last summer, I fell into conversation with him, in consequence of putting my head into his cottage to ask my way to some remains of antiquity. He was sitting after dinner, with his spectacles on, reading a book, and getting up with a lively and willing face, said he would shew me the way if I pleased. I was glad to accept his offer, and chat with him, for besides loving cheerfulness for itself, a cheerful old man gives one's own life a pleasant prospect. It seems a kind of baulk given to the gloomy aspect and pretensions of Death. I asked him what book he was reading.

"Why, Sir," said he, half laughing, taking off his spectacles, nodding at the same time his head, and giving a little tremulous jerk of his knee,—“you may think it an odd book for an old man to read, (it was the history of Philip Quarll) but I always tell my neighbours that they and the parish-register are mistaken, and that having returned to my native village, after a death of fifteen years in the city of London, I took up my life where I left it, at thirty, and so though they take me for seventy-five, am not more than fifty-five at most.”

You may imagine I was highly delighted with this notion of a metropolitan non-existence; I told him as much; and while he was reaching his hat down from a peg, took an opportunity of looking at his other books and his pictures about the room. Among the latter, were the Four Seasons prodigiously red-lipped and smiling; and among the former, Robinson Crusoe, Robin Hood's Garland, The Gardener's Calendar, an odd volume of Shakspeare, and De Foe's History of the Plague of London.

“You seem to have an antipathy to London?” said I. “Why I must own, Sir,” answered he, “there is no love lost between us. It

would be very well, if it wasn't such a great overgrown, smoky, sickly, place; but they build, and they build, and all the gentry go there as if they were going to a fair; and so they stop when the fair is over, and make a dismal odd sojourning of it. There were two squires who went up to London, when I was a little boy, and got places there, as they are called. Very pretty places they left behind them, I know; but times were hard, and people said the squires couldn't descend. You know what they meant, Sir. So the squires not being able to descend, went up to town; and there I saw them and their's, when I went afterwards, squeezed up in tall narrow houses, not a fourth part of the size of their own pretty ones over the way yonder;—you may see one of 'em, Sir, among the limes;—it belongs now to a lawyer; and the other belongs to What's-his-name there, the great distiller, who never sets eyes on it. Well, Sir, as I was saying, I saw the squires and their families, and young master, who gave me my dog here—Robin, Robin—ah, he's got out of doors—we shall find him, when we go—but I'm keeping you, Sir—Nay, nay, I needn't keep you, Sir, for I can tell you my story as you go, and perhaps it may amuse you as you seem fond of the country." Here he took up his book again, and put it into his pocket; and then clapping the pocket smartly with one hand, and buttoning one of the buttons of his coat with the other, lifted a latch on the opposite side of the passage, and putting in his head with, "Get the tea, Goody, for myself and neighbour Parkins," went out of the door with me. In an instant we were joined by Robin, who was a fine eager-looking dog, and seemed to have all his faculties ready for a scour.

"Robin, Sir," said he, "was given me when I was in London, and was then called Nero; but why they gave the poor beast such an ill name, I couldn't tell; and so, seeing what a delight he took whenever he saw a bit of green grass, or got near the parks, and how he would dart away, and drive round and round, and roll, and scamper, and pant with joy; I called him Robin, you see,—after Robin Hood, Sir,—who was a sort of prince too, you know, after a kind of a fashion, under his "greenwood shade."—Well, Sir, as I was saying about the squires; when I saw them living so humbly, as it were, or in such small houses, I thought to myself at first—Oh ho! what,—does coming up to London help to bring up the thing they talk of in books, some for, and some against, about putting people in general more on a level with one another! I didn't think so, you know, Sir; but somehow or other, the fancy struck me. I know it's impossible for such a thing to be, unless people could be all born with the same brains and bodies, though I do think with some, that there is a much greater difference in the business than need be; though before it can be altered, it will take a vast deal of better learning in the poor and humble, and, as for that matter perhaps, in the rich and high too.—Well, Sir, to cut this matter short, for I must confess I have got somehow or other a mighty trick of talking since I came back to my village, and can't tell a thing half so speedily as I could in London, and so I shall never get to my story. I saw the

squires, and there instead of being grown humble, in one way at least, they had grown more grand a great deal,—only as I thought with a very odd sort of exchange. In their old homes here—we are now going by one of 'em, Sir,—you might have had a dance in the hall, and there were at least twenty rooms a-piece to 'em: but in London,—what they called the hall of one of the houses, wasn't much bigger than my own little passage, though exceeding trim and tight to be sure. I remember I almost broke the lamp-glass with the bundle at the end of my stick:—instead of the great piece of ground there in front of the house, and the roses and honeysuckles all over the windows, there was no ground at all, and only a dusty bit of a vine, which I thought looked better too than nothing; and instead of the fine garden behind, and the paddock, and the kitchen-garden, and the fine prospect, I almost started when the footman shewed me the back of the house, which was a bit of a yard hardly big enough for a couple of boys to play at hop-sotch in, surrounded with the walls of other yards, and the backs of other houses. The house of the other squire had a bit of garden, to be sure,—long, and narrow, and with strips of brick wall, boxed flower-ground, and gravel, that almost set one's teeth on edge to look at, they seem'd so hard and dry. I remember however I thought it a very pretty thing, after I had been in London for a year or two. I didn't know whether the squires were glad to see me or not. They spoke to me more familiarly than usual, and yet somehow or other, didn't seem so kind nor so *un-proud*. Their rooms were full of black and gilt furniture, mighty fine and gloomy as I thought; and coming out of Squire Wilson's, I ran against the physician, who was coming up the steps, and who cursed me in the oddest sweet tone of voice I ever heard swear. However he laughed the next minute.

“Well, Sir; I've been talking to you a great deal about other people, but it shews you what I thought of going to London; and yet would you believe it, I lived in that very London for fifteen years afterwards, and for the last ten never stirred out of it! I didn't indeed! I'll tell you how it was. My young master, as I called him, the son of one of the squires,—(I was the village-carpenter's son, and he used to play with me) had got a place as well as his father,—not under government though,—but in the city at a great banker's; and so, as there was a man wanting there to do a number of things, such as go of messages, and help to take care of the premises at night, he got me a place too. Young master, I know, intended kindly to me; and I thought it a fine thing when I was sent for. I was not a clerk, to be sure, but then I was not a mere servant; and the under clerks and the housekeeper used to let me dine with them. I soon got into what they called the routine of my business. I did a quantity of messages and things all day, and strolled a little way out of town on Sundays, when it was not my turn to stop at home. Sometimes I'd walk almost twenty miles out on a Sunday; sometimes I went a nutting, sometimes a boating, and sometimes only loitered about the suburbs for fear of being caught in the rain

with my new hat, and so poked about the new buildings, with a six-penny cane, and eat apples and gingerbread. I looked in at church by the way; but always used to feel as if I said a kind of prayer in the fields, things were so beautiful there and grand. I remember there were two chief clerks in our office, one of whom was a Methodist, while the other laughed at the Methodists - - - You are not a Methodist, are you Sir?—I thought not. You laugh differently, and seem to think there are good things in this world as well as in the next. Look, Sir, at the beautiful prospect there.—Ah, Molly, how d'ye do to day? Why you look as kind and handsome as ever!—A dairy-maid, Sir, at Squire Smith's—bless her good-tempered face.—Well, Sir, the Methodist wanted to make one of me; but no, no, thought I—I am not so sick or so selfish as that comes to; for I knew him and the rest of 'em well enough. So the other clerk used to laugh at him, when he made me argue, as they call it, and used to laugh at me too, for seeming to think more than I chose to say. There are some good men among 'em too, but they all seem so hard-hearted in their notions, whatever they may be in their conduct; whereas the laughing clerk, who could be the gravest and kindest gentleman in the world too when you wanted it, was soft-hearted both in his notions and conduct; and I take that to be the better side. For my part, I really wonder sometimes how such notions of a good God and his works can get abroad; but then I think of the great town, and all their plagues, and diseases, and driving of monies, and who's to wonder that people get sick and superstitious, and full of bad consciences, and think to get on in the next world as they do in this, with all sorts of bad opinions, both of themselves and their betters?

“Bless me:—well I shall never get to my story, to be sure, and yet here we are at the top of the hill. Egad, Sir, this is very different air that comes in one's face, from that one meets on Snow-hill or Cheapside. Hah!—hah! Glorious indeed!” and so saying, the old youth took off his hat, and stood a minute, shutting his eyes, and drinking in, as it were, draughts of health. I enjoyed the freshness with him, and took off my gloves that I might feel as much of it as I could, lifting my palms to catch the breeze, for I was feverish with having stopped too long in-doors. I told him so; upon which he put on his hat again with a sigh, and began moving down the hill;—“Ah, young gentleman,” said he, (for so he called me in the fatherliness of his age) “now would I lay my life, that you are one of those studious persons who read so much about the fields that they have not time to walk in them.” I laughed, and said it was a little too much the case; “and yet,” added I, “I have haunted the fields to the north-west of London ever since I was a lad, and hardly ever found another man in them,—never, at any rate, one who seemed on the same business of enjoyment.”

“You don't say so!” replied he, stopping for an instant, and turning full in my face:—“but why do I say you don't say so,” continued he, “for as I told you before, Sir, I was myself years together, and never set foot in the fields; and this reminds me that I

must come to my story at last. Well then, Sir, I went on living in the way I spoke of; for five years, by which time I had become a confidential servant of the house. I then had a little more leisure. I was always fond of reading, and now I read more than ever. Aye, aye, Sir, you may smile; you have a right to it, and the truth must out. But I love reading as well as you; I think it's only bad, as they say, in the abuse. I was'n't scholar enough however, to be spoilt by overmuch study; though, to be sure, I must say, that when I gave up going into the fields, I had better have spent half the time I did in my book, and gone out the other half. But I'll tell you how it was, Sir. I hadn't so much exercise to take as before; though enough to keep me in decent health; my evenings were my own more than they used to be; and what with all this, and some losses that I had, I took to going to a club, which the under clerks frequented, and which they were glad enough I should join, on account of my love of reading, which enabled me to talk better than most of them. To this club I used to go every night after my day's work, and there, what with talking, and debating, and eating hot coarse dishes, and drinking brandy and water, I went home with my head muddled; and that made me prefer lying in bed of a Sunday morning to walking abroad; and that made me a little sick and gloomy; and that made me drink more brandy and water; and that made me muddled again, and sick, and lazy, and so on; till at last between pain and pleasure, and liking and necessity, I got into such a regular habit of spending my days and evenings in this manner, that I never went out of the heat of London, Southwark, and Westminster, for four years. I thought of the country sometimes, and wished I was as comfortable somehow as I used to be there, for my head used to feel thick and dim, as it were, and my eyes hot; but then I had a good deal of walking still, which took off the worst part of the queer-ness, and there was a little bowling-green public-house, near the suburbs, which contrived to look like a little bit of a village house still; and there I went now and then; but you may think it odd,—I used to lose my temper there more than any where else; and this I didn't like, besides it's exciting me to drink more brandy and water; and so latterly I left off going, and stuck to my club in the city. At last, what was odder still, I took a sort of dislike to the thought of the country; and partly from this, and partly I believe from the vanity of being wondered at for it, made a practice of boasting that I never went to see it; and so, between boasting and making a fool of myself, and going of messages, and muddling my head, I arrived at the fifth year of my death, as I call it.

“I was silly enough, Sir, at that period, to have a kind of feast in honor of my nonsense in having stopped so long among the noise and smoke. It was held at the club; and about a week after, the good-tempered clerk of whom I spoke to you, and who had laughed at me for it, and said I was a foolish fellow (which made me drink double the quantity of brandy that evening) told me that there was an old gentleman, an acquaintance of his, and not much wiser

than myself, who wanted to speak with me. It struck me at first I needn't go to see a person, of whom the clerk gave such a character; but then I didn't wish to offend that excellent man, though he made me ashamed of myself; and besides I was a little piqued, if I was not offended, at hearing the gentleman called no wiser than myself, and wanted to think he was a very clever fellow in consequence. So I went to him; and what d'ye think he said to me? I found him with a night cap on; and a basin of broth by his side;—a little man, with a great puffed red face that looked as if it was full of blood; and I couldn't tell at first whether he was angry with me or pleased.

“So,” says he, “they tell me that you have not been out of the metropolis for five years?”

“Yes, Sir, it's very true.”

“Eh,—and that you make a joke of the country, and prefer the town?”

“Why, Sir, I joke sometimes about it at the club.”

“Eh,—and that you had a supper the other night in commemoration of the fifth year of your never having seen it?”

“Why yes, Sir,—I hope no offence?”

“Offence!—Curse the country,—it's pigs, it's sheep, it's hedges, it's ditches, it's people, it's every thing!”

“I was quite petrified, Sir, as you may suppose, at this burst of the old gentleman's, which ended in making his face look twice as full and fiery as before, and forced him to speak in a whisper. He then told me that he always despised the country with it's idle nonsense, and that he had lately got good reason to hate it,—which I found afterwards was the marriage of his daughter with my young master, who had gone with her, to make the best of his little patrimony;—we shall see it in a minute, when we get to the green lane.—But what do you think our conversation about the country ended with? Why, Sir, with his telling me he liked my spirit, and that he would give me twice my present income a year, so as to enable me to leave off going of messages, upon condition that I never saw the face of the country again.”

“Done, Sir,” said I, in the bragging of my heart. “Done,” said he, “and done sure enough it was,—the bargain and my comfort too.”

“Sir, I liked my independence, as I thought it, mightily at first; some of the clerks, especially the wise one, shook their heads at me; the others said I was a fine fellow, and had made my fortune. I left off trampling about the streets. I only loitered about them, looked at the picture-shops, and over the book-stalls, which lasted me a pretty good while. By degrees, I got quite a little library; and when I wasn't lounging about, I read, and I went to the two shilling gallery sometimes at the theatres, and above all, went to the club, and cut more noisy jokes, and drank more brandy and water than ever.”

“But, Sir, among my other leisures, I had leisure to think, and then I thought of the country; and that was the devil. (Here's the

green lane, Sir, you may see the newly-whitened house a peeping half way down, like a young lass in a corner.)—At first I succeeded pretty well in driving the thought off; but in proportion as I staid longer at the club, and took less exercise, and got of a sickly kind of stomach, I found the thought stuck by me. The brandy and water only did it away for the time. If I had taken to my messages again, I believe they might have helped me, but I was too lazy, and to tell you the truth, was ashamed. I thought, as the Irishman might say, it would be like laughing in my own face. So I crept on, and crept on, and got very miserable. I went to my old bowling-green; but that made me worse. I then bethought me of seeing the prospect from the Monument; for though it was part of my bargain never to see the face of the country again, I had a right, you know, Sir, to look upon that as what they call a figure of speech. So I went up; and I shall never forget! I made haste down again, for I thought I should have thrown myself from the top. But I couldn't sleep that night for thinking of the beautiful prospect, the water and distance on one side, and the green hills on the other: and next evening, as my stars would have it, I went to the theatre, and there what should I see but *Love in a Village*! Lord, lord! How merry and how sad I was by turns! There was a dance in it ready to make me get up and dance over the gallery; and there was the old gouty Justice, and Master Hawthorn with his gun, and the pair of lovers in disguise, and gardens and arbours, and the old song that I sung when a lad! I couldn't help humming in with some of them, in spite of the looks of people about me.

“It was all over with me after this. I had already begun to find myself a sort of a knave in this unnatural situation. My old pensioner had got his money much like the rest of 'em, by charging, and squeezing, and doing no good that ever I heard of; and I began to think it might not be so very bad to cheat him a little in the business. Ah, what you shake your head;—well, and so did I, and my heart too;—but you shall hear. What made me less scrupulous was the news of his going out of town himself for the benefit of the air. It struck me, to be sure, that I was going to do a wrong thing; but then I thought he was very hard upon me too, and unjust, and might have given me the pension for what I had done already, instead of what I was to do; and so as wrong produces wrong, and nothing, I find, makes one so careless as injustice in one's superiors, I made up my mind to take my pleasure, and suffer pain for it less intolerable than the one I felt.

“Well, Sir, I found afterwards that my old gentleman went no farther than Hornsey, a very pretty place too, where the New River runs, and very rural. Ah, you know it:—well, now, Sir, it so happened, that he hadn't been there above a month, when he heard of a man, who was quite opposite to what he found me, and who came there sometimes of an afternoon to a pretty house and tea-gardens, and talked away at a great rate, against the town.

“Oh, the rascal!” said he; “I suppose he is some fellow running

away from the bailiffs :—I should like to tell him of my fellow in the city."

Here I burst out into a fit of laughter, and my hero joined me very heartily, holding his sides, with the tears in his eyes, and whining between the fits at the top of his voice.

"Well, Sir," he resumed, "the old gentleman - - the old gentleman - - he told the waiter he should like to be shewn into the room where the fellow was making merry ; and so, one Wednesday afternoon - - one Wednesday afternoon, - - when a whole set of us had got together, and were in the act of hurraing, in he comes,—and there was I,—yes, Sir,—there was I, standing on the table, with a glass of cyder in my hand, just going to give the last hurra ; but I caught his eye, and he caught mine, and we stood gaping at each other.

"You may guess the result, Sir. It wasn't much after the fashion of some stories I have read. I didn't convert him with my example, nor he me with his. I lost my pension, made up matters with my conscience, and should never have slept sounder than the night after, if I hadn't been too happy with thinking how I should go into the country. Heaven be praised, I was enabled to go very shortly ; for my young master, hearing of my adventure, sent for me down here, and made me his gardener ; and so I left off my brandy and water, and took to exercise again, as well as my book, and have a neighbour or so, to visit me of an evening, or go to them, and tell merry tales with the young ones, and should be as healthy and happy as the day is long, if it wasn't for seeing so many people plagued with the taxes and such things. But if we must be plagued sometimes, it's a sort of happiness, in my mind, to be plagued in fresh air, instead of foul ; and so, Sir, I have made a terrible long business of my story, and here you are at your antiquities."

I thanked him very sincerely for his history, and invited myself with great willingness on his part, to a cup of his tea, in my way home. I did not remain long where he left me ; for not having an antiquary's experience, I could find nothing of what I looked for, except the mark of a dyke ; and having inspected that with much pretended satisfaction to myself, and felt some of the real emotion, which the thought of any thing old and lasting is sure to give us in this life, I reached my new old acquaintance just as he was entering his door, and took one of the pleasantest cups of tea I ever had in my life, with him and his neighbour Parkins, who was an old sailor, and had been half round the world. A day or two after, I sent my old anti-metropolitan, who pressed me to call that way again, if he might be so bold,—a few books of poetry and story, among which was Fairfax's Tasso, with the page marked down where Erminia gets among the country-people.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XVII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1820.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

OUR Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen; in order to shew his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the

Spectator, the History of England; the works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geography, the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against it's nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful enquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad beginning—

At Upton on the Hill
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord

North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arms length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A. the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country;"

and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the Great Frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grand-children, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper),—"She'll talk."

DOLPHINS.

Our old book-friend the Dolphin used to be confounded with the porpus; but modern writers seem to concur in making a distinction between them. We remember being much mortified at this separation; for having, in our childhood, been shewn something dimly rolling in the sea, while standing on the coast at twilight, and told with much whispering solemnity that it was a porpus, we had afterwards learnt to identify it with the dolphin, and thought we had seen the romantic fish on whom Arion rode playing his harp.

The dolphin and porpus however have so many characters in common, such as shape, motion, general colour, the absence of gills, &c. that from a passage in Sandys, who was a traveller as well as a poet, we have some hopes the distinction may turn out to be unfounded, or only a variety owing to climate. "The porpus," he says, in his Commentary upon Ovid, (p. 64.) "is out of doubt our true Dolphin; wherein I am not only confirmed by the authoritie of Scaliger. For those that are called Dolphins by our East and West-Indian seamen (who likely give known names to things which they know not) are fishes whereof I have seen many, which glitter in the water with all varietie of admirable colours; and are hardly so bigge as our salmon-trouts; too little by farre to beare those burthens wherewith almost all ancient authors doe charge them; besides none of these were ever seene in the Mediterranean sea, the scene of those stories." Now Falconer, it is true, in his Shipwreck, Canto 2, speaks of Dolphins in the Mediterranean sea, as beaming "refulgent rays;" and describes them, in particular, as shifting into a variety of most brilliant colours,

when dying. But this may only prove, that Sandys was wrong in excluding the fish in question from the Mediterranean; and it is remarkable that Falconer, notwithstanding his own poetical tendencies, does not take occasion of the appearance of what he calls Dolphins, to make the least allusion to ancient stories, nor speaks of their tumbling, nor otherwise seems to have recognized in them his old poetical friends. The writers too, who distinguish the Dolphin from the porpus, make no mention of these brilliant colours; but describe both as pretty much alike in colour, which is of a dusky blue in the one, and of a dark blue or glossy black in the other. The word porpus means originally the same as Dolphin. It is a corruption of *porcus piscis*, or the hog fish; so called from the curve of its back, as it tumbles in and out of the water, for it is naturally straight. The root of the Greek word Delphin is the same as that of the word for a hog, Delphax.

It is easy to see how the Dolphin became such a favourite with antiquity. It was owing to his frequency in the Greek seas, the vivacity of his motions, his gregariousness, the presages which he brings respecting the weather, and the familiarity with which he approaches the shore. He was the fish friendly to man, as the horse was among beasts, and the swallow among birds; or as the dog and the red-breast are with us. One of the earliest and most beautiful fictions is a story told in Homer's Hymn to Bacchus of the transformation of a crew of pirates into Dolphins. It was a fine lesson of good treatment to strangers in those times, and perhaps written by the poet to serve travellers like himself, who had occasion to throw themselves on the generosity of the masters of vessels. Bacchus is sitting with his black locks and white shoulders by the sea-shore, in appearance like a young mortal. Some pirates coming towards the shore, and seeing the splendour of the purple cloak that wraps him round, take him for a young prince, and agree to kidnap him. They do so, take him on board, and put him in chains. He extends his hands, and breaks the chains asunder like thread, but still remains quietly sitting. The piety of the helmsman is roused at this piece of supernatural strength, and calling the others aside, he earnestly exhorts them to let the stranger go. But the captain ridicules his fears; and they persist; when all of a sudden, a gush of wine comes pouring over the deck; the oars of the rowers are hampered with garlands; and a vine runs up the mast and throws out its arms full of grapes over the top. The pirates turn pale, and cast their eyes upon the divine stranger, who now starts up, and glares at them from under the hatches in the shape of a lion. He then turns himself into a bear and other frightful figures, and ramping about the vessel, the pirates, all but the helmsman, jump over board, and are changed as they leap into Dolphins. When the galley is cleared, the god resumes his own shape, and tells the pilot to be of good cheer, for he is Bacchus, the roaring god of wine; and that day shall be a happy one for him and his. The same story has been told, but in a much inferior taste, by Ovid. Nonnus, in his luxuriant poetical history of

the god, (Dionysiaca. B. 45) describes the pirates as visited with the hallucination of mind, called a *calenture*, in which people at sea fancy that they are among meadows, and other rural scenery, and "babble of green fields." There was a picture in mosaic, perhaps yet to be seen, in the church of St Agnes at Rome, formerly a temple of Bacchus, in which the story of the transformation of the pirates was represented. The more famous frieze upon the same subject on the building at Athens, called the *Lantern of Demosthenes*, has been well known to our countrymen through the medium of Stuart's Antiquities of that city. Milton beautifully follows up Homer's story by making Bacchus sail onward, "as the winds listed," till he fell upon Circe's island, where in the joviality of his triumph, he begot Comus, the god of delirious feasting.

-Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape,
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhené shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell.
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named.

The two Plinys have each a story of a Dolphin. The Elder says, upon the authority of three grave writers, Mæcenas among them, that there was a boy, who by alluring a Dolphin with bread, at last became so intimate with him, that he would ride to school to and fro on his back from Baïæ to Puteoli. The boy died, and the fish pining after him, died also, and was buried in the same tomb. The Younger Pliny gives an account of another at Hippo in Africa, where a boy venturing to swim farther out than his companions, was met by a Dolphin, who after playing about him a little, slipped under him, and taking him on his back, carried him out still farther, to the great terror of the young delphinestrian. Luckily however, he soon returned to shore, and landed his rider safely. The next day the shore was crowded with people, waiting to see if the Dolphin would appear again; and the boys went as usual into the water. The fish did reappear, and came among the youngers, who swam back as fast as they could. It then played all sorts of inviting gambols about the coast, till the people, ashamed of their timidity, gradually got nearer, and at length touched and stroaked it. The boy then, losing his fear like the rest, and vindicating his first privilege, swam by his side, and at length leaped upon his back, when the Dolphin carried him about as before, and landed him as safely. Unfortunately, the deputy-governor of the province took it into his head, that the good-natured fish must be a god; and seizing his opportunity, when the creature had got upon shore, poured some precious ointment upon it. The ointment happened not to be to the Dolphin's taste: it absented itself for some days; and when it returned appeared sick and feeble. However, it recovered its spirits; but the novelty by this

time had drawn such a concourse of high visitors to the place, whom it was the little town's business to entertain gratis, that it is supposed the poor fish was secretly killed, to save further expenses. Alexander the Great is said to have been so struck with the attachment evinced by a Dolphin to a youth, that he made the latter a priest of Neptune.

It is not easy to pronounce how much of truth there may be in stories of this nature. Knowledge, so often deceived by superstition, is inclined to reject the whole of them at once; but on second thoughts, it remembers how often it has been misled by incredulity also; and leaves the more peremptory judgment to those whose less information has rendered less diffident. The exaggerations which there may be in the stories of Dolphins, are probably owing to the celebrated fable of Arion, which seems to have been written with the same view as that of Bacchus and the Pirates. Arion was a lyric poet of Lesbos, and went to live with Periander, king of Corinth; from which place he visited Italy, where his talents procured him great wealth. On taking ship to return to Corinth, the sailors resolved to murder him for his riches. He begged that they would at least allow him to make a swan-like end befitting his divine profession, and at the same time gave them some money; hoping that the gift, followed by the song, would soften their hearts. They consented to hear his harp and his poetry, but told him at the same time that they were resolved he should either be thrown into the sea, or kill himself and so obtain a sepulchre ashore. Resolving however to try what his art could do, he put his purple robe over his shoulders, and his musician's crown on his head; and taking his lyre upon his knee, sang to it a pathetic song. But finding, as he proceeded, that they were bent on their purpose, he suddenly changed his strain, and sang the cruel Orthian Law, by which boys were scourged to death at the altar of Diana. Having finished this hymn of despair, he cast himself, all robed and crowned as he was, into the sea; and the sailors pursued their voyage to Corinth. A little time afterwards, they were sent for to court, and asked news of Arion by the king. They said they had landed him safely in Italy, and taken leave of him at Tarentum. Upon this, a door opens, and they are struck dumb at beholding Arion himself, whom they believed dead, enter the room, dressed exactly as he was, when he leaped into the sea. Their guilt was not to be disputed; and they were put to death. As to Arion's return, it was owing to a dolphin, who having been attracted with others by the music of his harp, had taken him upon his back, and borne him safely after the guilty ship; the poet playing out of gratitude, as he went.

Spenser introduces Arion most beautifully, in all his lyrical pomp, in the marriage of the Thames and Medway. He goes before the bride, smoothing onwards with the sound of his harp, like the very progress of the water.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue

Before the Spouse. That was Arion crowned :
 Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew ;
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,
 Stood still by him astonished at his lore ;
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

So went he, playing on the watery plain.

Perhaps in no one particular thing or image, have some great poets shewn the different characters of their genius more than in the use of the Dolphin. Spenser, who of all his tribe lived in a poetical world, and saw things as clearly there as in a real one, has never shewn this nicety of realization more than in the following passage. He speaks of his Dolphins with as familiar a detail, as if they were horses waiting at a door with an equipage.

A team of Dolphins ranged in array
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt :
 They were all taught by Triton to obey
 To the long reins at her commandement :
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy finnes no foam did reare,
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent.
 The rest of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny oares the swelling sea did sheare.

Soon as they been arrived upon the brim
 Of the Rich Strand, their charets they forlore ;
 And let their teamed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the foamy shore,
 Lest they their finnes should bruise, and surbeat sore
 Their tender feete upon the stony ground.

There are a couple of Dolphins like these, in Raphael's Galatea. Dānte, with his tendency to see things in a dreary point of view, has given an illustration of the agonies of some of the damned in his Inferno, at once new, fine, and horrible. It is in the 22nd book, "Come i delfini," &c. He says that some wretches, swimming in one of the gulphs of hell, shot out their backs occasionally, like Dolphins, above the pitchy liquid, in order to snatch a respite from torment ; but darted them back again like lightning. The devils would prong the mas they rose. Strange fancies for maintaining the benevolence of religion !

Hear Shakspeare, always at once the noble and the good-natured. We forget of what great character he is speaking ; but never was an image that more singularly yet completely united superiority and playfulness.

His delights
 Were dolphin-like ; and shewed themselves above
 The element he lived in.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XVIII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1820.

NAMES.

THE object of this article is to call to mind the significations of the Christian names most in use with us; to recommend the revival of others; to shew who has given any of them a grace or a lustre; and to suggest the advantage of paying attention to this apparently trifling matter.

We think it a greater objection than appears at first sight, to our names in general, that they are unmeaning sounds by which individuals are merely known. A man of the name of George or Thomas might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hatband. Names are usually given after some family relation; and doubtless this is often a good and social thing; but as it is done in general to please the elder people, and not the younger, who may grow up without any very fond recollections of them, or perhaps scarcely remember them at all, the least that can be done for the possessors is to give them an additional Christian name; by which they may be called, if they prefer it, when they arrive to maturity. The next principle, upon which children are named, is that of the sound or beauty of the name; and this we think too much undervalued. People in humble life, it is true, are sometimes justly laughed at for giving their children fine names: but it is only when they do so out of an obvious and unmeaning vanity. It is as well certainly not to call a parcel of idle and ragged young rogues by the titles of Augustus, Orlando, and Theodore: nor does it sound very fitting and heroical to hear a father cry out pompously to his little boy, as we did once,—“You, Sir, there,—Maximilian,—come out of the gutter.” But if elegant names, not pompous, are given in humble life by sensible parents, they may influence the holders afterwards to very good purpose. They may assist in producing an unvulgar spirit, properly so called; one that sees how vulgarity and the reverse of it may be produced by circumstances, and are not confined to this or that rank in life;—one that is just conscious enough of something graceful and peculiar, to feel that it has a kind of title upon it without any actual privileges, and that it must resort to a sentiment to maintain and warrant it. To give a child the name of a favourite

hero or heroine is also a good thing. A boy, christened after Alfred the Great, by a father who really feels the merits of that wonderful man, is likely, if he inherits any thing of his father's sense, to turn the name into a perpetual memorandum of worthiness. Care however must be taken not to give great professional names,—as that of Michael Angelo to a boy intended for an artist, or Shakspeare to one that is meant to be literary. If the youth does not turn out clever, his name becomes a burlesque; and if he should be otherwise, the comparison will still be awkward. The notion that a name is not to be changed without legal sanction, and the habit of acquiescing in a name disagreeable to the possessor, appear to us to be equally erroneous. Had a name been given us of this sort, we should have made no scruple to take another, just as an actor changes his surname. We sometimes think it would be an excellent custom, if people, without forsaking the names that might have pleasant family associations with them, were to give themselves new ones when they arrived at years of discretion, or at whatever subsequent time they might think it proper to wait for. They might make it one of the best holidays in their life, and assume the name in the same spirit they would assume a motto or device, for their conduct in future to abide by. They would hardly chuse a mean or a useless one.

A name, to be complete, and serve it's just purposes, should either have a good and understood meaning, or an equally good and understood association. It should also be good to the ear if possible; but at all events, good to the understanding and the feelings. The names of our Saxon ancestors were compounded, like those of the ancients, of words in ordinary use; so that they were not mere sounds, as they are now. Thus Edmund or Eadmund signified Happy Peace; Edward was Happy Warden or Keeper; Leofwin (Love-win) answered to the Greek name Erasmus; Horsa was a Horseman, like Hippias or Hipparchus; and we hereby inform all our readers of the name of Henry that they are neither more nor less than so many Plutarchs, both the words signifying Rich Lord. But the remainder of what we intended to say on those matters will be gathered from the following nomenclature. We put the male and female names together, to avoid the ungallant trouble of making out two separate lists.

Aaron, *Hebrew*. A Mountain. Haroun al Raschid.

Abel, *Heb*. Camden says Just; some say Vanity, which is curious. We know nothing of Hebrew, and must leave the point to others.

Abigael, *Heb*. The Father's Joy. The Jewish names are generally very expressive, and in pleasant taste; but for obvious reasons, they have acquired either a great gravity in modern use, or something the reverse. A female servant is nicknamed an Abigael, perhaps after Nabal's wife, who was so submissive to David.

Abraham, *Heb*. The Father of Many. This is the same word as Patriarch in Greek. It was the Christian name of Cowley.

Adam, *Heb*. Red Earth. These scripture names of men are more prevalent among the Scotch than the English, and have given rise to

some curious inapplicabilities, as Adam Smith and David Hume, two infidel philosophers. On the continent, almost all Christian names came from the Virgin or the Saints, and at last produced similar misnomers; as Denys Diderot, Peter Bayle, Francis Mary Arouet de Voltaire,—after St. Francis and the Virgin: for nothing was more common among the Catholics than to give her name to men as well as women. The celebrated constable Montmorency was called Anne, after the scriptural saint.

Adelaide, *German*. We believe it means Princely.

Adolphus, Latinized from the Saxon Adolph or Eadulph. Happy Help.

Agatha, *Greek*. Good.

Agnes, *Gr*. Chaste. It was an unlucky name for the beautiful patriotic mistress of Charles the Seventh, Agnes Sorel; who was nevertheless a noble creature.

Alan, *Sclavonian*. A Hound; or as Camden thinks, a *British* or *Welsh* corruption of Ælianus, Sun-bright. Alain Renè le Sage, the French novelist. Alan Chartier, whose mouth was kissed for his poetry, as he lay asleep, by Queen Margaret of Navarre.

Albert, *Saxon*. All Bright. Borne by Albert Durer, the celebrated old artist; and Albertus Magnus, the philosopher.

Alexander, *Gr*. A Helper of Men. Alexander the Great. Scanderbeg, or Lord Alexander, the name given to the celebrated Prince of Epirus, John Castriot. Alexander Pope.

Alfred, *Sax*. All Peace. Alfred the Great.

Algernon, (Query?) Algernon Sydney.

Alicia, Alice, Adeliz, *Germ*. Noble.

Alistasia. We have met but once with this name, which is thought to be a corruption of Anastasia. Otherwise it might be twisted into an allusion to the sea, or being born at or near the sea; Sea-rising; as Anadyomene, spoken of Venus.

Almeria, female of Amery or Almericus, *Germ*.? Always Rich.

Alphonso, *Gothic*, Elfuns. Our Help.

Amadeus, Amadis, Amias, *Lat*. A Lover of God; same as the Greek Theophilus. It is the name of one of the most celebrated heroes of chivalry. A late illustrious musician was named John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Ambrose, *Gr*. Immortal, from the same adjective as the word Ambrosia. Taken by the early Christians, and borne by one of the most celebrated of the Fathers.

Amelia, Amie or Amy (Emily?) *Lat*. Beloved. The name of Fielding's celebrated conjugal heroine.

Anastasia, *Gr*. Uprising; an allusion to the Resurrection. It was the name of the celebrated singer, and mistress of the great Lord Peterborough, Anastasia Robinson; whom he afterwards married.

Andrew, *Gr*. Manly. Most fortunately given to our patriot, Andrew Marvell. Andrew Dacier, the commentator. Andrea Palladio, the architect.

Anne, Anna, Hannah, Nancy or Ninon, *Heb.* Gracious or Kind. See Joan and Jane. Anne Killigrew, the young poetess whose memory was so honoured by Dryden. Anne Dacier, famous for her learning. Ninon de l'Enclos, the modern Leontium. See Adam.

Anthony, *Gr.* Flourishing. Marc Antony, the Triumvir. Antonio Allegri, called Correggio, from his birth-place, the great painter. Anthony Vandyke, the great portrait painter. Anthony Watteau, the painter of elegant intercourse. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Shaftesbury, the philosopher. Anthony Francis Prevot, the French novelist. Anthony Benezet, an American philanthropist.

Arabella, *Lat.* A Fair Altar. Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the Rape of the Lock under the title of Belinda.

Archibald, *Germ.* A Bold Observer.

Arthur, *Gr.* from the constellation Arcturus or Great Bear. According to others, from a British word signifying Mighty. It was first rendered famous by the old hero of British romance.

Augustus, Augusta, *Lat.* Increasing. Waxing in Honour. Unless it rather come from the Greek, and mean Splendid, or Illustrious. It was first given as a name to Octavius Cæsar, and has ever since been common in princes' families.

Barbara, *Gr.* Foreign.

Bartholomew, *Heb.* The son of him who made the waters to rise. An evident allusion to the passage of the Red Sea.

Basil, *Gr.* Kingly.

Beatrice, *Lat.* Happy, or Happy-Making. The name of Dante's favourite.

Benedict, Benet or Bennet, *Lat.* Blessed. Benedict Spinoza, the philosopher.

Benjamin, *Heb.* The Son of the Right Hand, or the Son of Days. Ben Jonson. Benjamin Franklin.

Bertha, *Germ.* Bright.

Bertram, Bertrand. Bright or Clear.

Blanche, *Fr.* Bianca, *Ital.* White or Fair.

Bridget, *Irish.* Bright.

Cæsar. Some say a Moorish word for an Elephant: others, a name significant of the operation called Cæsarian: others, Grey Eyes; and others, Well Haired, or Born with Hair. From Julius Cæsar it became an imperial family name, and a title of honour.

Caleb, *Heb.* Hearty.

Caroline, the Latin female of Charles or Carolus.

Catharine, *Gr.* Pure.

Cecil, Cecilia, Cicely, *Lat.* Grey-eyed. It has been chiefly used after Cecilia, the musical Saint.

Charity, *Gr.* The Delight of Doing Good; Beneficence; Love to all both in Thought and Deed. It originally comes from a word signifying a Saluting Joy; and was the same, among the Greeks, as Grace, and the Sentiment of Beauty. The three goddesses whom the Romans called Graces, the Greeks called Charities.

Charles, *Germ.* Valiant, Prevailing, the same word as the Valens

of the Romans, or the more modern Valentine. Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. Carl Von Linne (Linnæus) the great naturalist. Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, the philosopher. Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

Charlotte, the German female of Charles.

Christian, Christiana, *Gr.* A follower of Christ.

Christopher, *Gr.* Christ's-Bearer. An allusion to the patient duty of Christians; but by some brought from a legend of a saint, who is said to have carried Christ over a piece of water. Christopher Columbus. Christopher Marlowe. Christopher Martin Wieland. Sir Christopher Wren.

Clara, Clarissa, *Lat.* Clear. The name of Richardson's heroine; most likely adopted by him intentionally.

Clement, Clemence, Clementina, *Lat.* Kind and Forgiving. Perhaps originally from a Greek word signifying a vine; when it would mean Tenderly Inclining; Apt to Embrace. Clement Marot, the early French poet.

Comfort, *Lat.?* Strong with; Helping to Bear. A female name, rare and good.

Constance, Constantia, Constantine, *Lat.* Firm, Constant; literally, Withstanding, or as we now say, Standing by us. A name of noble meaning.

Cornelia, *Lat.* From Cornu, a Horn, the ancient emblem of plenty. It has been made a favourite with posterity by that fine maternal Spirit who produced the Gracchi.

Cuthbert, *Sax.* Bright Knowledge.

Cyprian, *Gr.* A native or inhabitant of Cyprus, the isle of Venus. The fortune of this name is singular, It is given to women in reproach; but men were first christened by it after a father of the church.

Daniel, *Heb.* Judgment of God. Daniel de Foe.

David, *Heb.* Beloved. David Rizzio. David Teniers. David Garrick. See Adam.

Deborah, *Heb.* A Bee.

Denys, Dennis, from Dionysius or Dionysus, the Greek name of Bacchus. According to some, it comes from a Syrian word alluding to lameness or pain in the thigh, in reference to the birth of Bacchus. Others make it a Greek compound, signifying the Divine Mind or the Spirit of the Universe. The modern use of it came from St. Denis of France. See Adam.

Diana, *Gr.* It means Jove's Daughter. It used to be a favourite name in the times of the old stately French romance; and has survived chiefly among people of rank.

Dorothy, Dorothea, Dora, *Gr.* God's Gift. The same as Theodora. It was the name of our late cordial actress, Mrs. Jordan. The Italians, who make pretty words of every thing, turn it into *Dorabella*, or Dora the Fair.

Drusilla, *Heb.* Dewy Eyes. The familiar abbreviation of it is Dru, which appears to have been a man's name in Camden's time,

but derived either from a Saxon word, signifying subtle, or most likely from the French and old English word *Druerie* or *Drury*, which meant Gallantry.

Edgar, *Sax.* Happy Power.

Edith, formerly Eade, Ada, &c. from the Saxon word signifying Happy. It was the name of Pope's mother.

Edmund, *Sax.* Happy Peace. Edmund Spenser. Edmund Halley. Edmund Burke.

Edward, *Sax.* Happy Guarder or Keeper. Edward Fairfax. Edward Gibbon. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Edwin, *Sax.* Happy Winner. It is a favourite name in the Sandys family, of whom was Sandys the poet.

Eleanor, Eleonora, *Sax.* All Fruitful. But Camden brings it from Helen, *Gr.* One who takes Pity. Spenser seems to derive it also from the Grecian Helen, as he spells it *Hellenore*.

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, Isabel, for they are all of one stock, *Heb.* The Oath of the Lord; or Camden says, Peace of the Lord. Isabel, or Isabella, is only the termination of Eliza with the addition of Bella. See Dorothea. It seems strange at first how the name of Eliza got into Virgil's *Æneid*, as that of the sister of Dido; but the sisters were of Phœnician origin, and thus the name gets back to Asia.

Emma. Some think the same as Amie or Amelia; others, an old German or Norman word signifying a Good Nurse; others the same as the Saxon *Elgiva*, Help-mate. It was the name of Charlemagne's daughter, who married his secretary Eginhart.

Erasmus, *Gr.* Loveable, Amiable. The name was introduced by the celebrated scholar of Rotterdam. It seems to have become a favourite in the Dryden family, perhaps when they were growing lukewarm to popery.

Ernest, *Germ.* Sincere and Ardent. Earnest. According to Camden, it is Cæsar's word *Ariovistus*; which, say the Italian genealogists, is the origin of the name of Ariosto. It is evident from the Commentaries, that the Romans must have mauled foreign appellations as badly as the French do now; so much so, that it seems impossible to recognize the pithy Celtic names in their lengthened Latinisms.

Esther, *Heb.* Secret.

Everard, *Germ.* Well Reported, according to some; but Camden thinks with others, that it means a good kindly disposition or Towardness.

Eugene, Eugenia, *Gr.* Well Born.

Euphemia, *Gr.* Well Spoken.

Eustace, *Gr.* Well Standing; not easily turned aside. The fit name of the famous French patriot Eustace St. Pierre, who delivered himself up to Edward the Third, as a sacrifice for his fellow-citizens.

Eve, Eva, *Heb.* Giving Life.

Evelina, Evelin. Probably a familiar alteration of Eve.

Felix, Felicia, *Lat.* Happy. The same as the Greek Macarius, and the Saxon Edith. Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.

Ferdinand, Fernando, Fernan, Hernan, is a name of very disputed origin. Camden thinks it may come from the German words Fred and Rand, Pure Peace; and this appears a very likely etymology, for names alter strangely in making the Grand Tour. Hernan Cortes.

Flora, *Lat.* Flowery.

Florence, a name both of men and women, *Lat.* Flourishing.

Francis, Frances, Frank, from the German Franc, which signifies Free, as opposed to Servile; whence our metaphorical word Frank, and the old saying of Frank and Free. It is the same word as French. Francesco Petrarca. Francis Rabelais. Francis Bacon. Francis Quevedo. Francis Beaumont. Francis de la Rochefoucault. Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon. Francis Marie Arouet de Voltaire. See Anthony. Francis is one of the pleasantest names in use. It has a fine open air with it,—a sound correspondent to it's sense.

Frederick, *Germ.* Rich Peace. Frederick Schiller. George Frederick Handel. Frederick of Prussia. It was brought among us by the Germans.

Fulk, Foulk, *Sax.* Folk or People. A very popular meaning, answering to the Publius of the Romans. Sir Fulke Grevile, the Friend of Sir Philip Sydney.

Gabriel, *Heb.* The Strength of God. This appears to have been at one time a common name among rustics, if we may judge from the reproach of clownishness conveyed in the old saying of a "great Gaby."

Geoffrey, Jeffrey, *Germ.* Joyful Peace. Geoffrey Chaucer.

George, *Gr.* Husbandman, Tiller of the Earth; the same as the Latin Agricola. In spite of the word Georgics, one is surprised to find this name of Greek origin, it has retained so little of it's character, and been so much identified with modern England. It was the national Saint that brought it into such repute; a personage who, according to Gibbon, turns out to have been no greater than a jobber and contractor, of very equivocal character. George Buchanan. George Chapman. George Frederick Handel. George Berkeley. George Louis le Clerc, Count Buffon. George Washington.

Georgiana, a compound of George and Anne.

Gerard, Gerald, often corrupted into Garret. Female, Geraldine, *Germ.* All Towardness; Perfect Goodwill. Gerard Douw. The name of Lord Surrey's celebrated mistress, real or poetical, was Geraldine.

Gertrude, *Germ.* All Truth.

Gervas, Jervas, Jervoise, *Germ.* All Fast or Sure.

Gilbert, *Germ.* Gilt-Bright; or as Camden rather thinks, according to an old spelling Gislebert, *Sax.* Bright Pledge, like the Pignora Amoris of the ancients, and our modern phrase of a Pledge of Love.

Giles, "Miserably disjointed," says Camden, by the French, from the *Lat.* Ægidius, *Gr.* Aigidion. A Little Kid. The word Giles is still translated into Latin Ægidius. Camden thinks however that it

is probably brought from Julius, as Gillian from Juliana: which appears the more likely from the French word Jules for Julius.

Godfrey, *Germ.* God's Peace. Godfrey of Boulogne, who went to make war in the Holy Land.

Grace, *Lat.* Grace, in the sense of Favour.

Gregory, *Gr.* Watchful, Vigilant.

Guy, from the Italian Guido, which they derive from the French Guide. A Guide or Conductor. Guido Reni. In this country, the name is probably from our hero of romance, Guy Earl of Warwick.

Hector, *Gr.* Defender. This, like Solomon and Alexander (Sawney) came to have a contemptuous mock-heroical meaning, for an obvious reason.

Helen, *Gr.* One who takes Pity. Paris and the Trojans must have differed on the applicability of this name.

Henry, Henrietta, Harry, Harriet, *Germ.* Rich Lord: the same as the Greek Plutarch. Henry the Fourth. Henry Purcell. Henry St. John; Lord Bolingbroke. Henry Fielding. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Herbert, *Germ.* Bright Lord.

Horatio, Horace, *Lat.* Camden says he is ignorant of the etymology of this word, but with his usual acuteness offers us that of Horatos or Horatikos from the Greek, "as of good eyesight." Etymologists after him have translated it, Worth looking at. Worthy to be beheld. Sightly. Query? Whether it was a name given in gratitude to the Horæ or Seasons, who were always supposed to be bringing us something new, and one of whose pleasantest gifts were children. See Theocritus. Syrakousiai, v. 105.

Hubert, *Sax.* Bright Hue.

Hugh, *Germ.* The same as our English word Hough. To cut and lame. Hugo de Groot, or Grotius. Hugh Middleton.

Humphrey, *Germ.* Home Peace. See John. The Italians, we have been told, make a similar butt of their word Onufrio.

Isaac, *Heb.* Laughter. The Gelasius of the Greeks. Isaac Newton. Isaac, or as he more Judaically spelt it, Izaak Walton.

Isabel. See Elizabeth.

Jane, from Joan and Joanna, the female of John. Lady Jane Grey. Joan of Arc.

Jacob, James, Giacomo, Giacopo, Iago, Jachimo, Jacques, *Heb.* A Supplanter, or Tripper-up: in allusion to the birth of Jacob. James Chrichton the Admirable. James Thomson. K. James the First of Scotland. Jean Jacques Rousseau. James Cook.

[We miscalculated our room this time, owing to the breaks in the print, which make such a number of paragraphs: otherwise this article would not have been left unfinished. The rest will appear, of course, next week.]

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XIX.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1820.

NAMES.

(Concluded from last week.)

JASPER, Gaspar, *Arab.* The precious stone of that name. Gaspar Poussin.

Jemima, *Heb.* Meaning unknown to us.

Jeremy, *Heb.* High of the Lord. Jeremy Taylor.

Jessica, Jessy, *Heb.* We know not the signification; but the little music-loving Jewess in the Merchant of Venice has rendered it's pleasant simplicity still pleasanter.

John, *Heb.* Gracious. Giovanni in Italian. Jean in French. The commonest Christian name in use, given originally from the most amiable of the apostles. It's being so great a favourite seems at last to have turned the tables upon it, and brought its familiarity into disrepute; as was the case with Humphrey and Anthony. This is another reason for bringing the word Jack from it, as every body does; otherwise we should have thought it came from Jacques or James. Jack has been tagged to every possible name of homeliness, ridicule, and contempt:—as Jack-a-napes. Jack-ass. Jack-daw. Jack Pudding. Jack-a-dandy. Jack (to roast meat with.) Black Jack (to hold beer.) Jack Boots. Every Jack has his Gill. Jack-a-lantern. Jack in the Green. Jack in the Box. Jack in the Corner. Jack Sprat. Jack Priest. Jack Ketch. A Jack in Office. But now hear the name resume it's dignity in John Milton, John Hampden, John Fletcher, John Dryden, John Locke, John Selden, John Marston, John Webster, John Evelyn, John Ford, John Howard, &c. &c. Then in the French there is Jean Racine, Jean Baptiste Moliere, Jean de la Fontaine, Jean le Rond d'Alembert, Jean Jacques Rousseau: and in Italian, Giovanni Boccaccio, Giovanni Lodovico Ariosto, Giovanni Paesiello, &c.

Joan, Joanna, see Jane. The word Anne seems to be from the same root.

Jonathan, *Heb.* God's Gift. The same as the Greek Theodore and Theodosius, and the Latin Deodatus. Jonathan Swift.

Joseph, *Heb.* Addition. Joseph Addison. Joseph Hadyn.

Josua, the same as Jesus, *Heb.* A Saviour. Joshua Reynolds.

Julia, Juliana, Gillian, *Lat.* From Julianus, Julius.

Julius, or Julus, originally *Gr.* Soft-haired, or Mossy-bearded. Julius Cæsar. Giulio Romano.

Lætitia, Lettice, *Lat.* Joy.

Lancelot, Launcelot, Lancillotto, a Little Lance. *Spanish* or old *French.* It is supposed to have been invented for the famous hero of romance, Launcelot of the Lake; from whom it became a common name.

Laurence, Lorenzo, Laura, *Lat.* Laurel-like. Flourishing like the Bay. The Daphnis of the Greeks. A happy name for Lorenzo de Medici, under whose shadow lived so many poets and learned men. Lorenzo Lippi. Laurence Sterne.

Leonard, *Germ.* People-Pleaser. Like the Greek Demochares.

Leopold, *Germ.* Defender of the People. Answering to Alexander.

Lewis, Louis, Louisa, Luigi, Ludovico, from Lodowick, *Germ.* Refuge of the People. From it's Latin Ludovicus came by familiar transposition Clovis; and then by dropping the C, Lovis and Louis. The Italians turn the final s into igi, as Amadis, Amadigi; Fleur-de-lis, Fiordiligi; Louis, Luigi. Luigi Pulei. Louis de Comoens. Lodovico Giovanni Ariosto.

Lionel, *Lat.* A Little Lion.

Lucretia, *Lat.* Profitable; Lucrative. The name of the celebrated Roman wife. More suitable to your chaste marriers for money.

Lucy, *Lat.* Like Light. Camden says it was given to girls born at daylight; which is very probable. The Romans gave their names for very idle reasons, compared with the Greeks; throughout whose language indeed the superiority in sentiment is remarkable. A better cause would be a Brightness of Aspect,—a Glad Clearness of Eye and Look. Lucifer or Light-bringer, the Phosphorus of the Greeks, used to be accounted a good name; till the application of it to the devil, from a passage in one of the Prophets, brought it into dispute. There was a well-known Lucifer, Bishop of Cagliari.

Luke, if *Heb.*, Lifting up; if *Gr.*, a Wood or Grove. Luca Giordano.

Lydia, *Gr.* A female born in Lydia. It is a name in the New Testament.

Mabel. We believe still survives, as it ought, whether it comes from Mabella, My Fair One; or from Mabilia, Amabilia, Amabilis,—Amiable.

Magdalen, Madelina, Madeline, Maudlin, *Heb.* Majestic; some say Magnificent. It conveys a very different, though not less pleasant idea, from the gentle penitent in the Bible.

Margaret, Marget, Margery, *Gr.* A Pearl. In French it signified also a Daisy, which gave occasion to a world of amatory and flowery allusions. Margaret of Navarre.

Marianne, Marian, Marion. A compound of Mary and Anne. Marian, a gentle and sprightly word, became in request as the name of the real or fancied mistress of Robin Hood.

Mark, if *Heb.*, High; if *Lat.*, it referred to the month of March, or to Martialness. Mark Akenside.

Marmaduke, *Germ.* More Mighty.

Martin, *Lat.* Martial. Martin Luther. Martin Wieland.

Martha, *Heb.* Bitterness.

Mary, Maria, *Heb.* Some say Exalted; others, Bitter. The sweet, unaffected, and feminine sound of Mary will always redeem it from an ill meaning, whether of pride or pain. Mary the Anglo-Norman poetess. Queen Mary who married Charles Brandon. Marie de Rabutin, Marchioness de Sevigné. Mary Woolstonecraft.—See Matthew and Adam.

Matthew, *Heb.* A Gift. Matthew Prior. Matteo Maria Boiardo.

Matthias, *Heb.* A similar allusion. Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary.

Matilda, Maud, *Germ.* Noble Maid.

Maurice, *Lat.* Born or descended of a Moor; or born in Mauritania.

Maximilian. A modern name, compounded by a German emperor of Fabius *Maximus*, and Scipio *Æmilianus*. Maximilian de Bethune, Duke de Sully.

Melicent, Milly, *Fr.* Honey-Sweet.

Michael, *Heb.* Who is like God? Michael Angelo. Michael de Montaigne. Miguel Cervantes. Michael Drayton.

Nathaniel, *Heb.* God's Gift. Answering to Theodore, &c.

Nicholas, Nicol, Colin, Cole, *Gr.* Conqueror of the People. Niccolò Macchiavelli. Cola di Rienzi. Nicholas Boileau. St. Nicholas among the Catholics is the patron of seamen.

Oliver, Olivia, *Lat.* From the Olive-tree, an emblem of peace; but more likely perhaps in allusion to the utility and pleasantness of the tree itself. Oliver, the Uliviero of the Italian, is the great gallant of the romances relating to Charlemagne and Orlando; whence the proverb of 'a Rowland for an Oliver.' Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Goldsmith.

Osmund, *Sax.* House Peace.

Oswald, *Germ.* House-Ruler—Major Domo. The De Spenser, now Spenser, of the Normans.

Patrick, *Lat.* Patrician.

Paul, if *Heb.*, Wonderful, or Rest; if *Lat.*, Parvulus, or Little, a term of endearment. Paulus Govius, or Paulo Giovio. Peter Paul Sarpi. Peter Paul Rubens.

Penelope, *Gr.* A species of Turkey.

Peregrine, *Lat.* Foreign.

Peter, *Gr.* A Stone. See Paul. The Czar Peter. Pietro Giannone. Pietro Metastasio. Pierre Abelard. Pierre Bayle. Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard.

Philip, Philippa, *Gr.* A Lover of Horses. Sir Philip Sydney. Philip Melancthon.

Priscilla, *Lat.* A Little Ancient.

Prudence, *Lat.* Humanized into Pru. We suspect that these prodigiously staid names are apt to overshoot themselves, and disgust the possessor. We know of no fair Prudence but one, whom our

English Anacreon, Robert Herrick, a bachelor and poet, has often recorded as an exquisite maid-servant. Hear his epitaph upon her:—

Underneath this turf is laid
Prudence Baldwin,—once my maid.
From her happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Quintin, *Lat.* A Fifth Child.

Rachael, *Heb.* A Sheep or Lamb. Well bestowed on the excellent Lady Rachael Russell, the gentle and patient widow of the Lord Russell that was beheaded.

Ralph, *Germ.* From Randolph, Help-Counsel.

Raphael, *Heb.* The Medicine of God. Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino.

Raymond, *Germ.* Quiet Peace.

Rebecca, *Heb.* Fleishy and Full; a word apparently answering to the Bathukolpos, or Deep-bosomed, of the Greeks.

Reuben, *Germ.* The Son of Visions, or Quick-Seeing.

Richard, *Sax.* Rich Heart. Richard the First.

Robert, Robin, *Germ.* Bright Counsel. Robin Hood. Robert Herrick. Robert Burns.

Roger, *Germ.* Strong Counsel. Roger Bacon.

Rose, *Lat.* The Flower so called.

Rosamund, *Lat.* The Rose of the World. The name of the fair mistress of Henry the Second.

Rowland, Orlando, *Germ.* Counsel for the Land. The name of the hero of the old French and Italian romance.

Sampson, *Heb.* There the Second Time, says Camden: others say, a Little Son.

Samuel, *Heb.* Placed of God. Samuel Butler. Samuel Richardson. Samuel Johnson.

Sebastian, *Gr.* Worshipful—Worthy of Honour. Sebastian Cabot. John Sebastian Bach.

Simon, *Heb.* Obedient Listening.

Sophia, *Gr.* Wisdom. Rendered pleasanter by Tom Jones's heroine.

Stephen, *Gr.* A Crown.

Susanna, Susan, *Heb.* A Rose.

Sylvanus, Sylvester, *Lat.* Of the Woods, Delighting in Trees. It would shorten well into Sylvan.

Tabitha, *Heb.* A Roebuck. Evidently the same allusion to eyes and figure, as the favourite Eastern simile of the gazel or antelope. Yet from grave appropriation it has come to mean something ludicrously opposed to grace and sprightliness.

Theodore, *Gr.* God's Gift.

Thomas, *Heb.* A Twin. Sir Thomas More. Thomas Hobbes. Thomas Decker. Thomas Gray. Thomas Chatterton.

Timothy, *Gr.* Honouring God.

Valentine, *Lat.* See Charles.

Vincent, Victor, Victoria. Conquering. Vittorio Alfieri. Vittoria Colonna, a celebrated Italian poetess.

Walter, *Germ.* According to some, a Pilgrim; to others, a Wood-

man or Lover of Woods, like Sylvanus; and to others, a General of an Army. In all senses it will be suitable to Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Furst, one of the founders of Swiss liberty.

William, Wilhelmina, *Germ.* The Defender of Many A good name; and together with Alfred, the most honoured in our language, for it belonged to Shakspeare. See also the illustrious names that follow him. William Wallace. William Penn. William Tell.

These are all names still in use. But they who would give a name to their children in a right spirit, might introduce others, especially female ones, from favourite authors.

As the whole of what we had written on this subject could not be got into our last week's paper, we shall proceed to enlarge upon it a little more, and give a selection of names from the greatest writers, ancient and modern. They will chiefly be female; not only because they are the more beautiful ones, but because the fair sex, being less out in the common world than men, preserve a kind of natural romance about them, which makes a poetical name suit them better. They can wear it as they do a crown of flowers. At the same time, there will be a choice of every species of meaning, from the highest and most abstract down to the homeliest or most housewifely.

We of the *brown* sex however might be named to better advantage than usual, if our parents should not anticipate for us a character exceedingly low, groveling, or ridiculous, or unable to afford a respectable association of ideas. And it would be as well for parent as well as child, if the former would think what he is going to do with the latter, when he is afraid of giving him a good name.

GREEK NAMES.

Andromache, Man-fight. The wife of Hector. Not a Virago surely, as some give it, but spoken in allusion to qualities which attract rivals,—the Men's Contest.

Calypso, Concealing, Secret. The Nymph who detained Ulysses so long in her green island. According to some she was the Goddess of Silence; but the first thing we know personally of her in Homer is her singing.

Euryclea, Ample Honour.

Eurynome, Ample Feeding or Distribution.

Polymele, Many-Measured. A Dancer.

Phaethusa, Lightsome or Shining.

Pasithea or Pasithae, a Wonder to All.

Galene, Calm and Glad.

Thyene, Odorous.

Melissa, a Bee.

Eudora, Well Gifted, Accomplished.

Dione, Divine, Sprung from Jove.

Coronis, Crowned or Tufted, a Crow.

Aglaia, Sparkling.

Thalia, Flowery Joy.

Euphrosyne, Well-minded, Cheerful.

} The Graces or Charities.

Ismene, Conscientious? } The two generous sisters, daughters
 Antigone, Worth a Family? } of Œdipus.

Merope, Gifted with Speech, Humane.

Eurydice, Ample Justice. Wife of Orpheus.

Tilphosa, Sylph-like, Superior to Old Age.

Evadne, Well Pleasing? or Full of Simplicity? A name admired by our old dramatists.

Æthra (pronounced Aithra, our diphthong pronunciation in these instances being a barbarism) Fair Weather, Ætherial Calmness.

Harmonia, Harmony.

Cynthia, Cynthus, from Mount Cynthus. Names of Diana and Apollo, preserved in modern Italy. Cintio Giral di.

Endymion, Indued. It was a name in England before the time of the Puritans.

Venus, Coming. So was this according to Camden.

Œnone, Winy.

Iris, the Rainbow. A good name for one that comforts in sorrow, or smiles through tears.

Latona, Retired. The Mother of Apollo.

Phœbus, Phœbe, the Pureness of Light. Phœbus was a name in old France, probably through the romances. See Diana.

Calliope, Fine Voice. The Epic Muse.

Erato, Loving. The Amatory Muse.

Euterpe, Completely Delighting. The Instrumental Muse.

Terpsichore, Delighting in Choirs or Dances. The Muse of Dancing.

Urania, Heavenly. The Muse of Astronomy. Also a name of Venus.

Andromeda, the Care of Men.

Hyacinthus, Hyacinth, the Flower of that Name. Still used in France. Jacintha is the feminine.

Narcissus, the Flower of that Name. Narcissa, Narcisse.

Daphne, the Poetic Laurel or Bay.

Halegone, from Pregnancy at Sea. An allusion to the fish of that name, or King Fisher, who is said to make her nest on the waters.

Callianira, Fair Enchainer?

Iphigenia, Bravely Born, Stoutly Brought Forth. This, had it been a girl, instead of Henry the 4th, should have been the name of the Queen of Navarre's infant, when she sang a song in child-birth.

Melite, Honey-Sweet.

Janthe, Flourishing like the Violet.

Atalanta, Invaluable.

Rhodope, Rosy Look. The famous fellow-servant of Æsop, whom Psammeticus King of Egypt married, in consequence of the beauty of one of her sandals, which an eagle had dropped in that country.

Aspasia, Saluting, Receiving with an Embrace. The name of the eloquent mistress of Pericles, who counted Socrates among her scholars. Xenophon's wife was called Aspasia, according to some. It was adopted also by the mistress of the younger Cyrus, whose real or former name was Milto, Vermilion.

Apollonius, of or belonging to Apollo.

Cleopatra, the Father's or Country's Glory.

Patroclus, the same reversed.
 Amaryllis, Splendid. Q. A Fountain in a Grove?
 Agathon, Good.
 Agenor, Most Manly.
 Amyntas, Amyntor, a Helper or Defender.
 Callisthenes, Beautiful Strength. The name of the philosopher
 who was put to death for refusing to pay divine honours to Alexander.
 Euphranor, Well Minded, Cheerfully Disposed.
 Pamphilus, Pamphila, a Friend to All.
 Leuconoe, White Minded, Perfectly Simple and Sincere.
 Lysander, a Freer of Men.
 Philemon, One Who Loves Us.
 Philoxenus, a Lover of Hospitality.
 Philomusus, Philomuse, a Lover of the Muses.
 Elycera, Elycerium, Sweet.
 Chloe, Green Grass.
 Galatea, Milky, Milk-white.
 Hylas, Fond of the Woods, Sylvan.
 Leander, Polished.

NAMES EXCLUSIVELY LATIN,

Yet mostly from a Greek root.

Sylvanus, Sylvius, *Ital.* Sylvio; the same as Hylas.
 Stella, a Star.
 Feronia, Bearing. The Goddess of Copses.
 Pomona, Fruity. The Goddess of Orchards.
 Hortensius, Fond of Gardens. The Italians still have *Hortensia*;
Fr. *Hortense*.

Aurora, Golden. The Goddess of Morning.

Aurelius, Aurelia, Sunny-Golden.

Veronica, True Likeness.

Scipio, Walking-stick. A name first given to Pullius Cornelius of the Scipio Family, for leading about his blind father. Still kept in Italy, as in the instance of Scipione Maffei.

Flaminius, for Pilaminus, Hat-wearing, in allusion to the custom of Numa's priests. A good name for the family of the De Courcys, Lords Kinsale, who for overthrowing a foreign champion in days of old, have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence.

Camillus, the same as Casmillus, a name of Mercury, we know not of what signification.

Æmilius, Urbane, Affable, Sociable. We take this opportunity of solving our query respecting the name of Emily (see Amelia) which undoubtedly is the feminine of Æmilius.

ITALIAN NAMES

Laura, from Laurel.

Pampinea, Viny, Crowned with Vine Leaves.

Meridiana, Noon-like, Bright as Noon-day.

Forisena, Fiorisena, Bosom of Flowers.

Luciana, Like Light.

Chiariella, Little Clear One.

Angela, Angelica, Angel, Angelic.

Ginevra, Gineura, the Juniper. The name of Ariosto's mistress.

Fiordiligi, Flower of Lily.

Fiordispina, Flower of Thorn. A good name for an infant welcomed in the midst of distress.

Bianca, White, Very Fair.

Graziosa, Graceful or Gracious.

Erminia, Fond of Solitude? or from Ermine?

Alba, the Dawn, Fair as Daylight.

Rosalba, Rosy Dawn, or White Rose.

Rosabella, Beautiful Rose.

Rosetta, Rosalia, Rosina, Little Rose. *Fr.* Rosette, Rosalie.

Rosaura, Air of Roses.

NAMES FROM THE ENGLISH POETS.

Una, the only one. Unless it came from the Irish Oonagh, of which we know not the signification.

Amoret, a Little Love.

Florimel, Honey of Flowers.

Belphœbe, Fair Phœbe.

Marinel, of the Sea.

Elf, Elfin, Elfilin, Elfinore, Quick, Nimble Spirit.

Alma, Genial, Cherishing.

Calidore, Fine Gift, or Finely Gifted.

Calantha, Beautiful Flower.

Ariel is a Hebrew word, we forget of what meaning; but the reader may find it, if we remember, in Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels. The airy sound of it admirably suits the "delicate" sprite of the Tempest.

Miranda, One to be Admired.

Silvia, see Hylas or Sylvanus.

Rosalind. We know not the etymology of Lind. But Shakspeare's heroine will warrant the name without the necessity of a meaning.

Viola, a Violet.

Perdita, Lost; a Foundling.

Imogen. We believe an old German name; but are ignorant of the etymology.

Cordelia, Cordial. Unless it originally meant, with another accent, Heart of Leah.

Juliet, Little Julia.

Pamela, properly called Pamèla, All Apples.

Oriana, some allusion to Gold or Sun-rise.

Philaster, Star-lover.

Astrophel, the same.

Earine, Vernal.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XX.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1820.

RONALD OF THE PERFECT HAND.

[The following tale is founded upon a tradition in Mrs. Grant's Superstitions of the Highlands. It was originally intended to be written in verse; which will account for it's present appearance.]

THE stern old shepherd of the air,
The spirit of the whistling hair,
The wind, has risen drearily
In the Northern evening sea,
And is piping long and loud
To many a heavy upcoming cloud,—
Upcoming heavy in many a row,
Like the unwieldy droves below
Of seals, and horses of the sea,
That gather up as drearily,
And watch with solemn-visaged eyes
Those mightier movers in the skies.

Tis evening quick;—tis night:—the rain
Is sowing wide the fruitless main,
Thick, thick;—no sight remains the while
From the farthest Orkney isle,
No sight to sea-horse, or to seer,
But of a little pallid sail,
That seems as if twould struggle near,
And then as if it's pinion pale
Gave up the battle to the gale.
Four chiefs there are of special note,
Labouring in that earnest boat;
Four Orkney chiefs, that yesterday
Coming in their pride away
From the smote Norwegian king,
Led their war-boats triumphing
Straight along the golden line
Made by morning's eye divine.
Stately came they, one by one,
Every sail beneath the sun,

As if he their admiral were
 Looking down from the lofty air,
 Stately, stately through the gold.—
 But before that day was done,
 Lo, his eye grew vexed and cold;
 And every boat, except that one,
 A tempest trampled in it's roar;
 And every man, except those four,
 Was drenched and driving, far from home,
 Dead and swift, through the Northern foam.

Four are they, who wearily
 Have drunk of toil two days at sea;
 Duth Maruno, steady and dark,
 Cormar, Soul of the Winged Bark;
 And bright Clan Alpin, who could leap
 Like a torrent from steep to steep;
 And he, the greatest of that great band,
 Ronald of the Perfect Hand.

Dumbly strain they for the shore,
 Foot to board, and grasp on oar,
 The billows, panting in the wind,
 Seem instinct with ghastly mind,
 And climb like crowding savages
 At the boat that dares their seas.
 Dumbly strain they, through and through,
 Dumbly, and half blindly too,
 Drench'd, and buffeted, and bending
 Up and down without an ending,
 Like ghostly things that could not cease
 To row among those savages.

Ronald of the Perfect Hand
 Has rowed the most of all that band;
 And now he's resting for a space
 At the helm, and turns his face
 Round and round on every side
 To see what cannot be descried,
 Shore, nor sky, nor light, nor even
 HOPE, whose feet are lost in heaven.
 Ronald thought him of the roar
 Of the fight the day before,
 And of the young Norwegian prince
 Whom in all the worryings
 And hot vexations of the fray,
 He had sent with life away,
 Because he told him of a bride
 That if she lost him, would have died;
 And Ronald then, in bitter case,
 Thought of his own sweet lady's face,
 Which upon this very night
 Should have blushed with bridal light,

And of her downward eyelids meek,
And of her voice, just heard to speak,
As at the altar, hand in hand,
On ceasing of the organ grand,
'Twould have bound her, for weal or woe,
With delicious answers low.
And more he thought of, grave and sweet,
That made the thin tears start, and meet
The wetting of the insolent wave ;
And Ronald, who though all so brave,
Had often that hard day before
Wished himself well housed on shore,
Felt a sharp impatient start
Of homesick wilfulness at heart,
And steering with still firmer hand,
As if the boat could feel command,
Thrilled with a fierce and forward motion,
As though 'twould shoot it through the ocean.

"Some spirit," exclaimed Duth Maruno, "must pursue us, and perpetually urge the boat out of it's way, or we must have arrived by this time at Inistore."* Ronald took him at his word, and turning hastily round, thought he saw an armed figure behind the stern. His anger rose with his despair; and with all his strength he dashed his arm at the moveless and airy shape. At that instant a fierce blast of wind half turned the boat round. The chieftains called out to Ronald to set his whole heart at the rudder; but the wind beat back their voices, like young birds into the nest; and no answer followed it. The boat seemed less and less manageable, and at last to be totally left to themselves. In the intervals of the wind they again called out to Ronald, but still received no answer. One of them crept forward, and felt for him through the blinding wet and darkness. His place was void. "It was a ghost," said they, "which came to fetch him to the spirits of his fathers. Ronald of the Perfect Hand is gone, and we shall follow him as we did in the fight. Hark! The wind is louder and louder: it is louder and many-voiced. Is it his voice which has roused up the others? Is he calling upon us, as he did in the battle, when his followers shouted after his call?"

It was the rocks of an isle beyond Inistore, which made that multitudinous roaring of the wind. The chieftains found that they were not destined to perish in the mid ocean; but it was fortunate for them that the wind did not set in directly upon the island, or they would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With great difficulty they stemmed their way obliquely; and at length were thrown violently to shore, bruised, wounded, and half inanimate. They remained on this desolate island two days, during the first of which the storm subsided. On the third, they were taken away by a boat of seal-hunters.

The chiefs, on their arrival at home, related how Ronald of the

* The old name for the Orkneys.

Perfect Hand had been summoned away by a loud-voiced spirit, and disappeared. Great was the mourning in Inistore for the Perfect Hand; for the Hand that with equal skill could throw the javelin and traverse the harp; could build the sudden hut of the hunter; and bind up the glad locks of the maiden tired in the dance. Therefore was he called the Perfect Hand; and therefore with great mourning was he mourned; yet with none half as great as by his love, his betrothed bride Moilena; by her of the Beautiful Voice, who had latterly begun to be called the Perfect Voice, because she was to be matched with him of the Perfect Hand. Perfect Hand and Perfect Voice were they called; but the Hand was now gone, and the Voice sang brokenly for tears.

A dreary winter was it, though a victorious, to the people of Inistore. Their swords had conquered in Lochlin; but most of the hands that wielded them had never come back. Their warm pressure was felt no more. The last which they had given their friends was now to serve them all their lives. "Never, with all my yearning," said Moilena, "shall I look upon his again, as I have looked at it a hundred times, when nobody suspected. Never." And she turned from the sight of the destructive ocean, which seemed as interminable as her thoughts.

But winter had now passed away. The tears of the sky at least were dried up. The sun looked out kindly again; and the spring had scarcely re-appeared, when Inistore had a proud and a gladder day, from the arrival of the young prince of Lochlin with his bride. It was a bitter one to Moilena, for the prince came to thank Ronald for sparing his life in the war, and had brought his lady to thank him too. They thanked Moilena instead; and proud, in the midst of her unhappiness, of being the representative of the Perfect Hand, she lavished hundred of smiles upon them from her pale face. But she wept in secret. She could not bear this new addition to the store of noble and kind memories respecting her Ronald. He had spared the bridegroom for his bride. He had hoped to come back to his own. She looked over to the north; and thought that her home was as much there as in Inistore.

Meantime, Ronald was not drowned. A Scandinavian boat, bound for an island called the Island of the Circle, had picked him up. The crew, which consisted chiefly of priests, were going thither to propitiate the deities, on account of the late defeat of their countrymen. They recognized the victorious chieftain, who on coming to his senses freely confessed who he was. Instantly they raised a chorus, which rose sternly through the tempest. "We carry," said they, "an acceptable present to the Gods. Odin, stay thy hand from the slaughter of the obscure. Thor, put down the mallet with which thou beatest, like red hail, on the skulls of thine enemies. Ye other feasters in Valhalla, set down the skulls full of mead, and pledge a health out of a new and noble one to the King of Gods and Men, that the twilight of heaven may come late. We bring an acceptable present: we bring Ronald of the Perfect Hand." Thus they sang in the boat,

labouring all the while with the winds and waves, but surer now than ever of reaching the shore. And they did so, by the first light of the morning. When they came to the circle of sacred stones, from which the island took its name, they placed their late conqueror by the largest, and kindled a fire in the middle. The warm smoke rose thickly against the cold white morning. "Let me be offered up to your gods," said Ronald, "like a man, by the sword; and not like food, by the fire." "We know all," answered the priests: "be thou silent." "Treat not him," said Ronald, "who spared your prince, unworthily. If he must be sacrificed, let him die as your prince would have died by this hand." Still they answered nothing, but "We know all: be thou silent." Ronald could not help witnessing these preparations for a new and unexpected death with an emotion of terror; but disdain and despair were uppermost. Once, and but once, his cheek turned deadly pale in thinking of Moilena. He shifted his posture resolutely, and thought of the spirit of the dead whom he was about to join. The priests then encircled the fire and the stone at which he stood, with another devoting song; and Ronald looked earnestly at the ruddy flames, which gave to his cold body, as in mockery, a kindly warmth. The priests however did not lay hands on him. They respected the sparer of their prince so far as not to touch him themselves; they left him to be dispatched by the supernatural beings, whom they confidently expected to come down for that purpose as soon as they had retired.

Ronald, whose faith was of another description, saw their departure with joy; but it was damped the next minute. What was he to do in winter-time on an island, inhabited only by the amphibious creatures of the northern sea, and never touched at but for a purpose hostile to his hopes? For he now recollected, that this was the island he had so often heard of, as the chief seat of the Scandinavian religion; whose traditions had so influenced countries of a different faith, that it was believed in Scotland as well as the continent, that no human being could live there many hours. Spirits, it was thought, appeared in terrible superhuman shapes, like the bloody idols which the priests worshipped; and carried him off.

The warrior of Inistore had soon too much reason to know the extent of this belief. He was not without fear himself, but disdained to yield to any circumstances without a struggle. He refreshed himself with some snow-water; and after climbing the highest part of the island to look for a boat in vain (nothing was to be seen but the waves tumbling on all sides after the storm) he instantly set about preparing a habitation. He saw at a little distance, on a slope, the mouth of a rocky cave. This he destined for his shelter at night; and looking round for a defence for the door, as he knew not whether bears might not be among the inhabitants, he cast his eyes upon the thinnest of the stones which stood upright about the fire. The heart of the warrior, though of a different faith, misgave him as he thought of appropriating this mystical stone, carved full of strange figures; but half in courage, and half in the very despair of fear, he suddenly

twisted it from its place. No one appeared. The fire altered not. The noise of the fowl and other creatures was no louder on the shore. Ronald smiled at his fears, and knew the undiminished vigour of the Perfect Hand.

He found the cavern already fitted for shelter; doubtless by the Scandinavian priests. He had bitter reason to know how well it sheltered him; for day after day he hoped in vain that some boat from Inistore would venture upon the island. He beheld sails at a distance, but they never came. He piled stone upon stone, joined old pieces of boats together, and made flags of the sea-weed; but all in vain. The vessels, he thought, came nearer, but none so near as to be of use; and a new and sickly kind of impatience cut across the stout heart of Ronald, and set it beating. He knew not whether it was with the cold or with misery, but his frame would shake for an hour together, when he lay down on his dried weeds and feathers to rest. He remembered the happy sleeps that used to follow upon toil; and he looked with double activity for the eggs and shell-fish on which he sustained himself, and smote double the number of seals, half in the very exercise of his anger: and then he would fall dead asleep with fatigue.

In this way he bore up against the violences of the winter season, which had now past. The sun looked out with a melancholy smile upon the moss and the poor grass, checquered here and there with flowers almost as poor. There was the buttercup, struggling from a dirty white into a yellow; and a faint-coloured poppy, neither the good nor the ill of which was then known; and here and there by the thorny underwood a shrinking violet. The lark alone seemed cheerful, and startled the ear of the desolate chieftain with its climbing triumph in the air. Ronald looked up. His fancy had been made wild and wilful by strange habits and sickened blood; and he thought impatiently, that if he were up there like the lark, he might see his friends and his love in Inistore.

Being naturally however of a gentle as well as courageous disposition, the Perfect Hand found the advantage as well as necessity of turning his violent impulses into noble matter for patience. He had heard of the dreadful bodily sufferings which the Scandinavian heroes underwent from their enemies with triumphant songs. He knew that no such sufferings, which were fugitive, could equal the agonies of a daily martyrdom of mind; and he cultivated a certain humane pride of patience, in order to bear them.

His only hope of being delivered from the island now depended on the Scandinavian priests; but it was a moot point whether they would respect him for surviving, or kill him on that very account, out of a mixture of personal and superstitious resentment. He thought his death the more likely; but this at least was a termination to the dreary prospect of a solitude for life; and partly out of that hope, and partly from a courageous patience, he produced as many pleasant thoughts and objects about him as he could. He adorned his cavern with shells and feathers; he made himself a cap

and cloak of the latter, and boots and a vest of seal-skin, girding it about with the glossy sea-weed; he cleared away a circle before the cavern, planted it with the best grass, and heaped about it the mossiest stones: he strung some bones of a fish with sinews, and fitting a shell beneath it, the Perfect Hand drew forth the first gentle music that had ever been heard in that wild island. He touched it one day in the midst of a flock of seals, who were basking in the sun; they turned their heads towards the sound; he thought he saw in their mild faces a human expression; and from that day forth no seal was ever slain by the Perfect Hand. He spared even the huge and cloudy-visaged walrusses, in whose societies he beheld a dull resemblance to the gentler affections; and his new intimacy with these possessors of the place was completed by one of the former animals, who having been rescued by him from a contest with a larger one, followed him about, as well as it's half-formed and dragging legs would allow, with the officious attachment of a dog.

But the summer was gone and no one had appeared. The new thoughts, and deeper insight into things, which solitude and sorrowful necessity had produced, together with a diminution of his activity, had not tended to strengthen him against the approach of winter; and autumn came upon him like the melancholy twilight of the year. He had now no hope of seeing even the finishers of his existence before the spring. The rising winds among the rocks, and the noise of the whales blowing up the spouted water till the hollow caverns thundered with their echoes, seemed to be like heralds of the stern season which was to close him in against all approach. He had tried one day to move the stone at the mouth of his habitation a little further in, and found his strength fail him. He laid himself half reclining on the chilly ground, full of such melancholy thoughts as half bewildered him. Things by turn appeared a fierce dream and a fiercer reality. He was leaning and looking on the ground, and idly twisting his long hair, when his eyes fell upon the hand that held it. It was livid and emaciated. He opened and shut it, opened and shut it again, turned it round, and looked at it's ribbed thinness and laid-open machinery; many thoughts came upon him, some which he understood not, and some which he recognized but too well; and a turbid violence seemed rising at his heart, when the seal his companion drew nigh, and began licking that weak memorial of the Perfect Hand. A shower of self-pitying tears fell upon the seal's face and the hand together.

On a sudden, he heard a voice. It was a deep and loud one, and distinctly called out, Ronald! He looked up, gasping with wonder. Three times it called out, as if with peremptory command; and three times the rocks and caverns echoed the word with a dim sullenness.

Recollecting himself, he would have risen and answered, but the sudden-change of sensations had done what all his sufferings had not been able to do; and he found himself unable either to rise or to speak. The voice called again and again, but it was now more distant; and Ronald's heart sickened as he heard it retreating. His

strength seemed to fail him in proportion as it became necessary. Suddenly the voice came back again. It advances. Other voices are heard, all advancing. In a short time, figures come hastily down the slope by the side of his cavern, looking over into the area before it as they descend. They enter. They are before him and about him. Some of them, in a Scandinavian habit, prostrate themselves at his feet, and address him in an unknown language. But these are sent away by another, who remains with none but two youths. Ronald has risen a little, and leans his back against the rock. One of the youths puts his arm between his neck and the rock, and half kneels beside him, turning his face away and weeping. "I am no god, nor a favourite of gods, as these people supposed me," said Ronald, looking up at the chief who was speaking to the other youth:—"if thou wilt dispatch me then, do so. I only pray thee to let the death be fit for a warrior, such as I once was." The chief appeared agitated. "Speak not ill of the gods, Ronald," said he, "although thou wert blindly brought up. A warrior like thee must be a favourite of heaven. I come to prove it to thee: Dost thou not know me? I come to give thee life for life." Ronald looked more steadfastly. It was the Scandinavian prince whom he had spared, because of his bride, in battle. He smiled, and lifted up his hand to him, which was intercepted and kissed by the youth who held his arm round his neck. "Who are these fair youths?" said Ronald, half turning his head to look in his supporter's face. "This is the bride I spoke of," answered the prince, "who insisted on sharing this voyage with me, and put on this dress to be the bolder in it." "And who is the other?" The *other*, with dried eyes, looked smiling into his, and intercepted the answer also.—"Who," said the sweetest voice in the world, "can it be, but one?"—With a quick and almost fierce tone, Ronald cried out aloud "I know the voice;" and he would have fallen flat on the earth, if they had not all three supported him.

It was a mild return to Inistore, Ronald gathering strength all the way at the eyes and voice of Moilena, and the hands of all three. Their discovery of him was easily explained. The crews of the vessels, who had been afraid to come nearer, had repeatedly seen a figure on the island making signs. The Scandinavian priests related how they had left Ronald there, but insisted that no human being could live upon it, and that some god wished to manifest himself to his faithful worshippers. The heart of Moilena was quick to guess the truth. The prince proposed to accompany the priests. His bride and the destined bride of his saviour went with him, and returned as you heard; and from that day forth many were the songs in Inistore, upon the fortunes of the Perfect Hand and the kindness of the Perfect Voice. Nor were those forgotten, who forgot not others.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie, eurious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXI.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1st, 1820.

SCENES FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following scenes are from a play which the Editor intended to write, and belonged to the more serious part of it. The rest he has retained for another purpose. The objects of the piece in general were to shew the character of an English gentleman in the time of Elizabeth; the manners at the same period of the Venetians, both rich and poor; and the generous struggle of a mother to suppress a passion she conceived for our countryman, who had saved her daughter from drowning. The accident, like the scheme of Pollexfen in Sir Charles Grandison, had been purposely contrived by a Venetian of darker character, Malipiero, as the only means of gaining the young lady's affection; but the Englishman was quicker to rescue her, and so threw him doubly aback. The incidents, or rather the dialogues, which took place immediately after this circumstance, occupy the scenes now laid before the reader. Vittoria and Fiammetta, the mother and daughter, are of a similar character for goodness and frankness; but the one is the more stately minded, the other sparkling and full of spirits. Candian, her grand-uncle, Sebastian, her brother, Molino, Contarini, and Malipiero, are Venetian gentlemen, the four first of different characters of sprightliness or warmth; the last an intelligent man like the rest, but of a violent and envious disposition. Vanni and Gregory are the servants of Candian and the Englishman. With Walter Herbert the Englishman, and indeed with most of the others, it is lucky perhaps that the author had nothing farther to do; for he intended him as one of those high and graceful spirits, in the best age of this country, who were admitted to the society of it's poets and other great men.

“ For valour, is not Love a Hercules ? ”

CONTARINI. The Englishmen indeed, Sir, have graced us,
Not we the Englishmen. How instantly
Sebastian's friend laid himself out o' the boat,
Before our thoughts had time to find themselves,
And gave us back our pale one.

MOLILLO. Like a god
In his own element. 'Twas a strange thing,—
That sudden shock. I never knew the like
Happen before in Venice, though our gondolas
Serve us for every purpose of the road,
And pierce about like fish.

CONT. It marred so too
The stately self-possession of the day,
Especially before our naval emulators.
How Malipiero's vexed!

MOL. He seized directly
Piero, the gondolier, who is supposed
To have meant this mischief out of some revenge
Towards his good master; and conveyed him off
With his fierce fist against the scoundrel's throat.

CONT. That's settled then. Some singular punishment
Will mark this singular disgrace of Venice.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

MOL. How are the ladies now?

SEBASTIAN. Quite well again.
'Twas but a fright at last, though a severe one.
Fiammetta sparkles like a flower new washed,
And turns it all, as she is wont to do,
To cheerfulness and grace.

CONT. A charming lady.
But how's your mother?

SEB. She's recovered too;
Yet though she had no drowning, takes on still,
Kissing my sister's hand, and cheek, and pressing her,
And then again turning to plenteous tears,
As if she wept for all that might have happened.

MOL. I have observed it so: the heart, as 'twere,
Takes pity on itself, and so turns fond
On it's own gentle nature.

SEB. Yes, when tears
Come, as these do, seldom, and out of sweetness.
My dearest mother is of a true clay,
Much like her daughter; only former trouble—
The loss of a loved partner,—made her quit
The dance, and sit her down in a still patience,
Happy to see us nevertheless enjoy it.
She seldom weeps: but now that this rude shock
Has shaken up the long-collecting fountains,
She bathes her heart's great thirst.

Enter CANDIAN.

CAND. Piero's escaped.

SEB. Escaped?

CAND. Escaped,—in an unguarded moment.
Poor Malipiero reddens for mere rage,
And will not patiently endure to hear
Even the English praised:—he says their coming
Is a bad omen.

MOL. 'Tis his vehemence.
He's vexed at the escape; and to speak truly,

I think his natural emulation chides him
For not being quicker than the Englishman.

CONT. He'll make it up to him with double praise.
This jealousy in noble spirits runs forth
For it's own self, only to turn again
With a new shape of ardour, and perform
Another's messages to fame more quickly.

SEB. It does so. I have heard my noble friend
Our visitor say, that spirits which have wings
Of muscular root enough to winnow up,
As they go on, the petty from the great,
Find something more successful than success
Itself, or rather than the name of it,—
Succeeding most where they most realize
Their own calm world of beauty, and inspire
A self-divested sense of it in others :
Like odour-wafting airs in summer-time,
In which the odour's praised, though not the air.

CAND. 'Tis wondered at by some, that Piero escaped ;
And certainly 'tis strange, especially
As his own tribe are jealous of their fame,
And fall, like clamorous birds, upon foul play.
Yet as to what concerns our anxious friend,
Who is to wonder, that a spirit like his,
Unused to keep constrained it's very thoughts,
Should let his generous hand forget it's hold,
And find it a bad jail.

CONT. Who, Sir, indeed ?
But we'll detain you, gentlemen, no longer
From our fair friends ; pray tell them of our joy,
And willing envy of the Englishman.

CAND. Nay we will praise, and thank him, but not envy.
We can afford, I hope, to let a foreigner
Plunge in our waters for a lady's sake,
Without making the windows stare the wider,
And lift their stony brows up in astonishment.
But he's a gallant fellow, and we'll tell him so.

SCENE.—The front of the Candian Palace.

Enter GREGORY.

GREGORY. This comes of travelling. It seems all a dream. I'm not sure that I sha'n't wake and find myself in the arms of the dear old chair at the Bull. My master, whom it is impossible to resist, offers me to go with him ; I consent ; and so he ties me in a manner to his coat like a witch, and off I go ; first scouring over the road to the seaside ; then rocking up and down, up and down, till I'm sick ; then scouring away again ; then dragged up mountains into the clouds, till my teeth chatter for fear and cold ; then whew ! down again like a flourish on paper ; then jolted along, all unbuttoned for heat ; then bitten till I could have got the sign of the comb to scratch me ; or scraped acquaintance with a brick wall ; or taken to the cunning custom of flogging myself for penance ; or winced, and tumbled, and beaten myself and the very air about me, like a shirt hung out to dry in a high wind :—then comes some more sea-rocking, and then says my master, " Now, Gregory, we land for good :"—thinks I, looking about me, and seeing nothing but canals for streets, and houses standing out of them like so many cows in a pond,—I hope we don't land for evil : and I had scarcely thought the word, when we took to boating it again, and hey ! presto ! down goes that Will-o'-the-wisp, my master, souse over head and ears after a fish in petticoats.

Enter VANNI.

VANNI. Well, Gregory, this is a strange unaccountable circumstance, isn't it !

GREG. What, a fall in the water! not half so strange to me, Vanni, as that you Venetians will have so much water to fall in.

VAN. If we hadn't so much water to fall in, we shouldn't have so much love to fall in. Our shews and our shews-off by day, our gondolas, and our serenades, what should we do without them? And the water causes or sweetens them all. You'll hear guitars to night twinkling about like stars. I won my mistress's heart by a plunge higher than was known before into the River of Song!

GREG. How these Venetians do talk! Guitars twinkling about like stars! and a plunge into the River of Song! there's a name for a canal! It's fine talking, and sometimes puts me in mind of my master's friends, Master Shakspeare and the others at the Mermaid; but what name comes home to me like the manly and natural one of Fleet Ditch!

VAN. You seem sad, Gregory. We shall cheer you up before long. We have every thing here to make a man merry,—rowing, laughing, sunshine, music, women, every thing.

GREG. No, Sir,—no, Sir,—you haven't my wife and Bunhill-fields.

VAN. There's plenty of fields over the water, and as to your wife, my dear Gregory, I never heard you talk much about her before. Besides, she told you she should be quite happy, you know; and she looked so.

GREG. Ah, Sir, and then you pretend that the English women are not so chearful as your's. Oh, I never loved my wife more than now I am in the thick of 'em. Oh, how I loved her during the squall at sea! and how prodigiously I did love her, when I thought I should have broken my neck on the top of the Alps! I hope, Sir, you found your intended as well as could be expected after your absence.

VAN. Better than ever: as hearty as you'll find your wife, Gregory:—but how formal and ceremonious you seem to think it necessary to be in your pathetics. Come, man, I'll shew you the lions, as you used to say, and keep my word better too, as far as stone lions can go; and then I'll introduce you to Momola. She'll rouse your spirits for you. We'll cross the way to St. Mark's. Bartolo, there! Hallo! Mind the canal, Gregory, you'll run over the parapet.

GREG. Lord! the very dangers in this place have nothing Christian about them! We can't even be run over by a horse, but must be warned how a parapet is run over by a man.

VAN. We'll go round by the bridge if you prefer it, Gregory.

GREG. Ah, do.

VAN. Never mind, then, Bartolo, this time.

GREG. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting with some dust. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—An apartment in the Palace Candian. VITTORIA and FIAMMETTA sitting together, with books, music, and flowers about them; the former with her face towards a looking-glass, adjusting something about her head.

FIAM. My dear, dear mother, let me make you merry again. I'm merry.

VIT. Be so, child,—be so, dear child.

FIAM. You see how stout I am; I'm drest before you.

'Twas but a kind of unexpected bath.

'Twas frightful to be sure; the sudden missing
Of one's dry senses,—the deaf plunge and bubbling,
And wrapping up in heavy wateriness:

But now that it is past, somehow or other,
One feels the grander for it, and, poor soul!
Fancies one's accident a grand atchievement!
You're absent, mother! You're in the boat still!

VIT. No more of that, my love, I have you fast;
Your brother is come home, our noble bird,
Nobler than ever! What can I want more
To make me happy? I believe I want
Some pain to pinch away these foolish tears,
And make me, as before, give smile for smile.

FIAM. Shall I read to you, mother?

VIT. No, my child.

FIAM. Or sing? or dance? or bring your favourite picture
Of Dido playing with the cheeks of Cupid,
As if she said unwittingly, "You rogue!"

VIT. Oh no, no, no! talk to me of things common;
Of dress, for instance, flounces, coifs, and fashions,
And what new creature we're to look like next,
When some great lady quarrels with her shoulder-blade,
Or has a private pique against her waist.

FIAM. Oh, if no waist, like a tied sack of charcoal,
Or like the letter B run up to seed;
And if a waist, why then we must be wasps
Cut right in two, or hour-glasses that shew
The time by letting their wise heads run empty.
Or if we must be neither, we'll preside
O'er hoops, like busts upon a cupola;
Or turn to real walking bells, with feet
For double clappers; and let mother church
Look to high winds, or we'll have belfry and all,
For bonnet, with the penthouse, and stick in it
The whole Flower-Market and the shops of plumes,
And all the Sunday ribbons in the parish.

VIT. Why you dash on this morning like Sebastian,
Along your gay reflections in wit's gondola.

FIAM. And you must think of gondolas again,
And sigh, dear mother. Well, if you will think of 'em,
Pray tell me now what think you of the Englishman;
Taking him in the common light, you know,—
His look, his figure; for to say the truth,
Only dont tell, I've hardly seen him yet;
Though I've the recollection at my heart
Of—

VIT. What, my love?

FIAM. His terrible pinching fingers.

VIT. Why, you sweet trifler! this is the way, is it,
You treat a—gentleman that saves your life.

FIAM. A gentleman that saves one's life! Well, really now,
That is a proper philosophic way
Of putting it, before we've got the right
Of speaking highlier of him for himself.
You mean, I know, you dare not trust yourself
Just now, upon that watery subject, mother;—
But this, believe me, is the very way
To speak of such good chances giv'n the gentlemen.
From what I've read, there are some ladies who
Think one such plunge renders a man invulnerable
To all objection. By their rule, one ought
To save one's life, only to lose one's freedom;
Beggings the gentleman, that since a shark
Was not to have you, or since he had kindly
Taken the trouble to pick you up, he'd have you.
Tis lucky, mother, the same principle
Does not extend to limbs, or 'twould be requisite
To give one's hand for saving it a scratch;
Or when a dog was hindered of his bite,
Present one's foot with an elaborate stretch,
Like a French dancer, and say, "Gracious Sir,
You saved this foot of mine; will't please ye accept it?"

VIT. Oh rattler, rattler! How am I to know
That all this smiling surface of your talk
Has not grave ground beneath?

FIAM. Nay, mother, now
 You make me blush to think that I could give
 More than my thanks at first to one of whom
 I know so little; grateful thanks, 'tis true,
 Most grateful,—but—I'm sure *you* think a man
 Should shew that he has picked up a few qualities
 As well as ladies, ere he picks our hearts.
 My brother, to be sure, is fond of truth,
 Extremely fond,—but then as uncle said—

Enter CANDIAN, followed by MOLINO, CONTARINI, and MALIPIERO.

CAND. And what did uncle say? Ladies, allow me—
 The Signor Malipiero, a sad gentleman,
 Who thinks it necessary to apologize
 For not being a king-fisher.—We found him
 Eyeing his would-be element at the door.

MAL. Nay, Sir, I yield to none in hearty cheerfulness;
 And as I hope and think the best of others,
 'Tis thought, I trust, of me: and yet, dear ladies,
 A man may reasonably regret, that chance
 Should on the turn, as 'twere, of one swift instant,
 Whisk him from shewing all his zeal for ye.

VIT. My daughter loves a good intention, Sir,
 Too well to make it answerable to fortune.

MAL. (to FIAM.) Then, Madam, I may hope that this omission
 Will not be held a punishable sin,
 When heavenly eyes look down upon one's homage.

FIAM. If you mean my eyes, Signor Malipiero,
 Which heaven forbid should look down on tall gentlemen,
 I think no evil of our other friends here,
 And why should I of you?

CAND. Come, Malipiero,
 Settle these grave state questions by and bye,
 For here's Sebastian and the Englishman:
 I saw them from the window, coming in.

Enter SERVANT.

Signor Sebastian, and his noble friend, Sir.

Enter SEBASTIAN and WALTER HERBERT.

SEB. Dear mother, uncle, sister sweet, and gentlemen,
 I need not introduce my noble friend
 And your's—the Signor Walter Herbert, Englishman.
 Dear Walter, this is the affectionate circle
 I've told you of so often. Heaven be praised
 You're in the midst of it, and have been so.

CAND. Our silence, Sir, must shew you what we feel.
 This ready swiftness to oblige your friends,
 Is, I perceive, a habit with you.

HERB. If, Sir,
 Winning their ready kindness be obliging them.
 'Tis counted so by some.

VIT. Sir, the best thanks
 A mother can pay to you, who has been
 Made breathless with two rushing visitations,
 Terror and joy, is to shew what you saved for her:—
 My daughter, Sir.

HERB. A pearl indeed, whose sight
 Would pay a fathomless plunge.

FIAM. I cannot, Sir,
 Pay compliments; I fear, I had expected—
 I thank you, Sir, from bottom of my heart.

HERB. I am paid, Madam, beyond compliment,—
Almost beyond surprise, to think that two
Such spirits from the earthly heaven of womanhood
Should stand before me—pardon me this burst,—
And fancy that they owed me any thing.

VIT. You can pay compliments at any rate, Sir,
Whether we must or not.

HERB. You make me vain, Madam ;
And vanity assumes the right to praise,
Where silence is best worship.

VIT. Nay, Sir, I neither
Deny your right, nor, to say truth, our pleasure.
We feel but doubly flattered to conjecture
That you are driven by your sympathy
Out of your plainer path.

HERB. You judge me, Madam,
Truly and nobly.

CAND. You're no friend then, Sir,
To compliment in general ?

HERB. Oh yes, Sir,
Where 'tis th' escape of pleased sincerity,
And not so needlessly alone, as shews it
Vanity and a superfluous common-place.

VIT. And what, Sir, as to taking compliments ?

HERB. It seems to me, Madam, as I presume
It does to you, by your reception of them,
That not to take a compliment in general,
With leaning rather to the praiser's feelings
Than his true sight, or our own better merits,
Argues self-love rather than modesty.

CAND. You see, Sir, we have scarcely yet recovered
Our drowning, and our gratitude. Come, this weight
Of mutual homage bows us into ceremony
In our own spite. It must give way to something
Quite as respectful, and more easy and pleasant :
Mutual enjoyment.

SEB. The right proposition.

HERB. I feel the hand of home, Sir, in this grasp.

SEB. Yes, Walter, we but fancy we're new friends here ;
We are as old ones as the tastes we love.

HERB. And friends have other privileges in England.

CAND. Ay, and in most places. Come, girls, your cheeks.

(HERBERT kisses them.)

FIAM. (*aside*). I told you how 'twould be, Mother.
My cheek's gone off already.

VIT. And your heart ;
(*aside*). She blushes, and I fear I do so too :—
I have most cause.

SEB. (to FIAM.) Well, Sister gravity, and have you no praises
As well as cheeks ?

FIAM. Yes, just as many as friends
Would wish to have just now ;—at least I think so.

HERB. Your brother could not be more gladly answered,
Nor I more honoured.

MAL. 'Tis an answer, Sir,
Befitting the coy oracle that sits
Within a maid's sincerity : but suffer
Us to give louder grace to your achievement,
And hail you at the shrine whose present goddess
You have preserv'd. It was a happy deed,
And might have made us watery champions jealous,
Did it not ev'n outbenefit envy.

HERB.

That

Were to outdo the deeds of Hercules,
And make old Atlas turn to kiss his burden,
Like a borne lass. Your generous spirit, Sir,
Sees, like an eye, more infinite things outside it,
Than ever it would boast to hold itself.
You measure my desert by your great joy.

MAL. Is not this contradicting your own sentiment,
A little so at least,—denying us
The pride of giving you what you give others?

HERB. Well, Sir, to shew you I can claim my due,
And have my benefits returned, I'll ask
This lady to speak for me, and to own
That what would have been done by any gentleman
Should not be charged so brightly on my scutcheon.

FIAM. Nay, Sir, I'll own still more, and plainly tell you,
And that without the fear of being tossed back
Into the sea for my ingratitude,
That I insinuated as much just now
To Signor Malipiero here himself.
Did I not, gentlemen? And did I rate
You, Signor Contarini, or you, Sir,
For not being quicker than our other friend,
And catching me no agues!—Pardon me,
But I should have asked, Sir, whether you suffered
The least -- no clinging chilliness, I trust,
Or other --

HERB.

Not the least, Madam; no more
Than if I had put my hand into a brook,
To bring away a lily. I had heard
Of your own welfare: and if I had not,
I see,—You, Madam, (to VIR.) scarcely seem so well,
As when I first came in.

VIR:

Oh quite, Sir, thank you,
I feel the ebbing of these waters yet
At intervals. Quite well, child,—quite indeed.
Uncle, we're getting at our compliments
Again.

CAND. Indeed! I fear I've scarcely given our friend
A proper English welcome. Well; I hope
You'll spend the day with us, and teach us how
To interchange each other's cordial customs.
My nephew tells me you must leave us now
To visit the ambassador. Be it so;
But come back quickly—will you? that's well looked:
For you must know, you have a face, young gentleman,
As full of dialogue as my niece's here.

SEB. In the evening we shall have a masquerade,
Which was already intended, and will serve
To let the whole tide of congratulation
Come in at once. A dance, a little music,
Hearts at their merriest, faces at their best,
And after all, a look into the still
And smiling ferment of our starry hour,
Whose ear is kissed with waters gently spooned,
Whose nightingale is Love, shall give you a taste
Of Venice to the core.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXII.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8th, 1820.

HATS, NEW AND ANCIENT.

WE know not what will be thought of our taste in so important a matter, but we must confess we are not fond of a new hat. There is a certain insolence about it: it seems to value itself upon its finished appearance, and to presume upon our liking before we are acquainted with it. In the first place, it comes home more like a marmot or some other living creature, than a manufacture. It is boxed up, and wrapt in silver paper, and brought delicately. It is as sleek as a lap-dog. Then we are to take it out as nicely, and people are to wonder how we shall look in it. Maria twitches one this way, and Sophia that, and Caroline that, and Catharine t'other. We have the difficult task, all the while, of looking easy, till the approving votes are pronounced: our only resource (which is also difficult) is to say good things to all four; or to clap the hat upon each of their heads, and see what pretty milk-women they make. At last the approving votes are pronounced; and (provided it is fine) we may go forth. But how uneasy the sensation about the head! How unlike the old hat, to which we had become used, and which must now make way for this fop of a stranger! We might do what we liked with the former. Dust, rain, a gale of wind, a fall, a squeeze,—nothing affected it. It was a true friend, a friend for all weathers. Its appearance only was against it: in every thing else it was the better for wear. But if the roads or the streets are too dry, the new hat is afraid of getting dusty: if there is wind, and it is not tight, it may be blown off into the dirt: we may have to scramble after it through dust or mud; just reaching it with our fingers, only to see it blown away again. And if rain comes on! Oh ye gallant apprentices, who have issued forth on a Sunday morning, with Jane or Susan, careless either of storms at night-fall, or toils and scoldings next day! Ye, who have received your new hat and boots but an hour before ye set out; and then issue forth triumphantly, the charmer by your side! She, with arm in yours, and

handkerchief in hand, blushing, or eating gingerbread, trips on : ye, admiring, trudge : we ask ye, whether love itself has prevented ye from feeling a certain fearful consciousness of that crowning glory, the new and glossy hat, when the first drops of rain announce the coming of a shower ? Ah, hasten, while yet it is of use to haste ; ere yet the spotty horror fixes on the nap ! Out with the protecting handkerchief, which tied round the hat, and flowing off in a corner behind, shall gleam through the thickening night like a suburb comet ! Trust not the tempting yawn of stable-yard or gate-way, or the impossible notion of a coach ! The rain will continue ; and alas ! ye are not so rich as in the morning. Hasten ! or think of a new hat's becoming a rain-spout ! Think of it's well-built crown, it's graceful and well-measured fit, the curved-up elegance of it's rim, it's shadowing gentility when seen in front, it's arching grace over the ear when beheld sideways ! Think of it also the next day ! How altered, how dejected !

How changed from him,
That life of measure, and that soul of rim !

Think of the paper-like change of it's consistence ; of it's limp sadness,—it's confused and flattened nap, and of that polished and perfect circle, which neither brush nor hot iron shall restore !

We have here spoken of the beauties of a new hat ; but abstractedly considered, they are very problematical. Fashion makes beauty for a time. Our ancestors found a grace in the cocked hats now confined to beadles, Chelsea Pensioners, and coachmen. They would have laughed at our chimney-tops with a border ; though upon the whole we do think them the more graceful of the two. The best modern covering for the head was the imitation of the broad Spanish hat in use about thirty years back, when Mr. Stothard made his designs for the *Novelist's Magazine*. But in proportion as society has been put into a bustle, our hats seem to have narrowed their dimensions : the flaps were clipped off more and more till they became a rim ; and now the rim has contracted to a mere nothing ; so that what with our close heads and our tight succinct mode of dress, we look as if we were intended for nothing but to dart backwards and forwards on matters of business, with as little hindrance to each other as possible.

This may give us a greater distaste to the hat than it deserves ; but good-looking or not, we know of no situation in which a new one can be said to be useful. We have seen how the case is during bad weather : but if the weather is in the finest condition possible, with neither rain nor dust, there may be a hot sunshine ; and then the hat is too narrow to shade us : no great evil, it is true ! but we must have our pique out against the knave, and turn him to the only account in our power :—we must write upon him. For every other purpose, we hold him as naught. The only place a new hat can be carried into with safety, is a church ; for there is plenty of room there. There also takes place it's only union of the ornamental with the useful, if so it is to be called :—we allude to the preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns

round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion ; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions :—but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communer with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's-street ; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford-street, London :—after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognition aforesaid.

But wherever there is a crowd, the new hat is worse than useless. It is a pity that the general retrenchment of people's finances did away with the flat opera hat, which was a very sensible thing. The round one is only in the way. The matting over the floor of the Opera does not hinder it from getting dusty ; not to mention it's chance of a kick from the inconsiderate. But from the pit of the other theatres, you may bring it away covered with saw-dust, or rubbed up all the wrong way of the nap, or monstrously squeezed into a shapeless lump. The least thing to be expected in a pressure, is a great poke in it's side like a sunken cheek.

Boating is a mortal enemy to new hats. A shower has you fast in a common boat ; or a sail-line, or an inexperienced oar, may knock the hat off ; and then fancy it tilting over the water with the tide, soaked all the while beyond redemption, and escaping from the tips of your outstretched fingers, while you ought all to be pulling the contrary way home.

But of all wrong boxes for a new hat, avoid a mail-coach. If you keep it on, you will begin nodding perhaps at midnight, and then it goes jamming against the side of the coach, to the equal misery of it's nap and your own. If you take it off, where is it's refuge ? Will the clergyman take the least heed of it, who is snoring comfortably in one corner in his nightcap ? Or will the farmer, jolting about inexorably ? Or the regular traveller, who in his fur-cap and infinite knowledge of highway conveniences, has already beheld it with contempt ? Or the old market-woman, whom it is in vain to request to be tender ? Or the young damsel, who wonders how you can think of sleeping in such a thing ? In the morning, you suddenly miss your hat, and ask after it with trepidation. The traveller smiles. They all move their legs, but know nothing of it ; till the market-woman exclaims, “ Deary me ! Well - lord, only think ! A hat, is it, Sir ? Why I do believe,—but I'm sure I never thought o'such a thing more than the child unborn,—that it must be a hat then which I took for a pan I've been a buying ; and so I've had my warm foot in it, Lord bless us, ever since five o'clock this blessed morning ! ”

It is but fair to add that we happen to have an educated antipathy to the hat. At our school no hats were worn, and the cap was too small to be a substitute. It's only use is to astonish the old ladies in the street, who wonder how so small a thing can be kept on ; and to this end, it used to be rubbed into the back or side of the head, where it hung

like a worsted wonder. It is after the fashion of Catharine's cap in the play: it seems as if

Moulded on a poringer:
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
 A custard coffin, a bauble.

But we may not add;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Ill befall us, if we ever dislike any thing about thee, old nurse of our childhood! How independent of the weather, used we to feel in our old friar's dress,—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long coat or gown! Our cap was oftener in our hand than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as pleasure, when every body else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our glad hair like the feathers of a bird.

It must be said for hats in general, that they are a very ancient part of dress, perhaps the most ancient; for a negro who has nothing else upon him, sometimes finds it necessary to guard off the sun with a hat of leaves or straw. The Chinese, who carry their records farther back than any other people, are a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad. We are apt to think of the Greeks as a bare-headed people; and they liked to be so; but they had hats for journeying in, such as may be seen on the statues of Mercury, who was the god of travellers. They were large and flapped, and were sometimes fastened round under the chin like a lady's straw-bonnet. The Eastern nations generally wore turbans, and do still, with the exception of the Persians, who have exchanged them for large conical caps of felt. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dress, as in every thing else; but the poorer orders wore a cap like their boasted Phrygian ancestors, resembling the one which the reader may now see about the streets upon the busts of Canova's Paris. The others would put their robes about their heads upon occasion,—a custom which probably gave rise to the hoods of the middle ages, and to the cloth head-dresses which we see in the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. From these were taken the draperies on the heads of our old Plantagenet kings and of Chaucer. The velvet cap which succeeded, appears also to have come from Italy, as in the portraits of Raphael and Titian: and it would probably have continued till the French times of Charles the Second, for our ancestors up to that period were always great admirers of Italy, had not Philip the Second of Spain come over to marry our Queen Mary. The extreme heats of Spain had forced the natives upon taking to that ingenious union of the hat and umbrella, still known by the name of the Spanish hat. We know not whether Philip himself wore it. His father, Charles the Fifth, who was at the top of the world, is represented as delighting in a little humble-looking cap. But we conceive it was either from Philip, or some gentleman in his train, that the hat and

feather succeeded among us to the cap and jewels of Henry the 8th. The ascendancy of Spain in these times carried it into other parts of Europe. The French, not requiring so much shade from the sun, and always playing with and altering their dress, like a child with his toy, first covered the brim with feathers, then gave them a pinch in front; then came pinches up at the side; and at last appeared the fierce and triple-daring cocked hat. This disappeared in our childhood, or only survived among the military, the old, and the reverend, who could not willingly part with their habitual dignity. An old beau or so would also retain it, in memory of it's victories when young. We remember it's going away from the heads of the foot-guards. The heavy dragoons retained it till very lately. It is now almost sunk into the mock-heroic, and confined, as we before observed, to beadles and coachmen, &c. The modern clerical beaver, agreeably to the deliberation with which our establishments depart from old custom, is a cocked hat with the hind flap let down, and only a slight pinch remaining in front. This is what is worn also by the judges, the lawyers being of clerical extraction. Still however the true cocked-hat lingers here and there with a solitary old gentleman; and wherever it appears in such company, begets a certain retrospective reverence. There was a something in it's connexion with the high-bred drawing-room times of the 17th century; in the gallant though quaint ardour of it's look; and in it's being lifted up in salutations with that deliberate loftiness, the arm arching up in front and slowly raising it by the front angle with finger and thumb,—that could not easily die. We remember, when our steward at school, remarkable for his inflexible air of precision and dignity, left off his cocked hat for a round one, there was, undoubtedly, though we dared only half confess it to our minds, a sort of diminished majesty about him. His infinite self-possession began to look remotely finite. His Crown-Imperial was a little blighted. It was like divesting a column of it's capital. But the native stateliness was there, informing the new hat. He

Had not yet lost
All his original beaver; nor appeared
 Less than arch-steward ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured.

The late Emperor Paul had conceived such a sense of the dignity of the cocked hat, aggravated by it's having given way to the round one of the French republicans, that he ordered all persons in his dominions never to dare be seen in public with round hats, upon pain of being knouted and sent to Siberia.

Hats, being the easiest part of the European dress to be taken off, are doffed among us out of reverence. The Orientals, on the same account, put off their slippers instead of turbans; which is the reason why the Jews still keep their heads covered during worship. The Spanish grandees have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence, probably in commemoration of the free spirit in which the Cortes used to crown the sovereign; telling him (we sup-

pose in their corporate capacity) that they were better men than he, but chose him of their own free will for their master. The grantees only claim to be as good men, unless their families are older. There is a well-known story of a picture, in which the Virgin Mary is represented with a label coming out of her mouth, saying to a Spanish gentleman, who has politely taken off his hat, "Cousin, be covered." But the most interesting anecdote connected with a hat, belongs to the family of the De Courcys, Lord Kinsale. One of their ancestors, at an old period of our history, having overthrown a huge and insolent champion, who had challenged the whole court, was desired by the king to ask him some special favour. He requested that his descendants should have the privilege of keeping their heads covered in the royal presence; and they do so to this day. The new lord, we believe, always comes to court on purpose to vindicate his right. We have heard, that on the last occasion, probably after a long interval, some of the courtiers thought it might as well have been dispensed with; which was a foolish as well as a jealous thing: for these exceptions only prove the royal rule. The Spanish grantees originally took their privilege instead of receiving it; but when the spirit of it had gone, their covered heads were only so many intense recognitions of the king's dignity, which it was thought such a mighty thing to resemble. A Quaker's hat is a more formidable thing than a grantee's.

THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE SERPENTS.

Translated from the 24th Idyll of Theocritus.

JUPITER having taken Amphitryon's shape during the absence of that hero in the wars, begot Hercules of his wife Alcmena. The husband, when the circumstance came to his knowledge, felt nothing but a generous pride at the deity's admiration of his beloved wife; and with all care and tenderness brought up the infant demi-god with his own twin son Iphiclus. But Juno's feelings were not so godlike as the mortal's. She laid various plans for the destruction of this new child of her husband's; and among others, sent two dreadful serpents at midnight to devour it. This is the subject of the present idyll, which in the original is exceedingly fine and real, and shews that Theocritus had a perception of grandeur becoming his deep insight into nature in general. We have seen an outline after a picture of this story by one of the Caracci, which must be very noble; though his Hercules seems to retain too little of the unconscious baby. His look is too full of intention. The poet has preserved an admirable propriety in this respect.

Young Hercules had now beheld the light
 Only ten months, when once, upon a night,
 Alcmena having washed, and giv'n the breast
 To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.

Their cradle was a noble shield of brass
 Won by her lord from slaughtered Pterelas.
 Gently she laid them down, and gently laid
 Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and said,
 "Sleep, sleep, my boys, a light and pleasant sleep :
 My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep !
 Sleep happy, and wake happy !" And she kept
 Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight,—when the Bear went down, and broad
 Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,
 There came, careering through the opening halls,
 On livid spires, two dreadful animals,
 Serpents ; whom Juno, threatening as she drove,
 Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.
 Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,
 They towered along ; and as they looked about,
 An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping :
 A heavy poison dropt about their champing.

And now they have arrived, and think to fall
 To their dread meal, when lo ! (for Jove sees all)
 The house is lit, as with the morning's break,
 And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
 The younger one, as soon as he beheld
 The evil creatures coming on the shield,
 And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
 And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
 All his poor little instincts of escape :—
 The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
 Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
 And held, like iron, in it's little fists.
 Buckled and bound he held them, struggling wild ;
 And so they wound about the boy, the child,
 The long-begetting boy, the suckling dear,
 That never teased his nurses with a tear.

Tired out at length, they trail their spires, and gasp,
 Locked in that young indissoluble grasp.

Alcmena heard the noise. and "Wake," she cried,
 "Amphitryon, wake ; for terror holds me tied !
 Up ; stay not for the sandals : hark ! the child—
 The youngest—how he shrieks ! The babe is wild !
 And see the walls and windows ! 'Tis as light
 As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
 There's something dreadful in the house ; there is
 Indeed, dear husband !"—He arose at this ;
 And seized his noble sword, which overhead
 Was always hanging at the cedar-bed :
 The hilt he grasped in one hand, and the sheath
 In t'other, and drew forth the blade of death.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom,
 Returning midnight smote upon the room.

Amphitryon called ; and woke from heavy sleep
 His household, who lay breathing hard and deep.
 "Bring lights here from the hearth ; lights, lights ; and guard
 The doorways. Rise, ye ready labourers hard !"

He said ; and lights came pouring in ; and all
 The busy house was up in bower and hall.
 But when they saw the little suckler, how
 He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow

Kept beating them together, plaything-wise,
They shrieked aloud; but he, with laughing eyes,
Soon as he saw Amphitryon, leaped and sprung,
Childlike, and at his feet the dead disturbers flung.

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take
Her feebler boy,* who could not cease to shake.
The other son Amphytrion took, and laid
Beneath a fleece; and so returned to bed.

Soon as the cock, with his thrice-echoing cheer,
Proclaimed the gladness of the day was near,
Alcmena sent for old, truth-uttering
Tiresias; and she told him all this thing,
And bade him say what she might think and do:
"Nor do thou fear," said she, "to let me know,
Although the mighty gods should meditate
Aught ill; for man can never fly from Fate.
And thus thou seest" (and here her smiling eyes
Looked through a blush) "how well I teach the wise."

So spoke the queen. Then he, with glad old tone:—
"Be of good heart, thou blessed bearing one,
True blood of Perseus: for by my sweet sight,
Which once divided these poor lids with light,
Many Greek women, as they sit and weave
The gentle thread across their knees at eve,
Shall sing of thee and thy beloved name:
Thou shalt be blest by every Argive dame:
For unto this thy son it shall be given
With his broad heart to win his way to heaven:
Twelve labours shall be work; and all accurst
And brutal things o'erthrow, brute men the worst:
And in Trachynia shall the funeral pyre
Purge his mortalities away with fire;
And he shall mount amid the stars, and be
Acknowledged kin to those who envied thee,
And sent these den-born shapes to crush his destiny."

* Literally, the *extremely bilious* Iphiclus,—*ακραχολον Ιφικληα*. The ancients are accused of being too bodily and superficial in their philosophy. It was one of the advantages however of their attention to these exoterical matters, that they never lost sight of the connexion between mind and body, and their mutual healthiness, beauty, and power;—a part of wisdom which our modern psychosophs are so apt to forget.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In removing a quantity of papers, we have unfortunately mislaid some letters from correspondents. We hope to recover them; but should we still be disappointed, the writers will perhaps have the goodness to oblige us with other copies. We have not forgotten the substance however of some of them; and least of all, what was so good-naturedly said upon the article on the Heathen Mythology.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSEN.

No. XXIII.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15th, 1820.

LADY'S MAID*.—SEAMEN ON SHORE.

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry-ground, he turns his back on all salt-beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their every thing; and in return he will behave like a gentleman, and scatter his gold.

And first of the Common Sailor.—The moment the Common Sailor lands, he goes to see the watchmaker, or the old boy at the Ship.

READER. What, Sir? Before his mistress?

INDICATOR. Excuse me, Madam. His mistress, christened Elizabeth Monson, but more familiarly known by the appellation of Bet Monson, has been with him already. You remember the ballad—

When black-eyed Susan came on board.

LADY'S MAID. I hope, Sir, you are not going to be vulgar in your remarks.

INDIC. Good God, Mrs. Jane, why should you think so! I am sure your lady does not expect it, or I should have had none but men for listeners on this subject.

LADY'S M. Oh, Sir, if my lady does not think it vulgar, I'm sure I shan't; for there isn't a more delicater nor more genteeler person than my lady in all England, though I say it to her face who shouldn't. But you mentioned something about alehouses, or inns, or something; and you know they are rather vulgar.

INDIC. I'm sure, Mrs. Jane, I didn't think so, three years back, when you handed me that frothed glass of porter, with your pretty fingers, on a hot summer's day, under the great elm-tree there, at the door of the Jolly Miller.

* The great changes produced in people's fortunes by the nature of the times, have unfortunately rendered this title but too common to a great variety of females; many of whom will not at all come under our present description. The Lady's Maid in the text is heiress to the Honours and Mrs. Slipslops of the last century.

LADY'S M. Lard in heaven, Mr. Hindergaiter, why I vow you're a witch! Who'd have thought you'd have ever known that I kept my father-in-law's house for him, while my poor mother was laid up with the rheumatiz, all along of that vixen (God forgive me!) my own great aunt, who wouldn't let her come home one night in the shay, because she had married Tom Butts after being the wife of a Serjeant of Dragoons. And yet I must say for Mr. Butts, that for a landlord, and a man in a vulgarish situation, he was as well-behaved a man though a bold one, and might hold up his head as high, and was as kind and good-natured, and was as free from pride, and said as civil things to a body——

LADY. In short, Jane, he was not vulgar, and your dear old vixen of a great aunt was. There is no vulgarity, child, but impertinence and common cant; or being gross and ignorant, and proud of both; or having a feeling for all, and being ashamed of it. Remember the ragged sailor whom you kissed.

LADY'S M. Lord, Ma'am, and did you see me kiss my poor brother William? For it was my own brother, Ma'am, who you've heard me speak of—in the navy; and he was so ragged then, because he had to cross the whole country to his home, and had spent all his money at Portsmouth; and so I gave him my box of half-crowns, and he's now captain's clerk's man, and it was he as sent me that live tortoise that made me scream so, and the cocoa-cup, and the shawl, and the purse made of grass, and the Hoty-hity feathers; and I do think, if he was here, I could kiss him again, if he was as ragged as a rag-or-a-muffin, before all the world, aye, even before Sally Jones.

INDIC. Good. Now there you come round, Mrs. Jane, to the true point of politeness. I thought you better bred than you supposed, since I recollected how good-natured you looked at the Jolly Miller.

LADY'S M. Oh, Mr. Intricator, you're such another man!

INDIC. Nay, I assure you I do not think you even more genteel than you were then.

LADY'S M. Nay, now, Mr. Hingy-grater, I'm sure you flatter.

INDIC. But pray, Mrs. Jane, who is the awful presence of Sally Jones?

LADY'S M. Presents, Sir? She never gives no presents, lawful or unlawful, not she; not for that matter never gets none, as I know of; except mayhap a brass-thimble at Christmas, or a two-penny song-book, or a Trifle, as they very properly calls it, from Margate, with a piece of looking-glass in the inside, to see her proud, affected, niminy-piminy face in.

INDIC. But why should she object to your kissing your brother William?

LADY'S M. Oh, forsooth, it's vulgar, Sir! So she said, when I kissed him before her once; as if one's brother was'nt one's brother; and as for that, she'd kiss her cousin fast enough before twenty people, if he'd make any thing like an advantage. She is but a maid at boarding-school, where I was; and never writes Miss on my letters; and yet whenever she goes home to her father's, who is nothing but a little petty green-grocer in an alley, she insists, forsooth, on my Missing and

Missing her, or she wont send me any news of the private theatre; and and she knows that vexes me, because I really have a taste for the stage, and once played second part at school to Miss Gollogher. She was the Fair Penitent, Sir; a tall brown girl, HORN-BONE PINE, as the French say; and a great fortune, though her father did keep a dog-shop. But she called it a Managearee. So, Sir, Miss SARAH JONES never condescends to write Miss to me, though she daredn't wear her hair without a cap at boarding-school, to save her head; and my lady always permits me to wear my hair in a comb, to distinguish me from common helpers and such like. And besides that, though I have worn a cap, I never wore black worsted stockings as she does; nor never set mop upon floor. As to sailors, she cannot abide 'em.

INDIC. But you, Mrs. Jane, can: and let me tell you, that that is not the least advantage which you have over Miss Sarah Jones. So we will go on with our picture.

The first object of the seaman on landing is to spend his money: but his first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor. And he feels it himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe; on a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands, half open, look as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket. Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold) he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter: and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whanghee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys every thing that he comes athwart,—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch, (two, if he has money enough), gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters, dozens of "Superfine Best Men's Cotton Stockings," dozens of "Superfine Best Women's Cotton Ditto," best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman's laced hat, Bear's Grease to make his hair grow (by way of joke,) several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can't play, and never intends), a leg of mutton which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole;—in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is every thing but medicine gratis; and this he would insist on paying

for. He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half a crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance who first fired his heart with her silk-stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her; which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance. He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white night-cap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window. He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback; and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride,—“Only,” says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, “they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft; and shovels like for stirrups.” He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the NEGURS dance, and the monkies pelt you with cocoa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a Peer of the Realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers. He has a sister at a “School for Young Ladies,” who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes, by slipping four-pence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has “no more copper” about him. His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does, telling him however that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb no higher than the window-locker. He tells his mother that she would be a Duchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantle-piece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and God-bless yous, and home-made gingerbread.

His Officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste. The moment he lands he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under-tone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant

says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face;" and so he proves it by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty, if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?" "Not I, by the Lord."—"That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why, it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster) "I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas." "Twelve GUINEAS," exclaims the sister; and then drawling forth "Why—my—DEAR—George," is proceeding to shew him what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and chuse for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West Indian beauties and tables. At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him. He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile. He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth. He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience. Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he pleases. It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea. He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it. He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get,

without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to every body else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book. He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home every where, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the Officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and enquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the Transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitean beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punchbowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovely Nancy, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at it's situation.

Chaucer, who wrote his Canterbury Tales about four hundred and thirty years ago, has among his other characters in that work a SHIPMAN, who is exactly of the same cast as the modern sailor,—the same robustness, courage, and rough drawn virtue, doing it's duty, without being very nice in helping itself to it's recreations. There is the very dirk, the complexion, the jollity, the experience, and the bad horsemanship. The plain unaffected ending of the description has the air of a sailor's own speech; while the line about the beard is exceedingly picturesque, poetical, and comprehensive. In copying it out, we shall merely alter the old spelling, where the words are still modern.

A Shipman was there, wonned far by west;
 For aught I wot, he was of Dartemouthe.
 He rode upon a rouncee, as he couthe,*
 All in a gown of falding to the knee.
 A dagger hanging by a lace had he,

* He rode upon a hack-horse, as well as he could.

About his neck, under his arm adown.
 The hot summer had made his hew all brown.
 And certainly he was a good felaw.
 Full many a draught of wine he haddē draw
 From Bourdeaux ward, while that the chapman slep.
 Of nice conscience took he no keep.
 If that he fought and had the higher hand,
 By water he sent 'em home to every land.
 But of his craft, to reckon well his tides,
 His streamēs and his strandēs him besides,
 His harborough, his moon, and his lode manage,
 There was not such from Hull unto Carthage.
 Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
 With many a tempest had his beard been shake.
 He knew well all the havens, as they were,
 From Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre,
 And every creek in Britain and in Spain.
 His barge yeled was the Magdelain.

When about to tell his Tale, he tells his fellow-travellers that he shall
 chink them so merry a bell,

That it shall waken all this company:
 But it shall not be of philosophy.
 Nor of physick, nor of terms quaint of law:
 There is but little Latin in my maw.

The story he tells is a well-known one in the Italian novels, of a monk
 who made love to a merchant's wife, and borrowed a hundred franks
 of the husband to give her. She accordingly admits his addresses
 during the absence of her good man on a journey. When the latter
 returns, he applies to the cunning monk for repayment, and is
 referred to the lady; who thus finds her mercenary behaviour out-
 witted.

TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S CELEBRATED
 ODE TO THE GOLDEN AGE,

Beginning, "O bella età dell' oro."

[We should not have ended our present number with this transla-
 tion, had not the previous matter turned out shorter in the printing
 than we expected. The transition from a modern seaman to the Gol-
 den Age seems no very harmonious piece of contrast; yet we might
 quote precedent even for this abruptness, in the arrival of Vasco de
 Gama's Sailors at the Island of Love in Camoens. One of the stanzas
 has already appeared in this work. A translation of the whole of the
 Aminta by the Editor is now going through the press.]

O lovely age of gold!
 Not that the rivers rolled
 With milk, or that the woods dropped honey dew;
 Not that the ready ground
 Produced without a wound,
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
 Not that a cloudless blue
 For ever was in sight,
 Or that the heaven which burns,
 And now is cold by turns,
 Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
 No, nor that ev'n the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war.

But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
 That Honour,—since so called
 By vulgar minds appalled,
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind ;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nursed in freedom ; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What pleases, is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
 The little winged Powers
 Went singing carols without torch or bow :
 The nymphs and shepherds sat
 Mingling with innocent chat
 Sports and low whispers ; and with whispers low
 Kisses that would not go.
 The maiden, budding o'er,
 Kept not her bloom-uneved,
 Which now a veil must hide,
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore :
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honour, first
 That didst deny our thirst
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set :
 Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
 Into contrained awe,
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet :
 Thou gatheredst in a net
 The tresses from the air,
 And mad'st the sports and plays
 Turn all to sullen ways,
 And put'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
 Thy work it is,—thou shade that wilt not move,
 That what was once the gift, is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
 These are thy noble gains !
 But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
 Thou conq'ror of the crowned,
 What dost thou on this ground,
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?
 Go and make slumber dear
 To the renowned and high :
 We here, a lowly race,
 Can live without thy grace,
 After the use of mild antiquity.
 Go ; let us love : since years
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
 Go ; let us love : the daylight dies, is born ;
 But unto us the light
 Dies once for all ; and sleep brings on eternal night.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXIV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22d, 1820.

ON THE REALITIES OF IMAGINATION.

THERE is not a more unthinking way of talking, than to say such and such pains and pleasures are only imaginary, and therefore to be got rid of or undervalued accordingly. There is nothing imaginary, in the common acceptation of the word. The logic of Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield is good argument here:—"Whatever is, is." Whatever touches us, whatever moves us, does touch and does move us. We recognize the reality of it, as we do that of a hand in the dark. We might as well say that a sight which makes us laugh, or a blow which brings tears into our eyes, is imaginary, as that any thing else is imaginary which makes us laugh or weep. We can only judge of things by their effects. Our perception constantly deceives us, in things with which we suppose ourselves perfectly conversant; but our reception of their effect is a different matter. Whether we are materialists or immaterialists, whether things be about us or within us, whether we think the sun is a substance, or only the image of a divine thought, an idea, a thing imaginary, we are equally agreed as to the notion of it's warmth. But on the other hand, as this warmth is felt differently by different temperaments, so what we call imaginary things affect different minds. What we have to do is not to deny their effect, because we do not feel in the same proportion, or whether we even feel it at all; but to see whether our neighbours may not be moved. If they are, there is, to all intents and purposes, a moving cause. But we do not see it? No;—neither perhaps do they. They only feel it; they are only sentient,—a word which implies the sight given to the imagination by the feelings. But what do you mean, we may ask in return, by seeing? Some rays of light come in contact with the eye; they bring a sensation to it; in a word, they touch it; and the impression left by this touch we call sight. How far does this differ in effect from the impression left by any other touch, however mysterious? An ox knocked down by a butcher, and a man

knocked down by a fit of the apoplexy, equally feel themselves compelled to drop. The tickling of a straw and of a comedy equally move the muscles about our mouth. The look of a beloved eye will so thrill the whole frame, that old philosophers have had recourse to a doctrine of beams and radiant particles flying from one sight to another. In fine, what is contact itself, and why does it affect us? There is no one cause more mysterious than another, if we look into it.

Nor does the question concern us like moral causes: We may be content to know the earth by it's fruits; but how to increase and improve them is a more attractive study. If instead of saying that the causes which moved in us this or that pain or pleasure were imaginary, people were to say that the causes themselves were removeable, they would be nearer the truth. When a stone trips us up, we do not fall to disputing it's existence: we put it out of the way. In like manner, when we suffer from what is called an imaginary pain, our business is not to canvass the reality of it. Whether there is any cause or not in that or any other perception, or whether every thing consist not in what is called effect, it is sufficient for us that the effect is real. Our sole business is to remove those second causes, which always accompany the original idea. As in deliriums for instance, it would be idle to go about persuading the patient that he did not behold the figures he says he does. He might reasonably ask us, if he could, how we know any thing about the matter; or how we can be sure, that in the infinite wonders of the universe, certain realities may not become apparent to certain eyes, whether diseased or not. Our business would be to put him into that state of health, in which human beings are not diverted from their offices and comforts by a liability to such imaginations. The best reply to his question would be, that such a morbidity is clearly no more a fit state for a human being, than a disarranged or incomplete state of works is for a watch; and that seeing the general tendency of nature to this completeness or state of comfort, we naturally conclude, that the imaginations in question, whether substantial or not, are at least not of the same lasting or prevailing description.

We do not profess metaphysics. We are indeed so little conversant with the masters of that profound art, that we are never sure whether we are using even it's proper terms. All that we may know on the subject comes to us from some reflection and some experience; and this all may be so little as to make a metaphysician smile; which if he be a true one, he will do good-naturedly. The pretender will take occasion from our very confession, to say that we know nothing. Our faculty, such as it is, is rather instinctive than reasoning; rather physical than metaphysical; rather wise because it loves much, than because it knows much; rather calculated by a certain retention of boyhood, and by it's wanderings in the green places of thought, to light upon a piece of the old golden world, than to tire ourselves, and conclude it unattainable, by too wide and scientific a search. We pretend to see farther than none but the worldly and the malignant. And yet those who see farther, may not all see so well. We do not blind our eyes with looking upon the sun in the heavens. We believe

it to be there, but we find it's light upon earth also ; and we would lead humanity, if we could, out of misery and coldness into the shine of it. Pain might still be there ; must be so, as long as we are mortal ;

For oft we still must weep, since we are human :

but it should be pain for the sake of others, which is noble ; not unnecessary pain inflicted by or upon them, which it is absurd not to remove. The very pains of mankind struggle towards pleasures ; and such pains as are proper for them have this inevitable accompaniment of true humanity,—that they cannot but realize a certain gentleness of enjoyment. Thus the true bearer of pain would come round to us ; and he would not grudge us a share of his burden, though in taking from his trouble it might diminish his pride. Pride is but a bad pleasure at the expense of others. The great object of humanity is to enrich every body. If it is a task destined not to succeed, it is a good one from it's very nature ; and fulfils at least a glad destiny of it's own. To look upon it austere is in reality the reverse of austerity. It is only such an impatience of the want of pleasure as leads us to grudge it in others ; and this impatience itself, if the sufferer knew how to use it, is but another impulse, in the general yearning, towards an equal wealth of enjoyment.

But we shall be getting into other discussions.—The ground-work of all happiness is health. Take care of this ground ; and the doleful imaginations that come to warn us against it's abuse, will avoid it. Take care of this ground, and let as many glad imaginations throng to it as possible. Read the magical works of the poets, and they will come. If you doubt their existence, ask yourself whether you feel pleasure at the idea of them ; whether you are moved into delicious smiles, or tears as delicious. If you are, the result is the same to you, whether they exist or not. It is not mere words to say, that he who goes through a rich man's park, and sees things in it which never bless the mental eyesight of the possessor, is richer than he. He is richer. More results of pleasure come home to him. The ground is actually more fertile to him : the place haunted with finer shapes. He has more servants to come at his call, and administer to him with full hands. Knowledge, sympathy, imagination, are all Divining Rods, with which he discovers treasure. Let a painter go through the grounds, and he will see not only the general colours of green and brown, but all their combination and contrasts, and all the modes in which they might again be combined and contrasted. He will also put figures in the landscape if there are none there, flocks and herds, or a solitary spectator, or Venus lying with her white body among the violets and primroses. Let a musician go through, and he will hear “ differences discreet ” in the notes of the birds and the lapsing of the water-fall. He will fancy a serenade of wind instruments in the open air at the lady's window, with a voice rising through it ; or the horn of the hunter ; or the musical cry of the hounds,

Matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each ;

or a solitary voice in a bower, singing for an expected lover; or the chapel organ, waking up like the fountain of the winds. Let a poet go through the grounds, and he will heighten and increase all these sounds and images. He will bring the colours from heaven, and put an unearthly meaning into the voice. He will have stories of the sylvan inhabitants; will shift the population through infinite varieties; will put a sentiment upon every sight and sound; will be human, romantic, supernatural; will make all nature send tribute into that spot.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

But not to go on quoting lines which are ever in people's mouths like a popular tune, take a passage from the same poet less familiar to one's every-day recollections. It is in his Arcadian Mask, which was performed by some of the Derby family at their seat at Harefield, near Uxbridge. The Genius of the place, meeting the noble shepherds and shepherdesses, accosts them:—

Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphæus, who, by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good;
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I, full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
In ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove:
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;

And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
 To lull the daughters of necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw,
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

"Milton's Genius of the Grove," says Warton, "being a spirit sent from Jove, and commissioned from heaven to exercise a preternatural guardianship over the "saplings tall," to avert every noxious influence, and "to visit every sprout with puissant words, and murmurs made to bless," had the privilege, not indulged to gross mortals, of hearing the celestial Syrens' harmony. This enjoyment," continues the critic, in the spirit of a true reader, luxuriating over a beautiful thought,— "This enjoyment, which is highly imagined, was a relaxation from the duties of his peculiar charge, in the depth of midnight, when the world is locked up in sleep and silence*." The music of the spheres is the old Platonic or Pythagorean doctrine; but it remained for Milton to render it a particular midnight recreation to "purged ears," after the earthly toils of the day. And we partake of it with the Genius. We may say of the Love of Nature, what Shakspeare says of another Love, that it

Adds a precious seeing to the eye.

And we may say also, upon the like principle, that it adds a precious hearing to the ear. This and Imagination, which ever follows upon it, are the two purifiers of our sense, which rescue us from the deafening babble of common cares, and enable us to hear all the affectionate voices of earth and heaven. The starry orbs, lapsing about in their smooth and sparkling dance, sing to us. The brooks talk to us of solitude. The birds are the animal spirits of nature, carolling in the air, like a careless lass.

The gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes; and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils.——————*Paradise Lost*, B. 4.

* If the reader wishes to indulge himself in a volume full of sheer poetry with a pleasant companion, familiar with the finest haunts of the Muses, he cannot do better than get Warton's Edition of the Minor Poems of Milton. The principal notes have been transferred by Mr. Todd to the sixth volume of his own valuable Edition of Milton's Poetical Works; but it is better to have a good thing entire. The two together might be still better; but a work complete now-a-days, in one volume, is—a work complete.

The poets are called creators (*Ποιηται*, Makers), because with their magical words, they bring forth to our eyesight the abundant images and beauties of creation. They put them there, if the reader pleases; and so are literally creators. But whether put there or discovered, whether created or invented, (for invention means nothing but finding out), there they are. If they touch us, they exist to as much purpose as any thing else which touches us. If a passage in King Lear brings the tears into our eyes, it is as real as the touch of a sorrowful hand. If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes; but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure; and the advantage, nay, even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing, but in the ideas we realize, and the pleasure we derive. Intellectual objects therefore, inasmuch as they come home to us, are as true a part of the population of nature, as visible ones; and they are infinitely more abundant. Between the tree of a country clown, and the tree of a Milton or Spenser, what a difference in point of productiveness! Between the plodding of a sexton through a church-yard, and the walk of a Gray, what a difference! What a difference between the Bermudas of a ship-builder, and the Bermoothes of Shakspeare; the isle

Full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not;

the isle of elves and fairies, that chased the tide to and fro on the seashore; of coral-bones, and the knells of sea-nymphs; of spirits dancing on the sands, and singing amidst the hushes of the wind; of Caliban, whose brute nature enchantment had made poetical; of Ariel, who lay in cowslip bells, and rode upon the bat; of Miranda, who wept when she saw Ferdinand work so hard, and begged him to let her help; telling him,

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Such are the discoveries which the poets make for us;—worlds, to which that of Columbus was but a handful of brute matter. It began to be richer for us the other day, when Humboldt came back and told us of it's luxuriant and gigantic vegetation; of the myriads of shooting lights, which revel at evening in the southern sky; and of that grand constellation, at which Dante seems to have made so remarkable a guess. (*Purgatorio*, Cant. 1, v. 22.) The natural warmth of the Mexican and Peruvian genius, set free from despotism, will soon do all the rest for it; awaken the sleeping riches of it's eyesight, and call forth the glad music of it's affections.

To return to our parks or landscapes, and what the poets can make of them. It is not improbable that Milton, by his *Genius of the Grove at Harefield*, covertly intended himself. He had been applied to by the Derbys to write some holiday poetry for them. He puts his consent in the mouth of the *Genius*, whose hand, he says, curls the

ringlets of the grove, and who refreshes himself at midnight with listening to the music of the spheres: that is to say, whose hand confers new beauty on it by it's touch, and who has pleasures in solitude far richer and loftier than those of mere patrician mortals.

See how finely Ben Jonson enlivens his description of Penshurst, the family-seat of the Sydneys; now with the creations of classical mythology, and now with the rural manners of the time.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show;
Or touch, of marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but standst an ancient pile;
And these, grudged at, are revered the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort;
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chesnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the muses met.*
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvan, taken with his flames:
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fawns to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned dear,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends:
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed:
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney copse,
To crown,—thy open table doth provide
The purple pheasant with the speckled side.
* * * * *

Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach,
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach;
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.

Imagination enriches every thing. A great library contains not only books, but

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.—DAVENANT.

* Sir Philip Sydney.

The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of it's dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. It's verdures, it's sheep, it's hedge row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of it's history, and it's literature; it's towers, and rivers; it's art, and jewelry, and foreign wealth; it's multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of it's canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of it's many chariots, heard, at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will consider the suggestion respecting a List of Books; though our Correspondent will see, in our present Number, one reason among others, which must at least prevent us from being in a hurry on the subject.

MOTTOES.—Are the Mottoes in question heraldic ones; or any others already existing?

The Verses of B. and of W. B. W. have their graces and other merits; but we are obliged to be so chary in this Department, that they must think as kindly as they can of our omitting them.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29th, 1820.

HOOLE'S AND FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

By far the best-known translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, is Mr. Hoole's. It has appeared, and still appears, in editions of all sizes; and is gathered as a matter of course into collections of the British Poets. The sole reason of this is, not that Mr. Hoole translated the work, but that his original was Tasso. It is the name of Tasso, solely, that has carried him on from generation to generation, like a corpse attached to the immortal spirit of the Italian, and making it dull with the burden.

The re-publication, in various quarters, of the finer translation by Fairfax, will doubtless help to detach one idea from the other; but as Mr. Hoole's version has also been often reprinted of late, and as Fairfax himself presents some difficulties in the way of popularity, a few observations on the two works may not be useless in furthering the public interests of poetry.

Hoole is a singular example of the popularity which a man may obtain by taking up a great author to translate, with whom he has nothing in common, and merely subserving to the worst taste of the times. Some readers put faith in the imposture from the mere name of the original, some from a deference to the translator's knowledge of Italian, some from the recommendation of any living author who has talent in any thing, some from a real wish to be acquainted with a great poet, some from national self-love, some from indolence of various kinds, many from the habit of acquiescing in any thing after their own fashion, and many more because the rest have done so before them. Yet many of these, with whatever sincerity they have praised the original author, would have thought no higher of him than of some middle writers of their own country, as indeed has frequently been the case; and others, who have undertaken to agree with the lovers of his native language in their enthusiasm about his pathos and dignity, or his vivacity, naivete, &c. would have owned, if they had the courage, what

a dull fellow they could not help thinking him. The rest, who really loved and understood poetry, Italian or English, could only sit still and wonder at all this, preferring, at the risk of being thought foolish or pedantic, the old obsolete translators of Shakspeare's time, when "our language," saith Mr. Hoole, "was in it's rudiments." It was lucky however for this gentleman, that he had the period he wrote in almost all to himself. There was not a single real poet surviving, except Cowper.—Gray, Armstrong, Akenside, Collins, Churchill,—every body was gone who was likely to detect him publicly; and the age, in every respect, was then in the fullness of it's poetical emptiness. The French school was in it's last weedy exuberance. The apprentices and their mistresses, in their pretty transparent Acrostic masks, walked forth by hundreds to meet each other in Poet's Corner in the magazines; and as nobody knew any thing about poetry, except that it had to repeat "ingenious" common-places, to rhyme upon heart, impart, love, prove, &c., and to pause, as Pope did, upon the fourth and fifth syllables, every body could write poetry, and admit it in others: Pope, whose real merits they did not understand after all, was the greatest poet that ever lived; next to him were Goldsmith, and Collins, and Gray, the two latter however very little understood; then, or perhaps before them, was Dr. Johnson, whom our master at school gave us as a poetical model: then came, in their respective circles, though at due distance, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Tomkins, or Mr. Hipkins, who wrote lines on the beautiful Miss Y. of Bristol, or the charming Miss Z. of Fish Street Hill; and nothing was wanting to make such a person as Mr. Hoole a great and popular writer with these gentlemen and ladies, but that he should write a great quantity of verses; which he accordingly did.

That Dr. Johnson should speak a good word for Mr. Hoole, much less write a dedication for him, is not surprising; though what a poet must he be, who goes to another to write a dedication for him! Johnson was in the habit of writing dedications for those who were conscious of not being good turners of a prose paragraph, and who wished to approach the great with a proper one; and Mr. Hoole, it seems, was among these modest persons, though he did not scruple to approach Tasso and Ariosto with his poetry. The dedication, which is to the late Queen, and which expresses a wish that Tasso had lived in a happier time and experienced from the descendants of the House of Este, "a more liberal and potent patronage," is elegant and to the purpose. The good word is a mere word, and very equivocal besides. Johnson, who is now pretty generally understood not to have been so good a critic in poetry as he was strong in general understanding, and justly eminent in some respects, might have been very capable of applauding a translation upon Mr. Hoole's principles; but it is more than to be suspected, that he would have desired a higher order of workmanship out of the manufactory. Hoole was a pitch too low for his admiration, though it appeared he had private qualities sufficient to secure his good wishes; and even those, there is good reason to conclude, could not have prevented a feeling of contempt for a translator of great poets, who could come to him for a dedication.

When Boswell, in one of his maudlin fits of adulation, affected to consider something with Goldsmith's name to it as supplied by the Doctor, the latter could not restrain his scorn; and said, that Goldsmith would no more come to him for a paragraph, than he would to be fed with a pap-spoon. And it is curious to observe, after all, how and in what place Johnson has said his good word for our translator. It is at the end of the *Life of Waller*, and amounts to this coy prophecy;—that Fairfax's work, “after Mr. Hoole's translation, will not-soon be reprinted.”

Mr. Hoole indeed, with superfluous ingenuity, has contrived to let us know, by other means than his translation, how totally unfit he was for the task. He came to it with an ignorance of all real poetry, that of his own country not excepted. After telling us that “Fairfax's version is in stanzas that cannot be read with pleasure by the generality of those who have a taste for English poetry,”—that it is “irksome in such a degree as to surmount curiosity, and more than counterbalance all the beauty of expression and sentiment to be found in that work,”—and that, as a proof of all this, “it appears scarcely to have been read at all,”—he adds, “I do not flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and versification, and even of these the principal recommendation is that they are modern, and better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse, if not our language was in it's rudiments:” that is to say, at the close of our very greatest age both in poetry and prose. So little did Mr. Hoole know what he was about, either in poetry, or the versification of it, that while in the course of his translation he was elaborately doing or undoing something now and then, in order to mingle a little of Dryden with Pope, he forgot, or was not aware, that Dryden himself professed to have learnt part of his versification from Fairfax.

In our first *INDICATOR* we gave a specimen of the way in which a common-place writer would translate Shakspeare, and melt down his fine things into nothings. The reader might take that specimen alone, as giving a full, true, and particular account of the merits of Mr. Hoole as a translator of Tasso. And we will beg him still to keep it in mind, or to refer to it, as saving us the necessity of many extracts; for it is not a pleasant task to dwell upon the demerits of any body. We will just give a comparative specimen or two of the old and modern version of Tasso, and then take our leave of Mr. Hoole, to indulge ourselves with a few more words upon Fairfax and translation.

Edward Fairfax led a life which a brother poet might envy. He was of a distinguished family, the same as that of Fairfax the Parliament General; and having an estate of his own, and the greater estates of leisure and genius, he passed the whole of his days at a seat in the Forest of Knaresborough, in the bosom of his family, and in the cultivation of poetry. He appears to have had all, and more than a poet wants,—tranquillity, a fortune beyond competence, books, rural scenes, and an age that could understand him. He flourished just at the close of that golden period, that height and strong summer-time of

our poetry, when language, wisdom, and imagination were alike at their noblest, and thoughts were poured forth as profusely as words have been since. He was inclined to the music of verse; and the age was full of music, of every species;—he was of a romantic and most probably superstitious turn of mind*; and popular superstitions were still more in favour than during the preceding era;—he had perhaps something of the indolence of a man of fortune; and in the course of his Italian luxuries, he met with a poet, whose tendencies were like his own, and who was great enough to render the task of translation honourable as well as delightful.

He accordingly produced a version of Tasso, which we do not say is equal to the original, or at all exempt from errors which a future translator (always provided he is a poet too) may avoid; but which we nevertheless do not hesitate to pronounce the completest translation, and most like it's original, of any we have ever seen.—We will open our extracts with that famous blast of the trumpet, which has been so echoed in all countries, and which Voltaire quotes to shew what the Italian language can do in the way of grandeur.

Chiama gli abitator de l'ombre eterne
Il ranco suon de la tartarea tromba,
Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba:
Nè sì stridendo mai da le superne
Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba:
Nè sì scossa già mai trema la terra,
Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.

Lib. 4. st. 3.

This is certainly nothing like the “tinsel” which Boileau ventured to talk about; but Mr. Hoole would have made it so if he could. This is his translation. He begins with making the trumpet convene the devils. It is Pluto at Home,—or sending a court circular.

The trumpet now with hoarse resounding breath
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death;
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around;
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;
Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth.

HOOLE, Book. 4, v. 17.

Fairfax, though he translates the concluding couplet rather from Virgil than Tasso, lets loose a spirit worthy of both poets. Observe the fine taste with which he has managed to preserve the double rhymes, that make the original so resounding.

The drearie trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
And rombled through the lands and kingdomes under,
Through wastness wide it roar'd, and hollowes vast,
And fill'd the deepe with horror, feare, and wonder;

* He wrote a treatise on Dæmonology, which was founded on “occurrences in his own family,” and is still somewhere in MS. If King James knew this, it must have been an additional incitement to his patronage of the Jerusalem, the second edition of which was printed at his desire.

Not halfe so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
That fall from skies with stormes of haile and thunder;
Nor half so lowd the whistling winds doe sing,
Broke from the earthen prisons of their king.

FAIRFAX, B. 4. st. 3.

We must not, however, take up our room with the original Italian. The next passage we shall quote is a celebrated one also, of a different description,—that of the angel descending on Mount Lebanon;—but it is all the same to Mr. Hoole.

Refulgent rays his beauteous locks enfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edg'd with gold:
With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea.
Thus stood the angelic power prepared for flight,
Then instant darted from th' empyreal height;
Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
There closed his plumes, and made his first descent.

HOOLE, B. I. v. 107.

This closing couplet is a sad misrepresentation of the original, where the angel is described, on his first touch of the mountain, as balancing himself on his wings. When Mr. Hoole takes leaves of his author, it is for want of strength to accompany him; when Fairfax does it, it is to lead you into some beautiful corner of his own fancy. It is thus he renders the passage:

Of silver wings he tooke a shining paire,
Fringed with gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the windes, the clouds, the aire,
And over seas and earth himselfe doth lift:
Thus clad he cut the speares and circles faire,
And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift.
On Libanon at first his foot he set,
And shooke his wings with roarie May-dewes wet.

FAIRFAX, B. I. st. 14.

The most striking part of the beautiful choral stanza describing the chaunting of the army is totally omitted in Hoole's version. We suppose he thought the remainder sufficient, and so indeed his reader will think.

So pass the tuneful band with cadence sweet,
The hollo w vales the lengthened notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.

HOOLE, B. II. v. 77.

Hither the armies went, and chanted shrill,
That all the deepe and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves on every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around;
It seem'd some quire (that sung with art and skill)
Dwelt on those savage dennes and shadie ground;
For oft resounded from the banks they heare
The name of Christ and of his mother deare.

FAIRFAX, B. II. st. 11.

Another specimen of Mr. Hoole, and we have done with him. It is his close of the bird's song in book the sixteenth.

He ceas'd; th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.

Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill,
 The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
 The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield
 And all the leafy tenants of the field.
 The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
 All seem impregnate with the seeds of love.

Here is not the faintest resemblance of the intense though airy voluptuousness of the original. The conclusion in particular is no more like it, than a nursery-man's ledger is like the scent of his roses. But now hear Fairfax.

He ceast; and as approving all he spoke,
 The quire of birds their heavenly tunes renew;
 The turtles sighed, and sighs with kisses broke;
 The fowles to shades unseene, by paires, withdrew;
 It seem'd the laurel chaste and stubborne oak,
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
 It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
 All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love.

FAIRFAX, B. 16. st. 16.

This is even superior, we think, to the original. It is the *quinta pars nectaris*, and makes the senses swim aside on their own faintness. It is like the perfection of a chrystal summer's day, made a little languid with noon, and seeming to have a sparkling and airy consciousness about it that vents itself in odorous whispers.

The reader will observe in the foregoing specimens of Hoole, how a bad translator takes refuge from the real feelings of his author in vagueness and cant phrases. As he has no feeling of his own, he resorts, when any thing is mentioned, not to the thing itself, but to the terms in which it has been mentioned by the writers with whom he is most familiar. He does not translate his author's thoughts, but his words; or rather, he attempts only to do even that; for on that very account, he does neither. To feel either properly, is to feel both.

We are greatly tempted to make many more extracts from Fairfax; but we must restrain ourselves. In further illustration of what we have said about the lines which he has inserted of his own, or altered to his own ideas, and the sympathy which he still keeps up with his author's feelings, we will just refer to his calling Armida, when she sets off, (4. v. 27.) the Syrians' "night-ambling dame,"—to the two lines (2. v. 26.) in which he calls Sophronia in the hands of the malefactors a "dumb" and "silver dove;"—to the neighing of the horses, and clattering of arms, (1. v. 73.) which, he says,

Pursue the echo over dale and downe;

to the description of Armida (4. v. 29.) in which, with a little overmixture of conceit, yet beautiful, he tells us,

The marble goddesse, set at Gnidus naked,
 She seem'd, were she uncloath'd, or that awaked;—

and to the issuing forth of the devils (4. v. 18.) which as the stanza is almost entirely his own as well as a fine one, and crowded with his favourite love of daemonology, we shall quote entire:—

Before his words the tyrant ended had,
 The lesser devils arose with gastle rore,
 And thronged foorth about the world to gad;
 Each land they filled, river, streame, and shore;
 The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
 Ranged in flowrie dales and mountains hore;
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,
 Between the solid earth and walkin flit.

The faults of Fairfax are partly his own, and partly those of the period then commencing. They consist in too great a license of inversion; occasional crampness and obscurity; an over tendency to contrast; and in a singular fondness for occupying a line here and there either with epithets almost synonymous, or with a marked detail of nouns, which close his stanza like palisadoes; as for instance,

The soil was gentle, smooth, soft, delicate—
 With pitie, sadness, griefe, compassion, feare—

Yet we are not sure, whether this kind of repetition does not fall in sometimes with a certain gentle and continuous beauty. It is clear, at any rate, that the Italians, from a feeling of that sort, gave rise to it themselves, though Fairfax has carried it to an excess. Petrarch and his followers sometimes heap a line with descriptive nouns or adjectives; and that delightful wild fellow Pulci seems to take a pleasure even in repeating a multitude of notes of interrogation, and beginning a whole stanza or more with the same word. The over-tendency to contrast may also be traced to the Italians, especially as Marino was now becoming admired in England, and every body had not strength to resist his crowding syrens like Milton. The other faults are perhaps owing to Fairfax's having chosen to abide by the stanza of the original; for not being so great a master of his native language as Spenser, who with his additional line seemed to defy difficulty in this respect, and too often to no purpose, he hampered himself with the great recurrence of rhymes, which suits Italian much better than English. He was also, though by no means the literal translator which Hume has made him, naturally anxious in general to get the sense of his original into the same compass, which hampered him farther; and the result of all this, joined no doubt to a natural inferiority in his own genius, however true a one, is, that he is not equal to his original in the easier part of his majesty,—in his clearness, which is like that of an Italian atmosphere,—and in a certain virgin sweetness, "*casta melodia soave*;"—in short, he is inferior, generally speaking, in simplicity.

But, on the other hand, he has great beauties. If he roughened the music of Tasso a little, he still kept it music, and beautiful music;—some of his stanzas indeed give the sweetness of the original with the still softer sweetness of an echo; and he blew into the rest some noble organ-like notes, which perhaps the original is too deficient in. He can be also quite as stately and solemn in feeling;—he is as fervid in his devotion, as earnest and full of ghastly apprehension in his supernatural agency, as wrapt up in leafiness in his sylvan haunts, as luxuriant and alive to tangible shapes in his voluptuousness. He feels the

elements and varieties of his nature, like a true poet; and his translation has consequently this special mark of all true poetry, translated or original,—that when the circumstances in the story or description alter, it gives us a proper and pervading sense of the alteration. The surfaces are not all coloured alike, as in a bad and monotonous picture. We have no silken armour, as in Pope's eternal enamel; nor iron silks, as in Chapman (who is perhaps the only other various translator nevertheless); nor an everlasting taste of chips instead of succulence, as in the Ariosto of Harrington.

We repeat, however, that the reader must not expect a perfect version in Fairfax, much less at the outset. Tasso himself, in our opinion, does not well warm you into his work till after several books; but set out resolutely with him or his translator, or with both, get past some cold looking places, and scratch through a few of Fairfax's roughnesses and obscurities, and you come upon a noble territory, full of the romantic and the sweet, of stately and of lovely shapes, of woods, waters, and sunny pleasures,—with drearier seclusions apart, and fields of sonorous battle. We do not wonder that Collins was fond of this author and his translator, since Johnson has told us, in that piece of prose music of his, that “he loved fairies, genii, and monsters,”—that “he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the waterfalls of Elysium.” Collins has given Fairfax a high and proud eulogy in his ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.—Speaking of Tasso, he says,

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung,
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung:—

And then he goes on in a strain of softness and luxury, that seem irritated from the countryman he is praising. Yet Collins, be it observed, was an accomplished scholar, and quite conversant with the merits of the original. Indeed that was one great cause of his eulogy. Waller, who appears to have known Italian, and Dryden who undoubtedly did so, were both great admirers of Fairfax. Waller professed to have “derived the harmony of his numbers” from him; and so did Dryden, if a reported speech of his to the Duke of Buckingham is to be taken for granted. He gives him high praise at any rate, and joins him with Spenser as “great masters in our language.” But his greatest title to regard on the score of authority comes from Milton, who when he borrowed from Tasso, took care to look at Fairfax also, and to add now and then something from him by the way.

The Editor will be happy to take up both of the subjects mentioned by J. C. He had already intended to write upon the latter; and the other will fall in excellently with the spirit of his little work.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye :
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXVI.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5th, 1820.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, on which they pour, would be the worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul,—the dry misery, which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds

of affliction,—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing, at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what it's tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from it's only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of it's mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one, which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain, (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, any thing about abilities or otherwise) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours at all

times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other; to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far indeed from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish; if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains, without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children,—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself,—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every body must lose one of his children, in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived, what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons, who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea*. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

* "I sighed," says old Captain Bolton, "when I envied you the two bonnie children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own."—*Monastery*, Vol. III. p. 341.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy ; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, " of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the " knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

ANOMALIES OF SHAPE. THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME.

It is not one of the least instances of the force of habit, to see how poetry and mythology can reconcile us to shapes, or rather combinations of shape, unlike any thing in nature. The dog-headed deities of the Egyptians were doubtless not so monstrous in their eyes, as in ours. The Centaurs of the Greeks, as we shall see presently, could be imagined possessing beauty enough for a sort of human love-story : and our imaginations find nothing at all monstrous in the idea of an angel, though it partakes of the nature of the bird. The angel, it is true, is the least departure from humanity. It's wings are not an alteration of the human shape, but an addition to it. Yet, leaving a more awful wonder out of the question, we should be startled to find pinions growing out of the shoulder-blades of a child ; and we should wait with anxiety to see of what nature the pinions were, till we became reconciled to them. If they turned out to be ribbed and webbed like those of the imaginary dragon, conceive the horror. If, on the other hand, they became feathers, and tapered off like those of a gigantic bird, comprising also grace and splendour as well as the power of flight, we can easily fancy ourselves reconciled to them. And yet again ; on the other hand, the Flying Women, described in the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, do not shock us, though their wings partake of the ribbed and webbed nature, and not at all of the feathered. We admire Peter's gentle and beautiful bride, notwithstanding the phenomenon of the Graundee, it's light whalebone-like intersections, and it's power of dropping about her like drapery. It even becomes a matter of pleasant curiosity. We find it not at all in the way. We can readily apprehend the delight he felt at possessing a creature so kind and sensitive ; and can sympathize with him in the happiness of that bridal evening, equally removed from prudery and grossness, which he describes with a mixture of sentiment and voluptuousness beyond all the bridals we ever read,

To imagine any thing like a sympathy of this kind, it is of course necessary that the difference of form should consist in addition, and not in alteration. But the un-angel-like texture of the flying apparatus of fair Youwarkee (such, if we remember, is her name) helps to shew us the main reason why we are able to receive pleasure from the histories of creatures only half-human. The habit of reading prevents the first shock; but we are reconciled in proportion to their possession of what we are pleased to call human qualities. Kindness is the great elevator. The Centaurs may have killed all the Lapithæ, and shewn considerable generalship to boot, without reconciling us to the brute part of them; but the brutality melts away before the story of their two lovers in Ovid. Drunkenness and rapine make beasts of them;—sentiment makes human beings. Polyphemus in Homer is a shocking monster, not because he has only one eye, but because he murders and eats our fellow-creatures. But in Theocritus, where he is Galatea's lover, and sits hopelessly lamenting his passion, we only pity him. His deformity even increases our pity. We blink the question of beauty, and become one-eyed for his sake. Nature seems to do him an injustice in gifting him with sympathies so human, and at the same time preventing them from being answered: and we feel impatient with the all-beautiful Galatea, if we think she ever shewed him scorn as well as unwillingness. We insist upon her avoiding him with the greatest possible respect.

These fictions of the poets therefore, besides the mere excitement which they give the imagination, assist remotely to break the averseness and uncharitableness of human pride. And they may blunt the point of some fancies that are apt to come upon melancholy minds. When Sir Thomas Brown, in the infinite range of his metaphysical optics, turned his glass, as he no doubt often did, towards the inhabitants of other worlds, the stories of angels and Centaurs would help his imaginative good nature to a more willing conception of creatures in other planets unlike those on earth; to other "lords of creation;" and other, and perhaps nobler humanities, nobler in spirit, though differing in form. If indeed there can be any thing in the starry endlessness of existence, nobler than what we can conceive of love and generosity.

But to our story. Ovid, in one of the finest parts of his Metamorphoses, has recounted the famous battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Our countrymen have the happiness of possessing, in another shape, another fine poem on the same subject; we mean the divine sculptures of Phidias.* But Ovid is as powerful in his way, as the

* We never observed till the other day, that in these Marbles the Centaurs are no taller than the Lapithæ. Upon thinking of the matter, we believe it is also the same in most engravings, where Centaurs are introduced; certainly in some old ones. We are to imagine of course, not that the Centaurs were of the same height as men of "this degenerate age," and ran about with Welch ponies behind them, but that they and the Lapithæ were of gigantic stature, and the horse-part as large as the finest of our modern steeds. An awkward difficulty seems still to remain; since the horse, however large, must be comparatively small to a horse fit for a

English reader may see in the versions of Dryden and Sandys. Phidias has relieved the ferocity of his story with some exquisite figures of women. One in particular, who seems fainting, is the very gentle essence of womanhood personified. Ovid, more exuberant, though not more touching in his imagination, has carried the refinement farther; and contradicting, or rather varying, with a solitary and striking exception, the general character given of Centaurs, has introduced two of them as lovers, remarkable for their gentleness and beauty, and dying side by side. The story is, that Pirithous having invited "the half-horsie people" to his wedding-feast, when he married Hippodamia, one of them was so inflamed with the beauty of the bride, that he started up in the midst of the drinking and carousing, and attempted to carry her off. Theseus, the friend of Pirithous, seized a great antique goblet, craggy with sculpture, and dashed his face to shatters with it, so that he died. The other Centaurs, seeing their brother killed, grew frantic with revenge; and a tremendous battle ensued. The whole account fills the ear and the imagination, like an enormous uproar. It is a gigantic hubbub, full of huge fists, hoofs, weapons, and flying furniture, chandeliers torn down, and tables snatched up, shrieks of females, and roarings and trappings of men and half-men. One of the Lapithæ makes nothing of rending away a door-post that would load a waggon: and a Centaur tears up an altar with fire upon it, and sends it blazing among the enemy. The different modes in which the deaths are inflicted are as various any in Homer; and the poet, with admirable propriety, has given his battle all the additional interest, which the novelty of the figures engaged in it could suggest.

The episode of the two lovers comes out of all this hideous turbulence, like the dropping of rain from the eaves after a thunder-storm. If we are asked why we translate it after Dryden and Sandys, it will be sufficient to answer that it gave us some pleasant moments to do so; and that we would rather, on these occasions, furnish something original to the reader than translated. But our readers and we are not quarrelsome parties. With regard to the measure, we have chosen it as the most capable of expressing the alternate laxity and compression, for which Ovid's style is remarkable. We found the heroic couplet hamper us, tending either to too great length or the reverse of it. With the old ballad measure before us, one may do as one pleases; and there is something in it that suits the simplicity of the affections.

Nor could thy beauty, Cyllarus,
Protect thee in the fray;
If we may speak of shapes like thine
After a human way.

Lapithite to ride. But the reader is to suppose, that there were no horses in those days to provoke the comparison. The notion of the "half-horsie" people (as Spenser, in a true spirit of poetical composition, ventures to call them), originated in the wonder with which men on horse-back were first regarded. When the Mexicans first beheld Cortes and his cavalry, they were struck with the same idea.

His beard was in the flowery bud
Touched, like his hair, with gold;
And down beneath his shoulder blades
His tresses ran and rolled.

An earnest cheer was in his look;
And every human part,
His neck, his shoulders, hands, and breast,
Matched with the proudest art.

Such was his look and shape, to where
The netlier form began;
Nor where he put the courser on,
Dishonoured he the man.

Ev'n Castor might have ridden him,
But for his double make;
So built with muscle was his chest,
So rideable his back.

And blacker was his noble hue
Than is the pitchy night;
Only a snowy tail and feet
Finished his look with light.

Many fair creatures of his kind
Besought his love; but he
Was borne away by only one,
The sole Hylonome.

No gentle woman-hearted thing
Of all the half-human race,
Carried about the shady woods
A more becoming grace.

With pretty natural blandishments,
And loving, and at last
Owning her love with rosy talk,
She bound the conqueror fast.

Her limbs, as much as in her lay,
She kept adorned with care,
And took especial pride to sleek
Her lightsome locks of hair.

With rosemary she wreathed them now,
With violets and the rose;
And now betwixt their glossy black,
Sparkled the lily snows.

No vest but of the choicest skin,
And suiting her, she wore,
About her shoulder crossing round
Beside her and before.

And twice a day, in lapsing wells
That from the woods came down,
She bathed her face; and twice a day,
She bathed from sole to crown.

Equal alike the beauty was,
Equal the love in either;
They roamed the mountains hand in hand,
And sheltered close together.

And thus did they attend that day
The Lapithean bride;
Thus came together, and thus fought,
Together, side by side.

A javelin from an unknown hand
Came with too sure a dart,
And pierced in thee, poor Cyllarus,
Right to the very heart.

He drew the bitter weapon out,
And shuddering all over,
Fell against pale Hylonome,
Whose arms received her lover.

And with her hand she nursed the wound,
Of which he fast was dying,
And hurried mouth to mouth, and tried
To stop his soul from flying.

But when she found it all in vain,
And that her lord was dead,
She uttered something which the noise
Deafened about her head;

And falling with her wedded heart
On what had murdered his,
Gathered him blindly in her arms,
And smiled a dying kiss.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXVII.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th, 1820.

THE ADVENTURES OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

CEPHALUS, the son of Deioneus, king of Thessaly, married Procris, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. They bound each other by a vow never to love any one else. Cephalus, who was fond of hunting, suffered the wood-nymphs to be charming to no purpose; and Procris, waiting his return every day from the chase, scarcely had a civil answer for the most agreeable of the Wood-Gods.

Their security in each others exclusive attachment was increased, if possible, by a passion which was conceived for Cephalus by Aurora, the Goddess of Morning. To think that the beaming eyes and rosy blushes of so charming a deity were upon him every morning to no purpose, was a high exaltation to the proud confidence which each reposed in the other. Procris, whom the very particular vow which they had entered into had begun to render a little too apt to be jealous, concluded that if he could deny a goddess, she need have no fear of the nymphs. All that disturbed her was lest Aurora should grow angry. Cephalus, on the other hand, whatever airs he might occasionally give himself on the strength of his fidelity, held it to be utterly impossible, that his wife should for a moment forget the rejecter of a divinity.

Aurora however was not angry. She was too much in love. Cephalus began to feel a softer pride when he found that she still loved him secretly, and that she did all in her power to gratify him. The dawns in Thessaly had never been known to be so fine. Rosy little clouds, floating in yellow light, were sure to usher in the day, whatever it might turn out at noon. He had but to wish for more air, and it came streaming upon his face. Did he want light in a gloomy depth of the forest? Beams thrilled through the twisted thickets, and made the hunters start to see their faces so plainly. Some said, that a divine countenance was to be seen at these times, passing on the other side of the trees, and looking through. It is certain, that when Cephalus had lain down towards noon to rest himself in a solitary place, he would see, as he woke, a nymph suddenly departing from the spot, whose hair shook out a kind of sunshine. He knew that this was Aurora, and could not help being touched by so delicate an affection.

By degrees, Cephalus began to think that Procris might spare a little of so great a love ; and as these wicked thoughts stole upon him, he found Aurora steal nearer. She came closer to him, as he pretended to sleep ; and loitered more in going away. At length they conversed again ; and the argument, which was uppermost in both their minds, soon got more and more explicit. We are bound to believe that a goddess could reason more divinely on the subject ; but it must not be concealed, that the argument which made the greatest impression on Cephalus, was one, which has since been much in fashion, though we cannot say a great deal for it. All defences of love should proceed upon the kindest grounds, or on none. The moment it refers to any thing like retaliation, or even to a justice which hazards such feelings, it is trenching on the monstrous territory of hate. Be this however as it may, Aurora, one morning, did certainly condescend to finish a conversation with saying, that she would not look to have her love returned, unless Procris should first be found unfaithful.

The husband, in whose mind this suggestion seemed to awaken all his exclusive tenderness for his wife, readily accepted the alternative. But how was Procris to be tried ? Aurora soon found an expedient. She changed the appearance of Cephalus to that of a young Phœnician merchant ; filled his pockets with gold and jewels ; hung the rarest gems from Ormus and the Red Sea in his turban ; and seating him in a Sidonian car, drawn by white fawns, with a peacock standing beside him on the edge, sent him to offer all these bribes to Procris for her love. Cephalus turned a little pale at sight of the fawns ; but his colour and even his gaiety returned in a minute ; and taking a respectful farewell of the Goddess, he shook the reins, and set off down the grassy valley that led to his home.

The fawns, with a yearning yet easy swiftness, wound along down the sides of the hill. Their snowy figures flashed in and out of the trees ; the peacock's tail trailed along the air ; the jewels sparkled in the stranger's turban. Procris, looking out of the window for her husband, wondered what illustrious unknown was coming. He is evidently coming towards her abode. It is the only one in the valley. He arrives, and making a respectful obeisance, alights and enters. He makes no request for admittance, but yet no fault is to be found with his easy gravity. He says indeed that he could not but come in, whether he would or no, for the fame of Procris's beauty and sweetness had reached him in Phœnicia ; and as his father's great riches allowed him to travel at his leisure, he had brought a few trifles,—not as a return for the few hours' hospitality which he should presume upon ;—by no means ;—but solely as he had not wit or attraction enough of his own, to leave any other memorial of his visit and homage. All this was somewhat too elaborate for the people in those days ; but Cephalus, in his confidence, had become a little over-ingenious ; and when he had done speaking, and had presented his splendid credentials, Procris thought that the accomplished stranger undervalued himself. A little obstacle presented itself. On giving her the peacock, the handsome stranger stooped his face with an air of confident but respectful pleasure, and was about to kiss her. “How is this ?” said

Procris. "We always do so in Phœnicia," said he, "when presents are received;" and without more ado, he kissed her in a sort of formal and cabalistic manner, first on one cheek, then on the other, and lastly on the forehead. Procris submitted, purely because she did not know how to object to a Phœnician custom. But on his presenting a casket full of gold, she demurred. He seemed to take no notice of this, but stooped as before, and kissed her, not only on the cheeks and forehead, but on the lips. Procris blushed, and looked displeased. "We always do so in Phœnicia;" said he, in a tone, as if all offence must be done away by that explanation. Another casket succeeded, full of jewels, and much more precious than the last. Procris wondered whether any additional ceremony was to take place in return, and was about to decline the third present in some alarm, when the stranger, with as brief an indifference of voice as his gallantry could assume, observed, that all that was to be done for the third gift, was to have the kiss returned,—slightly, it was true; but still returned:—it was always the way in Phœnicia. And he had scarcely spoken the word when he stooped as before, and kissed her. Procris would sincerely have objected to returning the salute; but as she said afterwards, she really had not time to consider. Besides, she persuaded herself that she felt relieved at thinking the casket was to be the last present; and so,—giving a short glance at the window,—the kiss was returned. A very odd, and not comfortable expression passed over the face of the stranger, but very quickly. The only reason that Procris could conceive why he should look so, was, that the salute might have been too slight. "He is very generous, I own," thought she; "but these Phœnicians are strange people." The stranger had now a totally different air. It was that of an excessive gaiety, in which respect was nevertheless strongly mingled. "Having honoured me so far with your acquaintance," said he, "nothing remains but to close our Phœnician ceremonies of introduction with this trifle from the Red Sea." So saying, he took a most magnificent ruby from the front of his turban, and hitched it on the collar of her vest. "The hook," said he, "is of Phœnician chrystal." Procris's ears fairly tingled with the word Phœnician. She was bewildered; the ceremonies were indeed about to close; and this word somewhat relieved her; but she was going to demur in a more peremptory manner, when he said that all that was to be done on this final occasion was just to embrace him—slightly—in a sisterly way;—"It is not always done," said he:—"the Tyre people, for instance, do not do it; but the Sidonians do; and generally speaking, it is the closing custom in Phœnici—"—and the final syllable was lost in a new kiss, against which she found it out of her power to remonstrate. In giving her at the same time a brief but affectionate embrace, he contrived to bring her arms about himself. He then bowed in the most respectful and grateful manner imaginable, and handed her to a seat.

Procris, with whom the ice had been thus broken, and who already thought herself half faithless to the strictness of her vow, scarcely knew whether to feel more angry at the warmth, or piqued at the ceremonious indifference, of the stranger. A sense however of gra-

tified pride, and of his extraordinary generosity, was the uppermost feeling in her mind; and this led her to be piqued rather than angry. Luckily, she bethought herself of offering him the hospitality of the house, which helped to divert her confusion. The milk and fruit were brought out; and he tasted them, more, it seemed, out of politeness, than for want of refreshment. Procris cast her eyes, first up the hill, and then at the fawns. She wondered whether the fawns and car would follow the other presents; but upon the whole concluded they would not, unless the traveller meant to stop, which was impossible; at least in that house. She made up her mind therefore to be very angry in case he should offer the fawns; when he interrupted any farther reflections. "Those fawns," said he, "came into my possession in a remarkable manner. They are fatal." "Fatal?" echoed Procris. "Not in a bad sense," returned the stranger, smiling: "I am destined to present them to some fair one, (I know not who she is), who shall honour me with the privileges of a husband, and who is to be fairer than the Goddess that gave them me." "A strange impossible condition," said Procris; "but who, pray was the Goddess?"—"Aurora."—The beautiful wife of Cephalus smiled victoriously at the mention of that name. She had already triumphed over the divinity, and thought that this new test of superiority was scarcely necessary. The Phœnician, upon seeing her turn of countenance, added significantly; "I saw her just now, and must confess that it will take something very extraordinary to surpass her; but I do not conceive it actually impossible." Procris longed to tell him of Aurora's unsuccessful passion for Cephalus. She asked how long it was, since he had seen the Goddess. "I saw her but now," said the stranger: "she was conversing in the forest here." "Do you know with whom?" asked Procris. "Oh yes; it was your husband: and this reminds me, that he told me to beg you not to be alarmed, but he should not return till night-fall." "Not till night-fall?" half murmured and half enquired the fair conqueror of Aurora.—Now this was wrong in Cephalus. He was led into the mention of his interview with Aurora by it's being actually the case; but he need not have gone so far with the lesson she had taught him. We blush to say that it succeeded but too well. There is no necessity to pursue the detail farther. Towards night-fall Procris gave anxious looks up the hill, and hoped (which was kind of her) that her husband might receive great pleasure from the present she intended to make him of the fawns. "I think he is coming down the hill," said she. "No," said the stranger. "How can you tell," returned Procris, "with your face turned from the window?" "Look at me," replied he, "and you will know." Procris turned quickly, and looked him in the face. It was Cephalus himself. Astonishment, fear, shame, and a sense of the triumphant artifice of the Goddess, fell upon her at once. She uttered a loud shriek; and tearing her vest from her husband's grasp, darted off into the woods.

Cephalus, in his chariot of fawns, sought her a hundred ways in vain. He was at once angry and sorry: and Aurora found that her artifice had been of no use. She hoped however that time, and the

absence of his wife, would mollify him ; and in the meanwhile, seeing how sullenly he turned aside whenever she ventured to become manifest, she tried to humble him a little. His skill became less super-eminent in the chace. Other dogs ran faster than his ; and other lances took truer aim. The gloom of the forest was still enlightened for him, because she did not wish to let him know how she was trying him ; but the name of Cephalus suffered in it's reputation. People began to say that Phalerus was as good as he.

He was sitting at home one evening in a melancholy manner, after an unsuccessful day's sport, when a beautiful female with a dog appeared at the door, and begged permission to rest herself. The faintness of her voice interested our suffering huntsman. He brought her in with great kindness, set refreshments before her, and could not help gazing with admiration on her lovely face, which covered with blushes, looked with a particularly melancholy expression on the fruits and the bowls of cream. He thought he distressed her, and began playing in a negligent manner with the dog. The animal, at a slight snap of his fingers, darted up on his legs like lightning, and stood panting and looking eagerly towards the door. Cephalus had the finest dogs in Thessaly, yet he doubted whether this was not finer than any of them. He looked at the female, and now saw that she was buskined up like a nymph of the chace. "The truth flashes upon me," thought he ; "this is a fugitive nymph of Diana. Her buskins and her blushes tell her whole story." The fair stranger seemed first oppressed, and then relieved by his gaze. "You guess," said she, "but too well, I fear, what has put me upon your kind hospitality. But the other sex, especially where they are of the best natures, will be too kind to betray me. I have indeed fled from the company of Diana, having been first left myself by a River-God, who"—She blushed, and was silent. "And this dog?" enquired Cephalus, after reassuring her. "It was my favourite dog in the chace," said she ; "now my faithful companion in flight. Poor Lailaps !" And the dog, forgetting his vivacity in an instant, came and lay at his mistress's feet, as if he would have wound about them. They were very beautiful feet. "The River-God doubtless admired them," thought Cephalus. But there was a something in her face more touching than all the shapeliness in the world. It was a mixture of the pensive and the pleasurable, which seemed to say that if she had no cause for trouble, she would have been all tender vivacity. "And whither are you going, fairest?" asked Cephalus. "To Cyprus."—"To the temple of Venus?"—"To the temple of Venus:" replied the beautiful stranger, dropping her words and face as she spoke. "I have made a new vow, which—a new vow." And blushing more deeply, she was again silent.—"Which she shall be able to keep better than the last," thought Cephalus. She sat in a simple posture, her back gently bending, her knees together, her rosy face and languid eyes looking down sideways between her dark heavy curls. She moved the fingers of her right hand towards the dog, as if snapping them ; but it was done faintly, and evidently only to do something. Cephalus thought she had a look of Procris ; and he did not pity her the less for that. "But wha

are you to do with this dog?" This, it seemed, was a very perplexing question. It was a long time before Cephalus could get an answer; but he was so kind and importunate, and really, with all his love of hunting, appeared to be so much more interested in the nymph than her companion, that at length he did obtain a sort of understanding on the subject. It was necessary to make a renouncement of something highly valued by the possessor, before a new devotee could enter on the service of Venus. The renouncement was to be made to one of the other sex; and Cephalus, partly out of curiosity, partly out of vanity, partly out of self-interest, and not a little out of an interest of a better sort, contrived to discover, that it would be made, with no prodigious unwillingness, to himself. "Lailaps," said he. The dog started towards him, as if he knew his future master. The lady gave a gentle laugh, and seemed much happier. The supper, that evening, was upon a much easier footing than the luncheon. The next morning, on waking, Cephalus, saw the face of Procris hanging over him. He would have been more astonished had he not remembered his own transformation. But he was nevertheless quite enough so. Procris shook her head at him archly; then kissed him kindly; then burst into tears; then declared herself happy and forgiving, as well as forgiven; and neither of them ever passed a happier day in their lives.

Procris's account of herself was partly true. Our informant* does not account for a proceeding which certainly requires some explanation; but she had really gone to the haunts of Diana, whose reception of her, though a huntress, was what might have been expected. She begged her, in very explicit terms, to withdraw. Procris, however, though she could obtain no sympathy purely on her own account, contrived to waken an interest in the bosom of the divine virgin by telling her of the trick played by Cephalus and Aurora. This she thought abominable. She therefore wrought a counter-change in the appearance of Procris; and giving her a hound out of her own pack, sent her to practise artifice for artifice. She regretted afterwards the having consented to interfere at all in such matters; but the impulse had engaged her to commit herself; and she was too proud and stately to recall what she had done. Procris told all to her husband; and the goddess was little aware how they enjoyed the kind result of her anger, at the expense of her dignity.

It is on record, that our married couple were never so fond of each other, or so contented, as now. Procris, in the gratitude of her joy, was not disposed even to quarrel with Aurora, whom her husband no doubt saw occasionally. But it is not known whether he was kinder to her than before. Procris was inclined to think not, as he said nothing about it; so certain she had become of his confidence. As to Cephalus, the praises of his wife by his fellow-huntsmen gave him great pleasure, now that he was sure of her loving him unrestrictedly.

What a pity that such a happy state of things was not to last! But Procris had early been taught jealousy. She had even identified it

* Hyginus Fabularum Liber. Cap. 189.

with a virtue; and by degrees, as little fits of ill temper were exchanged, and she began to think less kindly of herself, she began to be uneasy about others. Unfortunately for this return of her complaint, a little anxious busy-body, whom she had been accustomed to treat with contemptuous indifference, perhaps to shew it too much, came and said to her one day, that as she knew she should not be mortifying her with such petty matters, she might tell her, as a piece of news, that Cephalus was passionately and notoriously in love with a beautiful nymph of the name of Aura. "Aurora, you mean," said Procris, scornfully. "No, no," said the little snappish voice; "Aura, Aura:—I know it well enough; all Athens knows it, or else I should not have repeated it. I am no tale-bearer; but I hate to see a man pretending to be what he is not." "Cephalus pretends nothing," said Procris. "Oh—of course," said the gossip; "and mighty useful it is to him no doubt, to be so wanting in pretence. But my maxim is, Be decent enough, at least, to appear virtuous." "Yes," thought Procris, "and your whole life would be an exemplification of it, if you could hold your tongue." But the blow was struck. She despised the scandal, while she became it's victim.

Procris, who was on a visit with Cephalus to her father, had heard of a spot, in which he reposed himself every day after the chase. Here, it was added, the lady as regularly met him. He was even so impatient for her sight, that if she delayed a minute beyond the usual time, he called upon her aloud, in the fondest manner. "Come, come, sweet Aura," said he, "and cool this glow in my bosom."

Now his delight in the new spot, and the invocation also, were both very true; only the informant forget to mention, and Procris to remember, that although Aura was the name of a female, it also signified the fresh air.

One day, Cephalus went as usual into his favourite haunt, to enjoy it's freshness, verdure, and seclusion. The place has been very prettily described by Ovid.

Est prope purpureos colles florentis Hymetti
 Fons sacer, et viridi cespite mollis humus.
 Sylva nemus non alta facit: tegit arbutus herbam:
 Ros maris, et lauri, nigraque myrtus olent.
 Nec densæ foliis buxi, fragilesque myricæ,
 Nec tenues cytisi, cultaque pinus abest,
 Lenibus impulsæ Zephyris, auraque salubri,
 Tot generum frondes, herbaque summa tremunt.
Art. Amat. Lib. III. v. 687.

Close by the flowery purple hill
 Hymettus, may be found
 A sacred fountain, and a plot
 Of green and lovely ground.

'Tis in a copse. The strawberry
 Grows blushing through the grass;
 And myrtle, rosemary, and bay
 Quite perfume all the place.

Nor is the tamarisk wanting there;
 Nor clumps of leafy box;
 Nor slender cytissus; nor yet
 The pine with it's proud locks.

Touched by the zephyrs and sweet airs,
Which there in balm assemble,
This little world of leaves, and all
The tops of the grass tremble.

Cephalus lay upon a slope of the velvet ground, his hands behind his head, and his face towards the balmy heaven. He little thought that Procris was near. She was lurking close to him behind some box-trees. She listened. There was not a sound, but that of the fountain, the noise of whose splashes was softened by the trees that half encircled it. She listened again, thinking she heard her husband speak. It was only the fervid bees, buzzing along from Hymettus, and murmuring as if disdainfully in her ear. A variety of feelings agitate her. Now she is sorry that she came, and would have given any thing to be back again. Now she longs to know who her rival is. Now she is sorry again, and feels that her conduct is unworthy, let her husband's be what it may. Now she reassures herself, and thinks that he should have at least been ingenuous. Jealousy and curiosity prevail, and she still looks and listens. The air seems more than usually quiet; and the bees worry her with their officious humming. Cephalus leaps up, and plays idly with his javelin. Still nothing is said. Nobody appears. She expects the lady every minute to issue from the trees; and thinks how she shall confound her. But no one comes. At last, her husband speaks. She parts the box-trees a little more, to listen the keener. "Come, gentle Aura," cried he, as if in a tone of reproach:—"Come, and breathe refreshment upon me:—thou scarcely stirrest the poplars to day." Procris leaped up in an extacy of delight and remorse, and began tearing back the boughs to go to her husband. He starts up. He thinks it a deer hampered in the thicket, and raises his javelin to dart it. Forbear, forbear, miserable man: it is thy more miserable wife! Alas! the javelin is thrown, and the wife pierced. Upon coming up to secure his prey, he finds, with a dumb despair, that it is Procris dying. She does not reproach him. She reproaches only herself. "Forgive me," said she, "dear Cephalus," pressing her cheek against his: "I was made wise in vain once, and I am now wise again too late. Forgive my poor jealous heart, and bless me. It weeps blood for it's folly." And as she spoke, she sobbed aloud; and the penitent tears gushed away, as if to emulate the gushing of her heart. Cephalus, bewildered and agonized, uttered what kind and remorseful words his lips could frame, pressing her all the while gently to his heart. He saw that the wound was mortal, and it was quickly so. Her eyes faded away while looking at him; but opening her lips, she still made a yearning movement of them towards his. It reminded him of paying that affectionate office to the departing spirit; and stooping with a face washed in tears, he put his mouth upon her's, and received at once her last kiss and breath.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXVIII.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th, 1820.

SPRING.—DAISIES.—GATHERING FLOWERS

THE Spring is now complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalized, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear chrystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock. A few days ago she lay gazing in this manner at the solitary evening star, like Diana, on the slope of a valley, looking up at Endymion. His young eye seemed to sparkle out upon the world; while she, bending inwards, her hands behind her head, watched him with an enamoured dumbness.

But this is the quiet of Spring. It's voices and swift movements have come back also. The swallow shoots by us, like an embodied ardour of the season. The glowing bee has his will of the honied flowers, grappling with them as they tremble. We have not yet heard the nightingale or the cuckoo; but we can hear them with our imagination, and enjoy them through the content of those who have.

Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the Spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies of the valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summer-time, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces.

Who is to wonder that the idea of love mingles itself with that of this cheerful and kind time of the year, setting aside even common

associations? It is not only it's youth, and beauty, and budding life, and "the passion of the groves," that exclaim with the poet,

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more*.

All our kindly impulses are apt to have more sentiment in them, than the world suspect; and it is by fetching out this sentiment, and making it the ruling association, that we exalt the impulse into generosity and refinement, instead of degrading it, as is too much the case, into what is selfish, and coarse, and pollutes all it's systems. One of the greatest inspirers of love is gratitude,—not merely on it's common grounds, but gratitude for pleasures, whether consciously or unconsciously, conferred. Thus we are thankful for the delight given us by a kind and sincere face; and if we fall in love with it, one great reason is, that we long to return what we have received. The same feeling has a considerable influence in the love that has been felt for men of talents, whose persons or address have not been much calculated to inspire it. In spring-time, joy awakens the heart: with joy, awakes gratitude and nature; and in our gratitude, we return, on it's own principle of participation, the love that has been shewn us.

This association of ideas renders solitude in spring, and solitude in winter, two very different things. In the latter, we are better content to bear the feelings of the season by ourselves:—in the former they are so sweet as well as so overflowing, that we long to share them. Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, describes himself as so identifying the beauties of the spring with the thought of his absent mistress, that he says he forgot them in their own character, and played with them only as with her shadow. See how exquisitely he turns a commonplace into this fancy; and what a noble brief portrait of April he gives us at the beginning. There is indeed a wonderful mixture of softness and strength in almost every one of the lines.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still; and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play.

Shakspeare was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard, because she was richer. Perdita, crowned with flowers, in the *Winter's Tale*, is beautifully compared to

Flora,
Peering in April's front.

* *Pervigilium Veneris*.—*Parnell's translation*.

† *But sweet, but*.—*Quære*:—*But sweet-cut?*

There is a line in one of his sonnets, which, agreeably to the image he had in his mind, seems to strike up in one's face, hot and odorous, like perfume in a censer.

Is process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned.

His allusions to spring are numerous in proportion. We all know the song, containing that fine line, fresh from the most brilliant of pallets :—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

We owe a long debt of gratitude to the daisy; and we take this opportunity of discharging a millionth part of it. If we undertook to pay it all, we should have had to write such a book, as is never very likely to be written,—a journal of numberless happy hours in childhood, kept with the feelings of an infant and the pen of a man. For it would take, we suspect, a depth of delight and a subtlety of words, to express even the vague joy of infancy, such as our learned departures from natural wisdom would find it more difficult to put together, than criticism and comfort, or an old palate and a young relish.—But knowledge is the widening and the brightening road, that must conduct us back to the joys from which it led us; and which it is destined perhaps to secure and extend. We must not quarrel with it's asperities, when we can help.

We do not know the Greek name of the daisy, nor do the dictionaries inform us; and we are not at present in the way of consulting books that might. We always like to see what the Greeks say to these things, because they had a sentiment in their enjoyments. The Latins called it *Bellis* or *Bellus*, as much as to say, Nice One. With the French and Italians it has the same name as a Pearl,—*Marguerite*, *Margarita*, or generally, by way of endearment, *Margheretina**. The same word was the name of a woman, and occasioned infinite intermixtures of compliment about pearls, daisies, and fair mistresses. Chaucer, in his beautiful poem of the Flower and the Leaf, which is evidently imitated from some French poetess, says,

And at the laste there began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret† in praising the daisie,
For as me thought among her notes sweet,
She said “*Si douset est la Margarete.*”

“The Margaret is so sweet.” Our Margaret however, in this allegorical poem, is undervalued in comparison with the laurel; yet Chaucer perhaps was partly induced to translate it on account of it's making the figure that it does; for he has informed us more than once, in a

* This word is originally Greek,—*Margarites*; and as the Franks probably brought it from Constantinople, perhaps they brought it's association with the daisy also.

† *Bargaret*, *Bergerette*, a little pastoral.

very particular manner, that it was his favourite flower. There is a very interesting passage to this effect in his Legend of Good Women; where he says, that nothing but the daisied fields in spring could take him from his books.

And as for me, though that I can* but lite*
 On bookès for to read I me delight,
 And to hem give I faith and full credence,
 And in my heart have hem in reverence,
 So heartily, that there is game none,
 That from my bookès maketh me to gone,
 But it be seldom; on the holy day;
 Save certainly, when that the month of May
 Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
 And that the flowers ginnen for to spring,
 Farewell my booke, and my devotion.
 Now have I then eke this condition,
 That, of all the flowers in the mead,
 Then love I most those flowers white and red,
 Such that men callen daisies in our town.
 To hem I have, so great affection,
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,
 That in the bed there daweth† me no day,
 That I nam up and walking in the mead,
 To seen this flower agenst the sunnè spread,
 When it upriseth early by the morrow,
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.
 So glad am I, when that I have presence
 Of it, to done it all reverence,
 As she that is of all flowers the flower.

He says that he finds it ever new, and that he shall love it till his "heart dies:" and afterwards, with a natural picture of his resting on the grass,

Adown full softly I gan to sink;
 And leaning on my elbow and my side,
 The long day I shope‡ me for to abide
 For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
 But for to look upon the daisie,
 That well by reason men it call may
 The daisie, or else the eye of day.

This etymology, which we have no doubt is the real one, is repeated by Ben Jonson, who takes occasion to spell the word days-eyes; adding, with his usual tendency to overdo a matter of learning,

Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;

videlicet, cowslips: which is a disentanglement of compounds, in the style of our pleasant parodists:

—Puddings of the plum,
 And fingers of the lady.

Mr. Wordsworth introduces his homage to the daisy with a passage from George Wither; which as it is an old favourite of ours, and extremely applicable both to this article and our whole work, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating. It is the more interesting,

* Know but little.

† Dawneth.

‡ Shaped.

inasmuch as it was written in prison, where the freedom of his opinions had thrown him*. He is speaking of his Muse, or Imagination.

Her divine skill taught me this;
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
From the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut, when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

Mr. Wordsworth undertakes to patronize the Celandine, because nobody else will notice it; which is a good reason. But though he tells us, in a startling piece of information, that

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude,

yet he falls in with his old brethren of England and Normandy, and becomes loyal to the daisy.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling.

* * * * *

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten or defy,
That thought comes next, and instantly
The freak is over;
The freak will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar;
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!

* It is not generally known, that Chaucer was four years in prison, in his old age, on the same account. He was a Wickliffite,—one of the precursors of the Reformation. His prison, doubtless, was no diminisher of his love of the daisy.

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee.

Sweet flower ! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast ;
Sweet silent creature ;
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

Mr. Wordsworth calls the daisy “ an unassuming common-place of Nature,” which it is ; and he praises it very becomingly for discharging it's duties so chearfully, in that universal character. But we cannot agree with him in thinking that it has a “ homely face.” Not that we should care, if it really had ; for homeliness does not make ugliness ; but we appeal to every body, whether it is proper to say this of la belle Marguerite. In the first place, it's shape is very pretty and slender, but not too much so. Then it has a boss of gold, set round and irradiated with silver points. It's yellow and fair white are in so high a taste of contrast, that Spenser has chosen the same colours for a picture of Leda reposing :—

Oh wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man !
That her in daffodillies sleeping laid,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.

It is for the same reason, that the daisy, being chiefly white, makes such a beautiful shew in company with the butter cup. But this is not all ; for look at the back, and you find it's fair petals blushing with a most delightful red. And how compactly and delicately is the neck set in green ! Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable sœur du roi Kingcup, we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens, against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.

But here somebody may remind us of the spring showers, and what drawbacks they are upon going into the fields.—Not at all so, when the spring is really confirmed, and the showers but April-like and at intervals. Let us turn our imaginations to the bright side of spring, and we shall forget the showers. You see they have been forgotten just this moment. Besides, we are not likely to stray too far into the fields ; and if we should, are there not hats, bonnets ; barns, cottages, elm-trees, and good wills ? We may make these things zests, if we please, instead of drawbacks. There is a pleasant, off-hand, picturesque little poem, full of sprightly simplicity, written by Franco Sacchetti, the earliest follower of Boccaccio ; which will shew us, that the Italians are not prevented from gathering flowers by the fear of rain, nor even of snakes. *Eccolo.**

* With respect to giving the originals of what we translate, we are guided by this principle :—if they are easily referred to, we shall always content ourselves with short extracts, unless hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, or for some other special reason ; if they are not so readily to be found, it will add a value

GATHERING FLOWERS.

Passando con pensier per un boschetto,
 Donne per quello givan fior cogliendo,
 Con diletto, co' quel, co' quel dicendo,
 Eccolo, eccol; che? è fiordaliso.
 Va là per le viole;
 Più colà per le rose, cole, cole
 Vaghe amorose.
 O me, che 'l prun mi punge,
 Quell' altra, me v' aggiunge.
 U', u, o, ch' è quel che salta?
 Un grillo, un grillo.
 Venite qua, correte,
 Ramponzoli cogliete:
 E' non son' essi.
 Sì, son: colei o colei
 Vien qua, vien qua per funghi, un micolino,
 Più colà, più colà, per sermollino.
 Noi starem troppo, che 'l tempo si turba;
 Ve' che balena e tuona,
 E m' indovino che vespero suona.
 Paurosa! non è egli ancor nona;
 E vedi ed odi l' usignuol che canta,
 Più bel ve', più bel ve'.
 Io sento e non so che;
 E dov' è, e dov' è?
 In quel cespuglio.
 Ognuna qui picchia, tocca, e ritocca:
 Mentre lo busso cresce,
 Una gran serpe n' esce.
 O me trista! o me lassa! o me! o me!
 Gridan fuggendo di paura piene,
 Ed ecco che una folta pioggia viene.
 Timidetta quell' una e l'altra urtando,
 Stridendo, la divanza, via fuggendo,
 E gridando, qual sdrucchiola, qual cade.
 Per caso l'upa appone lo ginecchio
 Là ve seggea lo frettoloso piede,
 E la mano e le veste:
 Quella di fango lorda ne diviene,
 Quella di più calpeste:

to our little work to lay them before the reader. A volume of the *Indicator* will thus contain some of the best morsels of literature. In the *Parnaso Italiano*, it is doubted whether the present poem is to be assigned to Franco Sacchetti, or to Ugolin Ubaldini, who according to the editor is the same as the Ubaldin de la Pila mentioned among the gluttons in the 24th Book of Dante's *Purgatory*. If so, he was not so likely to forget himself among the fields, as Sacchetti; but whether he be the same person or not, the poem answers so well to the latter's character, that it was most probably his production. He is another instance, to be added to some of the most illustrious names, of the triumph of a genial imagination, and a rich indifference to riches, over a life of business, politics, and even honours. Franco Sacchetti, a Florentine, says Mr. Dunlop, (*History of Fiction*, Vol. 2. p. 305.) "was born in 1335, and died about the year 1410. He was a poet in his youth, and travelled to Slavonia and other countries, to attend to some mercantile concerns. As he advanced in years, he was raised to a distinguished rank in the Magistracy of Florence; he became *podestà* of Faenza and other places, and at length governor of a Florentine province in the Romagna. Notwithstanding his honours he lived and died poor, but is said to have been a good-humoured facetious man. He left an immense collection of sonnets and canzoni, some of which have been lost, and others are still in M.S."—We should be exceedingly gratified by the sight of any of his poems that may happen to be in print.

Cio ch' an colto ir si lassa,
 Ne pui s' apprezza, e per bosco si spande.
 De' fiori a terra vanno le ghirlande,
 Nè si sdimette pure unquanto il corso.
 In cotal fuga a repetute note
 Tiepsi beata, chi più correr puote.
 Sì fiso stetti il dì ch' io le mirai,
 Ch' io non m' avvidi, e tutto mi bagnai.

Walking and musing in a wood, I saw
 Some ladies gathering flowers, now this, now t'other,
 And crying in delight to one another,
 "Look here, look here: what's this? a fleur-de-lis.
 Oh—get some violets there:
 No, no, some roses farther onward there:
 How beautiful they are!
 O me! these thorns do prick so—only see:—
 Not that; the other; reach it me.
 Hallo, hallo! What is it leaping so?
 A grasshopper, a grasshopper.
 Come here, come here now, quickly,
 The rampions grow so thickly:
 No; they're not rampions.
 Yes, they are:—Anna, Beatrice, or Lisa,
 Come here, come here for mushrooms just a bit;
 There, there's the betony—you're treading it.
 We shall be caught, the weather's going to change:
 See, see; it lightens—hush—and there's the thunder.
 Was that the bell for vespers too, I wonder?
 Why, you faint-hearted thing, it isn't noon:
 It was the nightingale—I know his tune—
 There's something stirring there!
 Where, where?
 There, in the bushes."
 Here every lady pokes, and peeps, and pushes;
 When suddenly, in middle of the rout,
 A great large snake comes out.
 "O lord! O lord! Good heavens! O me! O me!"
 And off they go, scampering with all their power,
 While from above, down comes a pelting shower.
 Frightened, and scrambling, jolting one another,
 They shriek, they run, they slide: the foot of one
 Catches her gown, and where the foot should be
 Down goes the knee,
 And hands, and clothes, and all; some stumble on,
 Brushing the hard earth off, and some the mud.
 What they plucked, so glad and heaping,
 Now becomes not worth their keeping.
 Off it squirms, leaf, root, and flower;
 Yet not the less for that they scream and scower,
 In such a passage, happiest she
 Who plies her notes most rapidly.
 So fixed I stood, gazing at that fair set,
 That I forgot the shower, and dripped with wet.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXIX.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26th, 1820.

MAY-DAY.

ON Monday next is May-Morning;—a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love; and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

Now the bright Morning-Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's own friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he again differed with, most likely on these very points among others. But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had undoubtedly; and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away*.

* The great May holiday observed over the West of Europe was known for centuries, up to a late period, under the name of the Beltein or Beltane. Such a number of etymologies, all perplexingly probable, have been found for this word, that we have been surprised to miss among them that of Bel-temps, the Fine Time or Season. Thus Printemps, the First Time or Prime Season, is the Spring.

The homage, which was paid to the Month of Love and Flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual. The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance.

Young folke now flocken in—every where
To gather May-busquets*—and smelling breere;
And home they hasten—the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillours—eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds—and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.
* * * * *

Sicker this morowe, no longer agoe,
I saw a shole of shepherds outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;
Before them yodet† a lustie tabrere‡,
That to the many a hornpipe played,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see these folks make such jovisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho§ to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall,
And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queen attone||
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

The day was past in sociality and manly sports;—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar,—in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country-dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May,
Set in an arbour (on a holyday)
Built by the Maypole, where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,

* *Busquets—Boskets—Bushes—from Boschetti, Ital.*

† *Yode, Went.*

‡ *Tabrere, a Tabourer.*

§ *Tho, Then.*

|| *Attone, At once—With him.*

And for their well performance soon disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses,
 To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
 And none returneth empty, that hath spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment.*

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time thought they shewed both their manliness and wisdom, in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age,—is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character,

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
 Sweet without soure, and honey without gall;
 And he himself seemed made for merriment,
 Merrily masking both in bowre and hall.
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
 When Astrophiel soever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 As somer's lark that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose:
 Thirise happie she, whom he to praise did choose.

Astrophel, St. 5.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

This maiden, in a morn betime,
 Went forth when May was in the prime
 To get sweet setywall,
 The honey-suckle, the harlock,
 The lily, and the lady-smock,
 To deck her summer-hall.

Drayton's Pastorals, Eclog. 4.

* *Britannia's Pastorals*, by William Browne. Song the 4th. Browne, like his friend Wither, from whom we quoted a passage last week, wanted strength and the power of selection; though not to such an extent. He is however well worth reading by those who can expatiate over a pastoral subject, like a meadowy tract of country; finding out the beautiful spots; and gratified, if not much delighted, with the rest. His genius, which was by no means destitute of the social part of passion, seems to have been turned almost wholly to description by the beauties of his native county Devonshire.

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his Palamon and Arcite. They are the more curious inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the Theseide of Boccaccio, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that very rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a rifacimento or re-modelling, as in the instance of Boiardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign countries. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the Theseide to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so; for it was a large epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such a honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood!

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day
Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,
That Emelie—

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once, in a morrow of May,
That Emily, that fairer was to een
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new,
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue;
I n'ot which was the finer of them two)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardy a-night;
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith "Arise, and do thine observance."

This maketh Emily have remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise:
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yardè* long I guess:
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down, where as her list;

* These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

She gathereth flowers, party white and red,
 To make a subtle garland for her head;
 And as an angel, heavenly she sung.
 The great tower, that was so thick and strong,
 Which of the castle was the chief dongeon,
 (Where as these knights weren in prison,
 Of which I toldè you, and tellen shall)
 Was even joinant to the garden wall,
 There as this Emily had her playing.
 Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning—

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first !]

Bright was the sun, and clear that morwèning,
 And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,
 As was his wont, by leave of his jailer,
 Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high,
 In which he all the noble city sigh*,
 And eke the garden, full of branches green,
 There as this fresh Emilia the sheen†
 Was in her walk, and roamed up and down.

Sir Walter Scott in his edition of Dryden says upon the passage before us, and Dryden's version of it, that "the modern must yield the palm to the ancient, in spite of the beauty of his versification." We quote from memory; but this is the substance of his words. For our parts, we quite agree with them, as to the consignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the versification. With some allowance as to our present mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer sense of music even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in strength; and still more various. At the same time, we do not quote Sir Walter for the purpose of differing with him. We would only shew the more fashionable part of our readers, what their favourite writer thinks of Chaucer; and we would also take another opportunity of contrasting some opinions of ours, exaggerated by party feeling and a young thoughtlessness, when Sir Walter wrote nothing but criticism and poetry, with our sense of his extraordinary merits as a novelist. But more of these in another place. Of politics also we say nothing here. There ought to be some places in the world of letters, where men's thoughts of each other, like the knights of old, may

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.

But now to our other portrait. It is as sparkling with young manhood, as the former is with a gentler freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire;" and what a native and happy ease in the conclusion!

* Saw.

† The shining.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
 Saleweth* in her song the morrow gray;
 And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
 That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
 And with his stremès drieth in the greves †
 The silver droppès hanging in the leaves;
 And Arcite, that is in the court real ‡
 With Theseus the squier principal,
 Is risen, and looketh on the merry day;
 And for to do his observance to May,
 Remembring on the point of his desire,
 He on the courser, starting as the fire,
 Is ridden to the fieldès him to play,
 Out of the Court, were it a mile or tway:
 And to the grove, of which that I you told,
 By aventure his way he gan to hold,
 To maken him a garland of the greves,
 Were it of woodbind-or of hawthorn leaves,
 And loud he sung against the sunny sheen:
 "O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
 Right welcòme be thou, fairè freshè May:
 I hope that I some green here getten may."
 And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
 Into the grove full hastily he start,
 And in a path he roamed up and down.

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment. His lines are beautiful; but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen; perhaps for mounting.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight:
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dew;
 When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
 Observance to the month of merry May:
 Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
 That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
 At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
 Turned only to the grove his horses' reins,
 The grove I named before; and, lighted there,
 A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
 Then turned his face against the rising day,
 And raised his voice to welcome in the May:
 "For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the year:
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
 When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
 So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
 Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,

* Saluteth.

† Groves.

‡ Royal.

As thou shalt guide my wandering steeps to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd.

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart." How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the courser "starting as the fire;"—how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and "raising his voice," to the singing "loud against the sunny sheen;" and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms" &c. to the call upon the fair fresh May, ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here;" a touch in the happiest taste of the Italian vivacity. Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St. James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil;" no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
O aure o arboscelli o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette, o colli o monti,
O valli o fiumi o fonti o verde rivi,
Palme lauri ed olive, edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spiriti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi o chiare linfe,
O faretrate ninfe o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Driadi,
Naiadi ed Amadriadi, o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.

Sannazzaro.

O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Vallies, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies, and bays;
And ye who warmed old fays, spirits o'the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.

This time two hundred years ago, our ancestors were all anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasure with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately it does not follow, that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is help-

ing to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition,—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least, (to speak more philosophically,) a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as a fundholder or a partizan; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on; must do so, from necessity; and should do so, for the ends we speak of: but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours, looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and “the wisest heart of Solomon,” who found every thing vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and “the voice of the turtle,” because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXX.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 3d, 1820.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

NEXT Friday, making the proper allowance of twelve days from the 23d of April, according to the change of the Style, is the birth-day of Shakspeare. Pleasant thoughts must be associated with him in every thing. If he is not to be born in April, he must be born in May. Nature will have her with him on her blithest holidays, like her favourite lover.

O thou divine human creature,—greater name than even divine poet or divine philosopher,—and yet thou wast all three,—a very spring and vernal abundance of all fair and noble things is to be found in thy productions! They are truly a second nature. We walk in them, with whatever society we please; either with men, or fair women, or circling spirits, or with none but the whispering airs and leaves. Thou makest worlds of green trees and gentle natures for us, in thy forests of Arden, and thy courtly retirements of Navarre. Thou bringest us among the holiday lasses on the green sward; layest us to sleep among fairies in the bowers of midsummer; wakest us with the song of the lark and the silver-sweet voices of lovers; bringest more music to our ears, both from earth and from the planets; anon settest us upon enchanted islands, where it welcomes us again, from the touching of invisible instruments; and after all, restorest us to our still desired haven, the arms of humanity. Whether grieving us or making us glad, thou makest us kinder and happier. The tears which thou fetchest down are like the rains of April, softening the times that come after them. Thy smiles are those of the month of love, the more blessed and universal for the tears.

The birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birth-day will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations. The town is lucky enough once more to have a manager who is an enthusiast. If Mr. Elliston would light up the front of his theatre next Friday with the name of Shakspeare, we would warrant him a call from the pit, and whole shouts of acknowledgment.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written health, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

An outline however may be drawn of the manner, in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties. If any of our readers then have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy during the morning as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands, the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, nor even to refer to it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much; but to read it, if they read any thing; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity, which induces a man to be disgusted with what every body can enjoy; nor on the other hand the involuntary self-degradation, which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashionable promenades. Richmond also was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were as they

have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. Nay, without repeating what we said in a former number about the Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and other town associations with Shakspeare, the reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban-mansion and gardens of his friend Lord Southampton occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by, with a bridge over it: and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will equally suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table; lying among the desert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out loud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subjects which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of "Thou soft-flowing Avon." If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by every body's bringing some quotation applicable to him from his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

The Editor would have dilated on these matters, not so much to recommend what the enthusiasm of the moment will suggest, as to enjoy them with the reader, and have his company, as it were, at an imaginary meeting. But he is too unwell just now to write much, and should have taken the liberty of compiling almost the whole of his present number, could he have denied himself the pleasure of saying a few words on so happy an occasion.

AN UNANSWERABLE REPLY.

For the reason mentioned in the preceding article, we copy the following account, instead of re-writing it. We can do so with the less scruple, inasmuch as the work from which it is taken, Sewell's History

of the Quakers, is little known to readers in general; and indeed the anecdote may well speak for itself. The reader will smile, when we profess to be no Quakers ourselves. There is certainly nothing drab-coloured in our religion, especially during the month of May; but wherever sincerity and kindness come together, there we bow our heads, and take part in the worship. Thomas Lurting, the hero (truly so called) of this story, was a Quaker, at a time when the sect was a positive, enthusiastic thing, referring to the first and best principles of Christianity; not a negation and a dress, satisfied with having all the "good things" of this world, not indeed under the rose, but under the beaver. And yet good negative points are something too, as sects go. It is not unrefreshing to meet with a religion, which has a respect for peace and quietness, and declines knocking us on the head.

Thomas Lurting was mate aboard a Quaker vessel, returning from Venice, in the time of Charles the Second. The vessel had been taken by pirates, and retaken by Lurting. But we retire to a distance, with our hats respectfully kept on, while the worthy Mr. Sewell speaks:—

"The second night after, the captain of the Turks, and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep: and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you: but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men, "Be careful of the door, for when he goes in we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged "that they might not be sold." This the mate promised them, and said, "They should not." And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change, and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when he understood, he told their captain, "That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going for Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being

come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having done his business, returned on board, not taking license, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks: but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board; and after some discourse, they told him what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate, "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight." But they told him, "That if they would give many thousands, they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them," the mate said, "he would not have done for the whole island." The other master then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them, "Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us." To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet generally he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said, "He had more care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was, "They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master, "That he thought it best to go to the coasts of Barbary, because they were then like to miss their men of war." To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the day-time they were for going to Algiers, but when night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

"But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind, "What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard:" for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them, not to hurt the Turks, and said, "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he "must go down," which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him.

Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land ; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was yet not resolved upon. The mate saw well enough, that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore ; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly ; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat ; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number : and to put one half on shore was no less dangerous ; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master, " if he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropt on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master, " I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life ; and I have not the least fear upon me ; but trust that all will do well." The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise, that they should do nothing to the Turks, until he said " he could do no more ;" for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do any thing which might have exasperated them ; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible he could. For calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern ; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the ship-men, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden, " Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore." The Turks in the boat perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this great strait continued to be hearty, shewed himself now to be a man of courage, and bid the men to " take up such arms as they had,

but do nothing with them until he gave them leave." And then seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him, and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man, than to cleave a man's head, and turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore, that they could easily wade, the mate bid the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves, and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things; but though the mate trusted in Divine Providence, yet he was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto: for though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation, well knowing that the Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The Turks seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep any thing of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither, and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York, and several Lords being at Greenwich, it was told him, there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the River that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth, how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master, "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them:" and to the mate he said, "You should have brought the Turks to me." But the mate answered, "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

(From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.)

Poor *Irus*' faithful Wolf-dog here I lie,
 That wout to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted,
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear
 Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reached
 His seat, by some road side, nigh where the tide
 Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed:
 To whom with loud and passionate laments
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed.
 Nor wailed to all in vain: some here and there,
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Pricked up at his least motion—to receive
 At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps—
 Or when night warned us homewards, tired and spent
 With our long day and tedious beggary.
 These were my manners, this my way of life,
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,
 And severed from my sightless master's side.
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
 This slender tomb of turf hath *Irus* reared,
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
 And with short verse inscribed it to attest,
 In long and lasting union to attest,
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

C. L.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXI.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 10th, 1820.

ROUSSEAU'S PYGMALION.

WE are not aware that this piece of Rousseau's has hitherto appeared in English. It is a favourite in France, and very naturally so, on all accounts. To our countrymen there will perhaps appear to be something, in parts of it, too declamatory and full of ejaculation; and it must be confessed, that if the story alone is to be considered, the illustrious author has committed one great fault, which was hardly to be expected of him; and that is, that he has not made the sentiment sufficiently prominent. The original story, though spoiled by the rake Ovid, informs us, that Pygmalion with all his warmth towards the sex was so disgusted at the manners of his countrywomen, that instead of going any longer into their society, he preferred making images, in his own mind, and with his chisel, of what a woman ought to be; informing her looks, of course, with sentiment and kindness, as well as with the more ordinary attractions. It appears to us, therefore, that instead of making him fall in love, almost out of vanity, as Rousseau has done, it might have been better, in the abstract point of view above mentioned, to represent him fashioning the likeness of a creature after his own heart, lying and looking at it with a yearning wish that he could have met with such a living being, and at last, while indulging his imagination with talking to her, making him lay his hand upon hers, and finding it warm. The rest is, in every respect, exquisitely managed by Rousseau. But now we must observe, that while the charge of a certain prevailing air of insincerity over the French style in these matters, appears just in most instances, a greater confidence is to be put in the enthusiasm of the Genevese; for he was a kind of Pygmalion himself, disgusted with the world, and perpetually yet hopelessly endeavouring to realize the dreams of his imagination. This, after all, is perhaps the most touching thing in his performance. Pygmalion's self predominates over the idea of his mistress, because the author's self pressed upon him while he wrote. The only actual difference between the fabulous solitary and the real one, was, unfortunately, that Pygmalion seems to have been willing enough to be contented, had he found a mistress that deserved him; whereas Rousseau, when he was really beloved, and even thought himself so, was sure to be made the ruin of his own comfort; partly by a distrustful morbidity of temperament, and partly perhaps by a fastidious metaphysical subtlety, which turned his eye with a painful sharpness upon the

defects instead of humanities of his fellow-creatures, and made the individual answer for the whole mass.

THE SCENE represents a Sculptor's work-shop, in which are several blocks of marble, sculptured groups, and sketches of statues. In the midst of these is another statue, concealed under a drapery of a light and shining stuff, ornamented with fringes and garlands.

Pygmalion is sitting, supporting his head with his hand, in the attitude of a man who is uneasy and melancholy. On a sudden he rises; and taking one of his tools from a table, gives some strokes of the chisel to several of the sketches; then turns from them, and looks about him with an air of discontent.

Pygmalion. There is neither life nor soul in it; it is but a mere stone. I shall never do any thing with all this.

Oh, my genius, where art thou? What is become of thee? All my fire is extinguished, my imagination is frozen; the marble comes cold from my hands.

Make no more gods, Pygmalion: you are but a common artist—Ye vile instruments, no longer instruments of my glory, ye shall dishonour my hands no more.

(He throws away his tools with disdain, and walks about with his arms crossed, as in meditation.)

What am I become? What strange revolution has taken place in me?—Tyre, proud and opulent city, your illustrious monuments of art, no longer attract me. I have lost my taste for them. All intercourse with artists and philosophers has become insipid to me: the society of painters and poets, has no attraction for me; praise and renown have ceased to elevate me; the approbation of posterity has no interest for me; even friendship has to me lost all her charms.

And you, young masterpieces of nature, whom my art has presumed to imitate, you, in whose train the pleasures ever led me, you, my charming models, who consumed me at once with the flames of love and genius,—since I have surpassed you, you are all become indifferent to me.

(He seats himself, and contemplates the figures around him.)

Detained in this room by an inconceivable charm, I know not what to do here, and yet I cannot leave it. I wander from group to group, from figure to figure, my weak and uncertain chisel no longer acknowledging it's master. These rude sketches are left untouched by the hand which should have given them life and beauty——

(He rises impetuously.)

It is over, it is over: I have lost my genius! So young—and yet I have survived it!

And what then is this internal ardour which consumes me? What is this fire which devours me? Why in the languor of extinguished genius, should I feel these emotions, these bursts of impetuous passion, this insurmountable restlessness, this secret agitation which torments me? I know not: I fear the admiration of my own work has been the cause of this distraction: I have concealed it under this veil—my profane hands have ventured to cover this monument of their glory. Since I have ceased to behold it, I have become more melancholy and absent.

How dear, how precious, this immortal work will be to me! If my exhausted mind shall never more produce any thing grand, beautiful, worthy of me, I will point to my Galatea, and say, "There is my work." Oh my Galatea! when I shall have lost all else, do thou alone remain to me, and I shall be consoled.

(He approaches the veiled statue; draws back; goes, comes; stops sometimes to look at it, and sighs.)

But why conceal it? What do I gain by that? Reduced to idleness, why refuse myself the pleasure of contemplating the finest of my works?—Perhaps there may yet be some defect which I have not perceived; perhaps I might yet add some ornament to the drapery: no imaginable grace should be wanting to so charming an object. Perhaps the contemplation of this figure may re-animate my languishing imagination. I must see her again; I must examine my work. What do I say? Yes; I have never yet examined it; hitherto I have only admired her.

(He goes to raise the veil, and lets it fall, as if alarmed.)

I know not what emotion seizes me when I touch this veil: I feel a tremor, as though I were touching the sanctuary of some divinity.—Pygmalion, it is but a stone; it is thine own work.—What can it mean? In our temples, they serve gods made of the same material, and formed by the same hand as this.

(He raises the veil trembling, and prostrates himself before the statue of Galatea, which is seen placed on a pedestal, raised by semicircular steps of marble.)

Oh, Galatea! receive my homage. I have deceived myself; I thought to make you a nymph, and I have made you a goddess. Even Venus herself is less beautiful.

O vanity, human weakness! I am never weary of admiring my own work; I am intoxicated with self-love; I adore myself in that which I have made.—No, never was there any thing in nature so beautiful; I have surpassed the work of the Gods.—What! so many beauties formed by my hands; my hands then have touched them; my mouth has—I see a defect. This drapery too much conceals it. I must slope it away more; the charms which it shades should be more displayed.

(He takes his mallet and chisel, and, advancing slowly, begins with much hesitation to ascend the steps towards the statue, which it seems he dares not touch. He raises the chisel, he stops.)

What is this trouble—this trembling? I hold the chisel with a feeble hand—I cannot—I dare not—I shall spoil every thing.

(He endeavours to conquer his trouble, and at last raising the chisel again, makes one stroke and lets it fall, with a loud cry.)

Gods! I feel the quivering flesh repel the chisel!

(He descends, trembling and confused.)

—Vain terror, blind folly!—No—I will not touch her—the Gods affright me. Doubtless she is already deified,

(He contemplates her again.)

What would you change, Pygmalion? Look! what new charms can you give her? Alas! her only fault is her perfection.—Divine Galatea! less perfect, nothing would be wanting to thee.

(Tenderly.)

Yet a soul is wanting. That figure should not be without a soul.

(With still encreasing tenderness.)

How fine should be the soul to animate that body!

(He stops a long time: then returns to his seat, and speaks with a slow and changed voice.)

What desires have I dared to form? What senseless wishes! What is this I feel—Oh heaven! the illusion vanishes, and I dare not look into my heart. I should have too much to reproach myself with.

(He pauses a long time, in profound melancholy.)

This then is the noble passion which distracts me! It is on account of this inanimate figure, that I dare not go out of this spot!—A figure of marble!—A stone!—A hard and unformed mass, until worked with this iron!—Madman, recover thyself, see thine error, groan for thy folly—But no—

(Impetuously.)

No, I have not lost my reason; no, I am not wandering; I reproach myself with nothing. It is not of this marble that I am enamoured; it is of a living being whom it resembles; the figure which it presents to my eyes. Wherever this adorable form may be, whatever body may bear it, whatever hand may have made it, she will have all the vows of my heart. Yes, my only folly is in the power of discerning beauty; my only crime is being sensible to it. There is nothing in this I ought to blush for.

(Less lively, but always with passion.)

What arrows of fire seem to issue from this object to burn my senses, and to carry away my soul unto their source! Alas! she remains immoveable and cold, while my heart, consumed by her charms, longs to quit my own body to give warmth to her's. I imagine in my delirium that I could spring from myself, that I could give to her my life, that I could animate her with my soul. Ah, let Pygmalion die, to live in Galatea!—What do I say, O heaven? If I were she, I should no longer see her; I should not be he that loves her!—No, let my Galatea live; but let not me become Galatea. Oh! let me always be another, always wish her to be herself, to love her, to be beloved—

(Transported.)

Torments, vows, desires, impotent rage, terrible, fatal love—Oh! all hell is in my agitated heart—Powerful, beneficent Gods!—Gods of the people, who know the passions of men, ah, how many miracles have you done for small causes! Behold this object, look into my heart, be just, and deserve your altars!

(With a more pathetic enthusiasm.)

And thou, sublime essence, who concealing thyself from the senses, art felt in the heart of men, soul of the universe, principle of all existence, thou who by love givest harmony to the elements, life to matter, feeling to bodies, and form to all beings; sacred fire, celestial Venus, by whom every thing is preserved, and unceasingly re-produced! Ah, where is thy equalizing justice? Where is thy expansive power? Where is the law of nature in the sentiment I experience? Where is thy vivifying warmth in the inanity of my vain desires? All thy flames are concentrated in my heart, and the coldness of death remains upon

this marble ; I perish by the excess of life which this figure wants. Alas ! I expect no prodigy ; already one exists, and ought to cease ; order is disturbed, nature is outraged ; restore to her laws their empire, re-establish her beneficent course, and equally shed thy divine influence. Yes, two beings are left out of the plenitude of things. Divide between them that devouring ardour which consumes the one without animating the other. It is thou who hast formed by my hand these charms, and these features, which want but life and feeling. Give to her the half of mine. Give all, if it be necessary. It shall suffice me to live in her. Oh thou ! who deignest to smile upon the homage of mortals, this being who feels nothing, honours thee not. Extend thy glory with thy works. Goddess of beauty, spare this affront to nature, that a form so perfect should be an image of which there is no living model !

(He gradually re-approaches the statue with an air of confidence and joy.)

I resume my senses. What an unexpected calm ! What unhopcd courage re-animates me ! A mortal fever burned my blood, a balm of confidence and hope flows in my veins, and I feel a new life. Thus the sense of our dependence sometimes becomes our consolation. However unhappy mortals may be, when they have invoked the Gods, they are more tranquil—And yet this unjust confidence deceives those who form senseless wishes.—Alas ! in the condition I am in, we call upon every one, and no one hears us ; the hope which deceives is more senseless than the desire.

Ashamed of so many follies, I dare no more to contemplate the cause of them. When I wish to raise my eyes towards this fatal object, I feel a new trouble, a sudden palpitation takes my breath, a secret tremor stops me——

(With bitter irony.)

Oh, look, poor soul ! summon courage enough to dare behold a statue.

(He sees it become animated, and turns away with alarm ; his heart oppressed with grief.)

What have I seen ? Gods ! what have I imagined that I saw ? A colour on the flesh, a fire in the eyes, even movement——It was not enough to hope for a miracle ; to complete my misery, at last I have seen——

(With expressive melancholy.)

Unhappy creature, all is over with thee——thy delirium is at it's height——thy reason as well as thy genius abandons thee. Regret it not, Pygmalion, for the loss will conceal thy shame.

(With indignation.)

The lover of a stone is too happy in becoming a visionary.

(He turns again, and sees the statue move and descend the steps in front of the pedestal. He falls on his knees, and raises his hands and eyes towards heaven.)

Immortal Gods ! Venus, Galatea ! Oh, illusion of a furious love !

(Galatea touches herself, and says)—Me !

(Pygmalion transported)—Me !

(Galatea touching herself again)—It is myself.

(Pygmalion)—Ravishing illusion, which even reaches my ears ! Oh, never, never abandon me.

(Galatea moves towards another figure and touches it)—Not myself.

(Pygmalion in an agitation, in transports which he can with difficulty restrain, follows all her movements, listens to her, observes her with a covetous attention, which scarcely allows him to breathe. Galatea advances and looks at him ; he rises hastily, extends his arms, and looks at her with delight. She lays her hand on his arm ; he trembles, takes the hand, presses it to his heart, and covers it with ardent kisses.)

(Galatea, with a sigh)—Ah ! it is I again.

(Pygmalion)—Yes, dear and charming object—thou worthy masterpiece of my hands, of my heart, and of the Gods ! It is thou, it is thou alone—I have given thee all my being—henceforth I will live but for thee.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Among the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer's works, and attributed to him, is a translation, under this title, of a poem of the celebrated Alain Chartier, Secretary to Charles the Sixth and Seventh. It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of our present number. We wish Alain could have seen them. He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to La Belle Dame Agnes Sorel, who was however not Sans Mercy. The union of the imaginative and the real is very striking throughout, particularly in the dream. The wild gentleness of the rest of the thoughts and of the music are alike old ; and they are also alike young ; for love and imagination are always young, let them bring with them what times and accompaniments they may. If we take real flesh and blood with us, we may throw ourselves, on the facile wings of our sympathy, into what age we please. It is only by trying to feel, as well as to fancy, through the medium of a costume, that writers become mere fleshless masks and cloaks,—things like the trophies of the ancients, when they hung up the empty armour of an enemy. A hopeless lover would still feel these verses, in spite of the introduction of something unearthly. Indeed any lover, truly touched, or any body capable of being so, will feel them ; because love itself resembles a visitation ; and the kindest looks, which bring with them an inevitable portion of happiness because they seem happy themselves, haunt us with a spell-like power, which makes us shudder to guess at the sufferings of those who can be fascinated by unkind ones.

People however need not be much alarmed at the thought of such sufferings now-a-days ; not at least in some countries. Since the time when ladies, and cavaliers, and poets, and the lovers of nature, felt that humanity was a high and not a mean thing, love in general has become either a grossness or a formality. The modern systems of morals would ostensibly divide women into two classes, those who have no charity, and those who have no restraint ; while men,

poorly conversant with the latter, and rendered indifferent to the former, acquire bad ideas of both. Instead of the worship of Love, we have the worship of Mammon; and all the difference we can see between the sufferings attending on either is, that the sufferings from the worship of Love exalt and humanize us, and those from the worship of Mammon debase and brutalize. Between the delights there is no comparison.—Still our uneasiness keeps our knowledge going on.

A word or two more of Alain Chartier's poem. "M. Aleyn," saith the argument, "secretary to the king of France, framed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand, dieth for sorrow." We know not in what year Chartier was born; but he must have lived to a good age, and written this poem in his youth, if Chaucer translated it; for he died in 1449, and Chaucer, an old man, in 1400. The beginning however, as well as the goodness of the version, looks as if our countryman had done it; for he speaks of the translation's having been enjoined him by way of penance; and the Legend of Good Women was the result of a similar injunction, in consequence of his having written some stories not so much to the credit of the sex! He,—who as he represents, had written infinite things in their praise! But the Court-ladies, it seems, did not relish the story of Troilus and Cressida. The exordium, which the translator has added, is quite in our poet's manner. He says, that he rose one day, not well awaked; and thinking how he should best enter upon his task, he took one of his morning walks,

Till I came to a lusty green valley
Full of flowers, to see a great pleasaunce;
And so, boldly, (with their benign sufferance
Which read this book, touching this mattère)
Thus I began, if it please you to hear.

Master Aleyn's dialogue, which is very long, will not have much interest except for those who are in the situation of his lover and belle Dame; but his introduction of it, his account of his riding abroad, thinking of his lost mistress,—his hearing music in a garden, and being pressed by some friends who saw him to come in,—is all extremely lively and natural. At his entrance, the ladies, "every one by one," bade him welcome "a great deal more than he was worthy." They are waited upon, at their repast, not by "deadly servants," but by gentlemen and lovers; of one of whom he proceeds to give a capital picture.

Among all other, one I gan espy,
Which in great thought ful often came and went,
As one that had been ravished utterly:
In his language not greatly dilligent,
His countenance he kept with great turment,
But his desire farre passed his reason,
For ever his eye went after his entent,
Full many a time, when it was no season.

To make chere, sore himselfe he pained,
And outwardly he fained great gladnesse;
To sing also, by force he was constrained,
For no pleasaunce, but very shamefastnesse;
For the complaint of his most heavinesse
Came to his voice.

But to return to our other Belle Dame.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a Lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A fairy's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sigh'd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried, "La belle Dame sans mercy
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

CAVIARE.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
SPENSER.

No. XXXII.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 17th, 1820.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW—MEN WEDDED TO BOOKS—THE CONTEST BETWEEN THE NIGHTINGALE AND MUSICIAN.

WE have often had occasion to think of the exclamation of that ingenious saint, who upon reading a fine author, cried out “Pereant male qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!”—“Deuce take those who have said our good things before us!”—Now, without mentioning the extendibility (we are writing in high spirits, early on a fine morning, and cannot stop to find a better word)—without mentioning the extendibility of this judicious imprecation to deeds, as, “Deuce take those who have anticipated our exploits;” or to possessions, as “Confound those fellows that ride in our coaches and eat our asparagus;—we cannot help thinking the phrase particularly applicable to those who have read our authors—“Plague take those who anticipate our articles,—who quote our highly-interesting passages out of old books.”

Here is a Retrospective Review set up, which with an alarming precision of prepositions undertakes to make “Criticisms upon, Analyses of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable Books in all Languages, that have been published from the Revival of Literature to the Commencement of the Present Century:”—And what is very inconsiderate, it performs all this, and more. It’s criticisms are of a very uncritical kind; deep and well-tempered. It can afford to let other people have their merits. Proud of the literature of past ages, it is nevertheless not at all contemptuous of the present; and even in reading a lecture to modern critics, as it does admirably in it’s Second Number in an article on the once formidable John Dennis, it expostulates in so genial and informing a spirit, that he must be a very far-gone critical old woman indeed, who does not feel inclined to leave off the brandy-drinking of abuse,—the pin-sticking of grudging absurdity. It is extremely pleasant to see it travelling in this way over so wide a range of literature, warming as well as penetrating as it goes, with a sunny eye,—now fetching out the remotest fields, and anon driving the shadows before it and falling in kindly lustre upon ourselves. The highest compliment that we can pay it, or indeed any other work, is to say, that the enthusiasm is young, and the knowledge old;—a rare, a wise, and a delightful combination.

It is lucky for us that we happened to speak of this work in another publication, the very day before the appearance of the second number; for the latter contained a very kind mention of the little work now

before the reader ; and thus our present notice might have been laid to the account of a vanity, which however gratified, is not the cause of it. The value of praise as well as rebuke does indeed depend upon the nature of the persons from whom it comes ; and it is as difficult not to be delighted with panegyric from some, as it is easy to be indifferent to it, or even pained by it, from others. But when we confess our pleasure in this instance, we can say with equal truth, that all our feelings and hopes being identified with the cause of what we think good and kind, our very self-love becomes identified with it ; and we would consent to undergo the horrible moment of annihilation and oblivion the next instant, could we be assured that the world would be as happy as we were unremembered. And yet what a Yes ! would that be !

But to get from under the imagination of this crush of our being, and emerge into the lightness and pleurability of life,—it was very hard of the Retrospective Review, that while it praised us, it should pick our intentional pockets of an extract we had long thought of making from an old poet. We allude to the poem called Music's Duel from Crashaw. Here the feelings expressed at the head of our paper come over us again. It has been said of fond students that they were “wedded to their books.” We have even heard of ladies who have been jealous of an over-seductive duodecimo ; as perhaps they might, if every literary husband or lover were like the collegian in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his bed's head,
A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltry.

And yet we feel that we could very well like them too at the bed's head, without at all diminishing our regard for what should be at the bed's heart. We could sleep under them as under a bower of imaginations. We are one of those who like to have a book behind one's pillow, even though we know we shall not touch it. It is like having all our treasures at hand.

But if people are to be wedded to their books, it is hard that under our present moral dispensations, they are not to be allowed the usual exclusive privileges of marriage. A friend thinks no more of borrowing a book now-a-days, than a Roman did of borrowing a man's wife ; and what is worse, we are so far gone in our immoral notions on this subject, that we even lend it as easily as Cato did his spouse. Now what a happy thing ought it not to be to have exclusive possession of a book,—one's Shakspeare for instance ; for the finer the wedded work, the more anxious of course we should be, that it should give nobody happiness but ourselves. Think of the pleasure not only of being with it in general, of having by far the greater part of it's company, but of having it entirely to one's self ; of always saying internally, “It is my property ;” of seeing it well-dressed in “black or red,” purely to please one's own eyes ; of wondering how any fellow could be so impudent as to propose borrowing it for an evening ; of being at once

proud of his admiration, and pretty certain that it was in vain ; of the excitement nevertheless of being a little uneasy whenever we saw him approach it too nearly ; of wishing that it could give him a cuff of the cheek with one of it's beautiful boards, for presuming to like it's beauties as well as ourselves ; of liking other people's books, but not at all thinking it proper that they should like our's ; of getting perhaps indifferent to it, and then comforting ourselves with the reflection that others are not so, though to no purpose ; in short, of all the mixed transport and anxiety to which the exclusiveness of the book-wedded state would be liable ; not to mention the impossibility of other people's having any literary offspring from our fair unique, and consequently of the danger of loving any compilations but our own. Really if we could burn all other copies of our originals, as the Roman Emperor once thought of destroying Homer, this system would be worth thinking of. If we had a good library, we should be in the situation of the Turks with their seraglios, which are a great improvement upon our petty exclusivenesses. Nobody could then touch our Shakspeare, our Spenser, our Chaucer, our Greek and Italian writers. People might say, "Those are the walls of the library!" and "sigh, and look, and sigh again;" but they should never get in. No Retrospective rake should anticipate our privileges of quotation. Our Mary Woolstonecrafts and our Madame de Staels,—no one should know how finely they were lettered,—what soul there was in their disquisitions. We once had a glimpse of the feelings, which people would have on these occasions. It was in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The keeper of it was from home; and not being able to get a sight of the Manuscript of Milton's *Comus*, we were obliged to content ourselves with looking through a wire work, a kind of safe, towards the shelf on which it reposed. How we winked, and yearned, and imagined we saw a corner of the all-precious sheets, to no purpose! The feelings were not very pleasant, it is true; but then as long as they were confined to others, they would of course only add to our satisfaction.

But to come to our extract; for not being quite recovered yet from our late ill-health, we mean to avail ourselves of it still. It is remarkable, as the Reviewer has observed, for "a wonderful power over the resources of our language." The original is in the *Prolusions* of Strada, where it is put into the mouth of the celebrated Castiglione, as an imitation of the style of Claudian. From all that we recollect of that florid poet, the imitation, to say the least of it, is quite as good as any thing in himself. Indeed, as a description of the niceties of a musical performance, we remember nothing in him that can come up to it. But what will astonish the reader, in addition to the exquisite tact with which Strada is rendered by the translator, is his having trebled the whole description, and with an equal minuteness in his exuberance. We cannot stop to enter into the detail of the enjoyment, as we would; and indeed we should not know perhaps how to express our sense of it but by repeating his masterly niceties about the "clear unwrinkled song," the "warbling doubt of

dallying sweetness," the "ever-bubbling spring," the kindling of the bird's

"soft-voice
"In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,"

the "quavering coyness" with which the musician "tastes the strings," the "surges of swoln rhapsodies," the "full-mouthed diapason swelling all;" and in short, the whole "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of masterly playing, from it's lordly sweep over the full instrument to the "capering cheerfulness" of a guitar accompaniment. The man of letters will admire the power of language; and to the musician and other lovers of music we are sure we are affording a great treat. Numbers of them will never have found their sensations so well analyzed before. Part of the poetry, it is true, is in a false and overcharged taste; but in general the exuberance is as true as it is surprising, for the subject is exuberant and requires it.

We should observe, before the concert begins, that Castiglione is represented by Strada as having been present at this extraordinary duel himself; and however fabulous this may seem, there is a letter extant from Bartolomeo Ricci to Giambattista Pigna, cotemporaries of Tasso, in which he says, that Antoniano, a celebrated improvisatore of those times, playing on the lute after a rural dinner which the writer had given to his friends, provoked a nightingale to contend with him in the same manner. Dr. Black, in his *Life of Tasso*, by way of note upon this letter, quotes a passage from Sir William Jones, strongly corroborating such stories; and indeed, when we know what parrots and other birds can do, especially in imitating and answering each other, and hear the extravagant reports to which the powers of the nightingale have given rise, such as the story of an actual dialogue in Buffon, we can easily imagine that the groundwork of the relation may not be a mere fable. "An intelligent Persian," says Sir William, "declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated Lutanist, surnamed Bulbul (the nightingale), was playing to a large company in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change in the mode."

MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood;
(The sweet inhabitants of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she)
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report: and mould the same

In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good :
 The man perceiv'd his rival and her art,
 Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
 Informs it, in a sweet præludium
 Of closer strains ; and ere the war begin,
 He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch : and straightway she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quick volumes of wild notes ; to let him know
 By that *shrill taste*, she could do something too.

His nimble hands instinct then taught each string
A capring cheerfulness, and made them sing
 To their own dance ; now *negligently rash*
 He throws his arm, and *with a long drawn dash*
Blends all together ; then distinctly trips
 From this to that ; then quick returning skips
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 She measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt,
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
 With tender accents, and severely joint it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amaz'd
 That from so small a channel should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voice ; whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet ; that tickled with rare art
 The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling base
 In surly groans disdains the trebles grace ;
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (moderator) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
 Hoarse, shrill, at once ; as when the trumpets call
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands : this lesson too
 She gives him back ; *her supple breast thrills out*
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
 Music's best seed-plot, where, in ripen'd airs,
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboureth
 In that sweet soil, it seems a holy choir
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre,

Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweep-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their mattens sing :
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay
 Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day !
There you might hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
 She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train.
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
 Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is plac'd
 Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
 In the musician's face; yet once again
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
 But tune a song of victory to me;
 As to thyself, sing thine own obsequy;
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.
 The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frightened,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted.
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath: which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 The humourous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
 In shrill tongu'd accents, striving to be single.
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
 Give life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rhapsodies,

Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
 At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings; by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
 She fails, and failing, grieves, and grieving dies.
 She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute; O fit to have
 (That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

This exquisite story has had another relator in Ford the dramatist, and according to a great authority, a finer one. The passage is very beautiful certainly, especially in the outset about Greece; and if the story is to be taken as a sentiment, it must be allowed to surpass the other; but as an account of the Duel itself, it is assuredly as different as playing is from no playing. Sentiment however completes every thing, and we hope our readers will enjoy with us the concluding from Ford:—

Menaphon. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
 Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
 To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
 Desire of visiting that paradise.
 To Thessaly I came, and living private,
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves,
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encounter'd me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
 That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
 By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve ye.
 A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranc'd my soul; as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,

Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good, on!

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for ev'ry several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to. For a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly,
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears,
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd and cried:
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENCER.

No. XXXIII.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 24th, 1820.

OF STICKS.

AMONG other comparative injuries which we are accustomed to do to the characters of things animate and inanimate, in order to gratify our human vanity,—such as calling a rascal a dog (which is a great compliment), and saying that a tyrant makes a beast of himself (which it would be a very good thing, and a lift in the world, if he could), is a habit in which some persons indulge themselves, of calling insipid things and persons STICKS. Such and such a one is said to write a stick; and such another is himself called a stick;—a poor stick, a mere stick, a stick of a fellow.

We protest against this injustice done to those genteel, jaunty, useful, and once flourishing sons of a good old stock. Take, for instance, a common cherry stick, which is one of the favourite sort. In the first place, it is a very pleasant substance to look at, the grain running round it in glossy and shadowy rings. Then it is of primæval antiquity, handed down from scion to scion through the most flourishing of genealogical trees. In the third place, it is of Eastern origin; of a stock, which it is possible may have furnished Haroun Al Raschid with a djereed, or Mahomet with a camel-stick, or Xenophon in his famous retreat with fences, or Xerxes with tent-pins, or Alexander with a javelin, or Sardanapalus with tarts, or Solomon with a simile for his mistress's lips, or Jacob with a crook, or Methusalem with shadow, or Zoroaster with mathematical instruments, or the builders of Babel with scaffolding. Lastly, how do you know but that you may have eaten cherries off this very stick; for was once alive with sap, and rustling with foliage, and powdered with blossoms, and red and laughing with fruit. Where the leathern shoe now hangs, may have dangled a bunch of berries; and instead of the brass ferret poking in the mud, the tip was growing into the earth with its youngest green.

The use of sticks in general is of the very greatest antiquity. It is impossible to conceive a state of society, in which boughs should not be plucked from trees for some purpose of utility or amusement. Savages use clubs, hunters require lances, and shepherds their crooks. Then came the sceptre, which is originally nothing but a staff, or a lance, or a crook, distinguished from others. The Greek word for sceptre signifies also a walking-stick. A mace, however plumped up and disguised with gilding and a heavy crown, is only the same thing in the hands of an inferior ruler; and so are all other sticks used in office, from the baton of the Grand Constable of France down to the tipstaff of a constable in Bow-street. As the shepherd's dog is the origin of the gentlest whelp that lies on a hearth-cushion, and of the most pompous barker that jumps about a pair of greys, so the merest stick used by a modern Arcadian, when he is driving his flock to Leadenhall-market with a piece of candle in his hat and No. 554 on his arm, is the first great parent and original of all authoritative staves, from the beadle's cane wherewith he terrifies charity-boys who eat bull's-eyes in church-time, up to the silver mace of the verger; the wands of parishes and governors; the tasselled staff, wherewith the Band-Major so loftily picks out his measured way before the musicians, and which he holds up when they are to cease; the White Staff of the Lord Treasurer; the court-officer emphatically called the Lord Gold Stick; the Bishop's Crozier (*Pedum Episcopale*) whereby he is supposed to pull back the feet of his straying flock; and the royal and imperial sceptre aforesaid, whose holders, formerly called Shepherds of the People (*Ποιμνάρχαι*) were seditiously said to fleece more than to protect. The Vaulting-Staff, a luxurious instrument of exercise, must have been used in times immemorial for passing streams and rough ground with. It is the ancestor of the staff with which Pilgrims travelled. The Staff and Quarter-Staff of the country Robin Hoods is a remnant of the war-club. So is the Irish Shillelah, which a friend has well defined to be "a stick with two butt-ends." The originals of all these, that are not extant in our own country, may still be seen wherever there are nations uncivilized. The Negro Prince, who asked our countrymen what was said of him in Europe, was surrounded in state with a parcel of ragged fellows with shillelahs over their shoulders,—Lord Old Sticks.

But sticks have been great favourites with civilized as well as uncivilized nations; only the former have used them more for help and ornament. The Greeks were a sceptropherous people. Homer probably used a walking-stick, because he was blind; but we have it on authority that Socrates did. On his first meeting with Xenophon, which was in a narrow passage, he barred up the way with his stick, and asked him in his good-natured manner, where provisions were to be had. Xenophon having told him, he asked again, if he knew where to go and wisdom were to be had; and this reducing the young man did, non-plus, he said, "Follow me, and learn;" which Xenophon did, and became the great man we have all heard of. The fatherly story of Agesilaus, who was caught amusing his little boy with riding

on a stick, and asked his visitor whether he was a father, is too well known for repetition.

There is an illustrious anecdote connected with our subject in Roman history. The highest compliment, which his countrymen thought they could pay to the first Scipio was to call him a walking-stick; for such is the signification of his name. It was given him for the filial zeal with which he used to help his old father about, serving his decrepid age instead of a staff. But the Romans were not remarkable for sentiment. What we hear in general of their sticks, is the thumpings which servants get in their plays; and above all, the famous rods which the lictors carried, and which being actual sticks, must have inflicted horrible dull bruises and malignant stripes. They were pretty things, it must be confessed, to carry before the chief magistrate; just as if the King or the Lord Chancellor were to be preceded by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Sticks are not at all in such request with modern times as they were. Formerly, we suspect, most of the poorer ranks in England used to carry them, both on account of the prevalence of manly sports, and for security in travelling: for before the invention of posts and mail-coaches, a trip to Marlowe or St. Albans was a thing to make a man write his will. As they came to be ornamented, fashion adopted them. The Cavaliers of Charles the First's time were a sticked race, as well as the apostolic divines and puritans, who appear to have carried staves because they read of them among the patriarchs. Charles the First, when at his trial, held out his stick to forbid the Attorney-General's proceeding. There is an interesting little story connected with a stick, which is related of Andrew Marvell's father, (worthy of such a son), and which as it is little known, we will repeat; though it respects the man more than the machine. He had been visited by a young lady, who in spite of a stormy evening persisted in returning across the Humber, because her family would be alarmed at her absence. The old gentleman, high-hearted and cheerful, after vainly trying to dissuade her from perils which he understood better than she, resolved in his gallantry to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and getting into the boat, threw his stick to a friend, with a request, in a lively tone of voice, that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then cried out merrily "Ho-hoy for Heaven!" and put off with his visitor. They were drowned.

As commerce increased, exotic sticks grew in request from the Indies. Hence the Bamboo, the Whanghee, the Jambee which makes such a genteel figure under Mr. Lilly's auspices in the Tatler; and our light modern cane, which the Sunday stroller buys at sixpence a piece, with a twist of it at the end for a handle. The physicians, till within the last few score of years, retained among other fopperies which they converted into gravities, the wig and gold-headed cane. The latter had been an indispensable sign royal of fashion, and was turned to infinite purposes of accomplished gesticulation. One of the most courtly personages in the Rape of the Lock is

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

Sir Richard Steele, as we have before noticed, is reproached by a busy-body of those times for a habit of jerking his stick against the pavement as he walked. When swords were abolished by Act of Parliament, the tavern-boys took to pinking each other, as injuriously as they could well manage, with their walking-sticks. Macklin the player was tried for his life for poking a man's eye out in this way. Perhaps this helped to bring the stick into disrepute, for the use of it seems to have declined more and more, till it is now confined to old men, and a few among the younger. It is unsuitable to our money-getting mode of rushing hither and thither. Instead of pinking a man's ribs or so, or thrusting out his eye from an excess of the jovial, we break his heart with a bankruptcy.

Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still common to say that he has had "a caning." Which reminds us of an anecdote more agreeable than surprising; though the patient doubtless thought the reverse. A gentleman, who was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, accompanied by something which a bully might certainly think he might presume upon, found himself compelled to address a person who did not know how to "translate his style," in the following words, which were all delivered in the sweetest tone in the world, with an air of almost hushing gentility:—"Sir,—I am extremely sorry—to be obliged to say,—that you appear to have a very erroneous notion of the manners that become your situation in life;—and I am compelled, with great reluctance, to add,"—(here he became still softer and more delicate) "that if you do not think fit, upon reflection, to alter this very extraordinary conduct towards a gentleman, I shall be under the necessity of——caning you." The other treated the thing as a joke; and to the delight of the bye-standers, received a very grave drubbing.

There are two eminent threats connected with caning, in the history of Dr. Johnson. One was from himself, when he was told that Foote intended to mimic him on the stage. He replied, that if "the dog" ventured to play his tricks with him, he would step out of the stage-box, chastise him before the audience, and then throw himself upon their candour and common sympathy. Foote desisted; as he had good reason to do. The Doctor would have read him a stout lesson, and then made a speech to the audience as forcible; so that the theatrical annals have to regret, that the subject and Foote's shoulders were not afforded him to expatiate upon. It would have been a fine involuntary piece of acting,—the part of Scipio by Dr. Johnson.—The other threat was against the Doctor himself from Macpherson, the compounder of Ossian. It was for denying the authenticity of that work; a provocation the more annoying, inasmuch as he did not seem duly sensible of it's merits. Johnson replied to Macpherson's letter by one of contemptuous brevity and pith; and contented himself with carrying about a large stick, with which he intended to repel Macpherson

in case of an assault. Had they met, it would have been like "two clouds over the Caspian;" for both were large-built men.

We recollect another bacular Johnsonian anecdote. When he was travelling in Scotland, he lost a huge stick of his in the little tree-less island of Mull. Boswell told him he would recover it; but the Doctor shook his head. "No, no," said he; "let any body in Mull get possession of it, and it will never be restored. Consider, Sir, the value of such a piece of timber here."

The most venerable sticks now surviving, are the smooth amber-coloured canes in the possession of old ladies. They have sometimes a gold-head, but oftener a crook of ivory. But they have latterly been much displaced by light umbrellas, the handles of which are imitations of them; and these are gradually retreating before the young parasol, especially about town. The old ladies take the wings of the stage-coaches, and are run away with by John Pullen in a style of infinite convenience. The other sticks in use are for the most part of cherry, oak, and crab, and seldom adorned with more than a leathern tassel: often with nothing. Bamboo and other canes do not abound as might be expected from our intercourse with India: but commerce, in this as in other respects, has overshot its mark. People cannot afford to use sticks, any more than bees could in their hives. Of the common sabbatical cane we have already spoken. There is a very sufficing little mantel, equally light and lissom, yclept an ebony switch; but we have not seen it often.

That sticks however are not to be despised by the leisurely, any one who has known what it is to want words, or to slice off the head of a thistle, will allow. The utility of the stick seems divisible into three heads; first, to give a general consciousness of power; second, which may be called a part of the first, to help the demeanour; and third, which may be called a part of the second, to assist a man over the gaps of speech,—the little awkward intervals, called want of ideas.

Deprive a man of his stick, who is accustomed to carry one, and with what a diminished sense of vigour and gracefulness he issues out of his house! Wanting his stick, he wants himself. His self-possession, like Acres's on the duel-ground, has gone out of his fingers' ends. But restore it him, and how he resumes his energy! If a common walking-stick, he cherishes the top of it with his fingers, putting them out and back again with a fresh desire to feel it in his palm! How he strikes it against the ground, and feels power come back to his arm! How he makes the pavement ring with the ferrel, if in a street; or decapitates the downy thistles aforesaid, if in a field! Then if it be a switch, how firmly he jerks his step at the first infliction of it on the air! How he quivers the point of it as he goes, holding the handle with a strait-dropped arm and a tight grasp! How his foot keeps time to the switches! How the passengers think he is going to ride, whether he is or not! How he twigs the luckless pieces of lilac or other shrubs, that peep out of a garden railing! And if a sneaking-looking dog is coming by, how he longs to exercise his despotism and his moral sense at once, by giving him an invigorating twinge!

But what would certain men of address do without their cane or switch? There is an undoubted Rhabdosophy, Sceptrosophy, or Wisdom of the Stick, besides the famous Divining Rod with which people used to discover treasures and fountains. It supplies a man with inaudible remarks, and an inexpressible number of graces. Sometimes, breathing between his teeth, he will twirl the end of it upon his stretched-out toe; and this means, that he has an infinite number of easy and powerful things to say, if he had a mind. Sometimes, he holds it upright between his knees, and tattoos it against his teeth or under lip; which implies, that he meditates coolly. On other occasions, he switches the side of his boot with it, which announces jauntiness in general. Lastly, if he has not a bon-mot ready in answer to one, he has only to thrust his stick at your ribs, and say "Ah! you rogue!" which sets him above you in an instant, as a sort of patronizing wit, who can dispense with the necessitating of joking.

At the same time, to give it it's due zest in life, a stick has it's inconveniences. If you have yellow gloves on, and drop it in the mud, a too hasty recovery is awkward. To have it stick between the stones of a pavement, is not pleasant; especially if it snap the ferrel off; or more especially if an old gentleman or lady is coming behind you, and after making them start back with winking eyes, it threatens to trip them up. To lose the ferrel on a country road, renders the end liable to the growth of a sordid brush; which, not having a knife with you, or a shop in which to borrow one, goes pounding the wet up against your legs. In a crowded street, you may have the stick driven into a large pane of glass; upon which an unthinking tradesman, utterly indifferent to a chain of events, issues forth and demands twelve shillings and sixpence. But perhaps we have been anticipated on these points by that useful regulator of the philosophy of every-day matters, who wrote a treatise entitled the Miseries of Human Life. We shall only add, that the stick is never more in the way, than when you meet two ladies, your friends, whose arms you are equally bound and beatified to take. It cannot possibly be held in the usual way, to say nothing of it's going against the gown or pelisse: and to carry it over the shoulder, endangers veils and bonnets, besides rendering you liable to the gallant reproaches of the unreflecting; who thinking you must have walked with the ladies from all eternity, instead of the next street, ask you whether you could not leave your stick at home even for two. But see, how situations the most perplexing to an unreflecting good-will, may change their character before a spirit truly enlightened by the smiles on each side of him. Now is the time, if the fortunate Sceptrosopher wishes to be thought well of in a fair bosom. He throws away the stick. The lady smiles and deprecates, and thinks how generously he could protect her without a stick.

It was thus that Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was an aspirant at Elizabeth's court at Greenwich, attending her one day on a walk, in company with other fine spirits of that age, and coming upon a plashy strip of ground which put her Majesty's princely foot to a non-plus, no sooner saw her dilemma, than he took off a gallant velvet-cloak

which he had about him, and throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over, as her royal womanhood never forgot.

COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN.

We have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery, which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this ;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance, which were more shut out by magic from people's eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question ; for the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the Metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides ; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it, without seeing any thing but a sign-post or some corn ; and yet it is so beautiful, that is called emphatically "The Country."

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance ; but the zealous explorer may come upon it's gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. It's pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey ; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass : yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic, running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance ; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the Country-People, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them ; but their perceptions will doubtless increase, in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them, that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago ; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better, take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there, and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and

colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy, hare-bells or blue-bells, wake-robin, lillies of the valley, &c. &c. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering may-bush, &c. &c. all, in short, that we doat upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond-street. It is perfectly transporting, in fine weather, like the present for instance, to lounge under the hedge-row elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about with a heavy placidity accordant to the time and scene, "painted jays" glancing about the glens, the gentle hills sloping down into water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their ivied trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this; and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and black-birds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove "brooding over her own sweet voice." And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids), we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. is informed that it is intended to divide the *Indicator* into Volumes; for which purpose a Title-page will be ready for delivery by the close of the Fiftieth Number, or thereabouts.

S. L. is under consideration.

A Correspondent informs us that the Latin word for Daisy, *Bellis*, is of Greek origin; to which it is traced in some old works. We trust we have taken him with us of late, in our May-weather enjoyments.

Orders received by the Newsmen, by the Booksellers, and by the Publisher, Joseph Appleyard.

Printed by Joseph Appleyard, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.—Price 2d.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXIV.—WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st, 1820.

OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS.

THOUGH we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view; and among others, for the entertainment to be derived from it's shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention; and besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the Arabian Nights, with their Bazaars and Bezesteins; where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slaves, (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played; upon which he sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly; upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation is brought in; upon which they eat, but not much. A dance ensues, and the ocular sympathy is growing tenderer, when an impossible old woman appears, and says that the Sultan is coming. Alas! How often have we been waked up, in the person of the young draper or jeweller, by that ancient objection! How have we received the lady in her veil, through which we saw nothing but her dark eyes and rosy cheeks! How have we sat cross-legged on cushions, hearing or handling the lute, whose sounds faded away like our enamoured eyes! How often have we not lost our hearts and left-hands, like one of the Calenders? Or an eye, like another? Or a head; and resumed it at the end of the story? Or slept (no, not slept) in the Sultan's garden at Schiraz with the Fair Persian?

But to return (as well as such enamoured persons can) to our shops.—We prefer the country a million times over for walking in generally, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you

have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and find a quickly dried pavement and a set of brilliant shops very pleasant. Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street may out-do the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces; but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed of the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter, therefore will pardon us, if we do not find any thing very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his concern a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their loads of virgin paper, their slates and slate-pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books (with the exception of the Literary Pocket-Book), and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and of the impossibility of writing any thing pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable thing, in a stationer's shop, when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, &c. which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies, are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the originals. Their well-known heads become too anonymous. Their young ladies have casts in the eyes, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr. Harlowe.

STATIONER (to himself). I'll not sell this fellow's Indicator.

INDICATOR. Yes, but you will.

STAT. Why should I? Not, I hope, for a paltry——

INDIC. (interrupting him). Oh no, not for a paltry profit, as you say; but because you are a man of taste and impartiality. My observations apply generally to the stationers' shops; but, of course, not to all.

All the STATIONERS (severally). 'Tis undoubtedly a clever thing;—a very clever, and impartial little publication. The profit upon it, as you say, is—not prodigious; but the price is humble. Besides, my wife likes it.

INDIC. Does she indeed? Then you must allow me to say that I cannot help liking her. And this reminds me of a penitent observation I have to make; which is, that the letter-paper in your shop forms

a very delightful subject of reflection :—not the common letter-paper, you rogue ; but the love-letter,—the pretty little smooth delicate hot-pressed gilt-edged flower-bordered paper, the only fit ground-work for a crow-quill, fair fingers, and golden sand. I suspect, Mr. Stationer, that your shop has as touching memories connected with it, after all, as any in London.

STAT. Why, I should think perhaps it had, Sir. You'll excuse, Sir, that little haste of mine just now ?

INDIC. Oh, by all means : and you must excuse mine ; for I have many shops to call at. My compliments, if you please, to your wife. By the bye, you ought to know, if you happen not to know it already, that it was for such paper as that which I have been mentioning that Rousseau describes himself as writing the two first books of his *Heloise*, in a state of unspeakable enjoyment. The paper was of the finest gilt ; the sand, to dry the ink, azure and silver ; and he had blue ribbon to stitch the sheets together ; “ thinking,” he says, “ nothing too gallant, nothing too darlingsly delicate, for the charming girls, whom I was doating upon like another *Pygmalion**.” This was in the little sylvan island of *Montmorency* ; with nothing but silence about him ; and the lady, who had given him his *Hermitage*, sending him billets, and portraits, and flannel under-petticoats.

STAT. Flannel under-petticoats !

INDIC. Yes, to make under-waistcoats. It was winter time†.

But there love-matters are again interfering with the shop. Adieu, Mr. Stationer. We must now shock you, though still, we trust, not unpardonably, by objecting to your neighbour the hatter. We really can see nothing in a hatter's shop, but the hats ; and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious ani-

* “ *Content d'avoir grossièrement esquissé mon plan, je revins aux situations de détail que j'avois tracées, et de l'arrangement que le jeu donnai résulterent les deux premières parties de la Julie, que je fis et mis au net durant cet hiver avec un plaisir inexprimable, employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, de la poudre d'azur et d'argent pour sécher l'écriture, de la nompareille bleue coudre mes cahiers ; enfin ne trouvant rien d'assez galant, rien d'assez mignon, pour les charmantes filles dont je raffolois comme un autre *Pigmalion*.*” Compare these concluding words, which we did not remember at the time, with the introductory observations on the article headed *Rousseau's Pygmalion*.

† This sort of present touched our Genevese philosopher more than the *Hermitage* itself, or indeed, according to his own account, more than any thing which the lady in question ever sent him ; and she had all a lover's tendency to give. “ *Un jour,*” says he, “ *qu'il geloit très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit de plusieurs commissions dont elle s'étoit chargée, j'y trouvai un petit jupon de dessous de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je fisse un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fut dépourillée pour me vêtir, que dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et jupon ; Thérèse me croyoit devenu fou. Il est singulier que de toutes les marques d'amitié que Madame D——y m'a prodiguées, aucun ne m'a jamais touché comme celle-là, et que même depuis notre rupture, je n'y ai jamais repensé sans attendrissement. J'ai long-temps conserve son petit billet, et je l'aurois encore, s'il n'eût eu le sort de mes autres billets du même temps.*” What should have hindered him, even according to his own story, from keeping both the billet and the lady's regards ? But his capricious temperament was always leading him to play the fool, with those whom he had enchanted by being the genius.

mal ; but not entertaining enough, of itself, to make a window full of those very requisite nuisances an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the cruel-shop next door,—a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary however to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places ; which is some relief to the monotony of the windows ; only they remind us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop ; much inferior to the gingerbread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school, wiping away the crumbs as they fell upon our Mysteries of Udolpho. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it, as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse ; particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it ; for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the city, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses ; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of these windows at nine o'clock is, to us, one of the very dimmallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because every body abuses it : but we cannot. It must bear it's fate like the man. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light ; but in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a baulk to one's spirits, as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is refreshing upon the whole to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune ; for why should he die a death at every-fresh order for a coffin ? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse is a horrid object ; but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop is only rapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there ; the altered fellow-creature is not there ; but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death ; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two ; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well however at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in an Italian warehouse,—it's name and it's olives ; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief : but we understand it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music shop with it's windows full of title-pages, is

provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song.—A book-stall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on, without the horrors of not buying any thing; unless indeed the master or mistress stands looking at him from the door; which is a vile practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers; but then ought not a stall-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief? A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. The rural transparencies, however, which they have in their windows, with all our liking of the subject, would perhaps be better in any others; for tavern-sociality is a town-thing, and should be content with town ideas. A landscape in the window makes us long to change it at once for a rural inn; to have a rosy-faced damsel attending us, instead of a sharp and serious waiter; and to catch, in the intervals of chat, the sound of a rookery instead of cookery. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us, as it is with some. It may not be very genteel, but neither is every thing that is rich. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the mean time, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the Devil and the Bag o' Nails; and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "Lovely Nan," or "Brave Captain Death," or "Tobacco is an Indian Weed," or "Why, Soldiers, why," or "Says Plato, why should man be vain," or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

Now what can man more desire
Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire;
And on his knees, &c.

We will even refuse to hear any thing against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the

virtuous leave off making prostitutes and drinking old port. In the mean time, we give up to any body's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's, with their blood-dropping sheep and their crimped cod. And yet see how things go by comparison. We remember in our boyhood, when a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration, than the butchers' shops. She had no notion, from what she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passable. An open potato-shop is a dull, bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheesemonger's is then at it's height of annoyance, unless you see a paviour or bricklayer coming out with his three-penn'orth on his bread;—a better sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with it's birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird any where but in the open air, alive, and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become it's winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate it's panes with Ham and Beef scratched upon them in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant, with it's red and white chessmen, and little big-headed Indians on elephants. So is a toy-shop, with it's endless delights for children. A coach-maker's is not disagreeable if you can see the painting and pannels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which, as we showed last week, are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with it's mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The green-grocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hair-dressers are also interesting, as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads; always bearing in mind that we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with it's rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise: for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not very amusing, unless it has those reflecting glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner in dreary longitude. A sadler's is good, because it reminds one of horses. A Christian sword-maker's or gun-maker's is edifying. A glass-shop is a beautiful spectacle. It reminds one of the splendours of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy colour, the fiery sparkles, and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace. Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is something striking to us in the large well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimnies. We also greatly admire a wharf, with it's boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water; not to mention the smell of

pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons, the crabbedest old lane has it's merits in our eyes, if there is a sail-maker's in it, or a boat-builder's and water at the end. How used old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said "Blue against Black at any time," meaning the Westminster boys. And the colleges will ratify his praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the streets, a print-seller's pleases us most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi of Cockspur-street, or Mr. Molteno of Pall-mall, to look at his windows on one of their best furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition. We can see fine engravings there,—translations from Raphael and Titian, which are newer than hundreds of originals. We do not despise a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-averted face of the prettiest of accountants; especially with a beggar watching and praying all the while at the door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. We think they would do their trade more good if they hung their windows with a greater number of flowers, ticketing some of them with their names and prices, and announcing crowns and wreaths for hanging up in rooms as well as wearing on the head. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for it's flowered draperies and richly coloured shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out:—for here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept Shopping; and here while some ladies give the smallest trouble unwillingly, others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere satisfaction of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of a wife by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be something equivocal: but we must say, that of all modes of the kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter. It is on such occasions, we presume, that snuff-takers delight to solace themselves with a pinch of Thirty-seven; and we accordingly do so in imagination at our friend Gliddon's in Tavistock-street, who is a higher kind of Lilly to the INDICATOR,—our papers lying among the piquant snuffs, as those of our illustrious predecessor The Tatler did among Mr. Lilly's perfumes at the corner of Beaufort-buildings. Since the peace with France, the shops of our tobacconists have become as amusing as print-shops; though not always, it must be confessed, in a style of delicacy becoming their enamoured boxes. At our friend's in Tavistock-street every thing is managed in a way equally delicate and cordial; and while the leisurely man of taste buys his Paris or his Indicator, the busier one may learn how to set up his gas-light in good classical style, and both

see how completely even a woman, of true feelings, can retain the easiest and pleasantest good-breeding in the midst of observant eyes and an humble occupation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Odd Stick next week, with a few additional words on the subject of *Sticks*.

An Index will be prepared for the volume of the *Indicator*, as well as a Title-page.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXV.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7th, 1820.

A NEARER VIEW OF SOME OF THE SHOPS.

IN the general glance we took last week at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object therefore of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds, and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day; time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green; the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths; the busy pushing onward, conscious of their bills; the dogs and coaches—but we must reserve this out-of-door view of the streets for a separate article.

To begin then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop.

Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
Ye just breeched ages, crowd not on our soul!

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also,—how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon;—then feel it well suspended;—then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window,—the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and ginger-bread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and lemon-cake-munching period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun,—fine of it's kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. It's

memories are not so ancient: for Alexander or St. George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing; it is not "like life." The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow; and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even in the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea: but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in it's wooden blade, as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic.—In the corner opposite are battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties;—balls, which have the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows;—ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces;—blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a very ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails;—cricket-bats, manly to handle;—trap-bats, a genteel inferiority;—swimming-corks, despicable;—horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public;—rocking horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent yet never getting on;—Dutch toys, so like life, that they ought to be better;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters;—dissected maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple;—boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline;—ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometricks;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares;—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes;—musical deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells;—penny-trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide;—jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue;—carts,—carriages,—hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet;—in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence,—dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest however against that abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We like good honest plump limbs of cotton and saw-dust, dressed in baby-linen; or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular

noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs,—not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry's-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from it's respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronized by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion: yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semicircular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has it's amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which when cut looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionery does not seem in the same request as of old. It's paint has hurt it's reputation. Yet the school-boy has still much to say for it's humbler suavities, such as elecampane, hardbake, bull's-eyes, comfits, the rocky chrystals of sugar-candy, the smooth twist of barley-sugar which looks like a petrified stream of tea, and the melting powderiness of peppermint. There used to be a mystery called mimpins, which as Dr. Johnson would say, made a pretty sweetmeat. Kisses are very amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candid citron we look upon to be the very acme and atticism of confectionary grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet Marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. There is a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti, and a Count of Lemonade,—so called, we presume, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. We have not yet heard of a Lord Viscount Jam.—After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a Pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun; especially as we can take up that, and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day; the blinds down; the loungers unusually languid; the pavement burning one's feet; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln; so that every body is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintery refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having had the ice.

Not heaven itself can do away that slice;
But what has been, has been; and I have had my ice.

We unaccountably omitted two excellent shops last week,—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as other agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window. Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice; the apple with it's brown red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun; the pear, swelling downwards, and provocative of a huge bite in the side; thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in light long baskets; the red little mouthfuls of strawberries, ditto; the larger purple ones of plumbs; cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than any thing new; mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains; the swelling pomp of melons; the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts; the quaint cashoo-nut; almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves,—in short,

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell.

MILTON.

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop, then in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his *Life of Dryden* (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves") is "no inelegant pleasure;" but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with it's rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums, than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus;—Nuts more brown
Than the squirrels teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black ey'd Driope
Hath often times commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,

Till when humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.

FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*.

How the poets double every delight for us, with their imagination and their music!

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops, artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put upon a mantle-piece, than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snow-ball" in Italy (see Brydone's Tour in Sicily and Malta), can hardly receive so jarring a bask to his gums, as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach. But the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best artistical casts, the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone-street, Golden-square, are, we believe, the best. We can safely speak as to the pleasant attendance in that shop. Shont in Holborn seems to deal chiefly in modern things; but he has a room up stairs, full of casts from the antique, large and small, that amounts to an exhibition. Of all the shop pleasures, that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the Celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club as if half disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek, and his lazier hanging locks, appears to be eyeing one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him, leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side, is the Couching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his mere animal spirits; and the Piping Faun, sadder because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dig-

nity,—a beauty unimpaired by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull and literal effeminacy of some of the other Emperors? We have before observed, that there is a sort of presence in sculpture, more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. When we were in our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr. West, in Newman-street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us, the moment the street door was closed, and we began stepping down those long carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they turned. We had observed every body walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion; and we went so likewise. We have walked down them with him at night to his painting room, as he went in his white flannel gown with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing: and every thing looked so quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us, still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were,—always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over-real. It is to that house, with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts: and if this is a piece of private history with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuses; which is Love.

A WORD OR TWO MORE ON STICKS.

We have received the following just remonstrance from a Correspondent:—

TO THE INDICATOR.

SIR,—I was this morning seeking the indulgence of a fresh supply of snuff at Gliddon's, and inquiring what the last number of the INDICATOR said. I confess I was agreeably surprised to find the principal article was "Of (and concerning) Sticks."—In my day, Sir, I have indulged an extravagant fancy for canes and sticks—but, like the children of the fashionable world, I have, in running the round, grown tired of all my favourites except one of a plain and useful sort. Conceive my mortification in finding this, my last prop,

not included in your catalogue of sticks most in use ; especially since it is become, among us men of sticks, the description most approved. The present day, which is one of mimicry, boasts scarcely any protection except in the very stick I allude to ; and yet, because it is so unpresuming in its appearance, and so cheap, the gentlemen "of a day" will not condescend to use it. We, Sir, who make a stick our constant companion (notwithstanding our motives may be misunderstood), value the tough, the useful, the highly picturesque "Ash Plant." Its still and gentlemanly colour ; its peculiar property of bending round the shoulders of a man without breaking, (in the event of our using it that way) ; the economy of the thing, as economy is the order of the day (at least in minor concerns) ; its being the best substitute for the old-fashioned horse-whip in a morning ride, and now so generally used in lieu of the long hunting whip in the sports of the chace ; answering every purpose, for gates, &c. without offering any temptation to do the work of a whipper-in :—all this, and much more, might be said of the neglected Ground Ash, especially if your mind, Sir, were directed to the Tree whose roots give birth to this, the last and only decorative prop of,

Your humble servant,

AN ODD STICK.

Wednesday, 24th May, 1820.

We must cry mercy on the estimable stick here complaining, and indeed on several other sorts of wood, unjustly omitted the other day. We also neglected to notice those ingenious and pregnant walking-sticks, which contain swords, inkstands, garden-seats, &c. and sometimes surprize us even with playing a tune. As the ancient poets wrote stories of gods visiting people in human shapes, in order to teach a considerate behaviour to strangers ; so an abstract regard ought to be shewn to all sticks, inasmuch as the irreverent spectator may not know what sort of staff he is encountering. If he does not take care, a man may beat him and "write him down an ass," with the same accomplished implement ; or sit down upon it before his face, where there is no chair to be had ; or follow up his chastisement with a victorious tune on the flute. As to the ash, to which we would do especial honour, for the sake of our injured, yet at the same time polite and forgiving Correspondent, we have the satisfaction of stating that it hath been reputed the very next wood, in point of utility, to the oak ; and hath been famous, time immemorial, for it's staffian qualities. Infinite are the spears with which it has supplied the warlike, the sticks it has put into the hands of a less sanguinary courage, the poles it has furnished for hops, vines, &c. and the arbours which it has run up over lovers. The Greek name for it was Melia, or the Honied ; from a juice or manna which it drops, and which has been much used in medicine and dying. There are, or were about forty years back, when Count Ginanni wrote his History of the Ravenna Pine Forest, large ash woods in Tuscany, which used to be tapped for those purposes. Virgil calls it the handsomest tree in the forest ; Chaucer "the hardie ashe ;" and Spenser, with an eulogy exclusively

perfect, "the ash for nothing ill." The ground-ash flourishes the better, the more it is cut and slashed;—a sort of improvement, which it sometimes bestows in return upon human kind.

SHORT MEASURE OF INDICATOR.

A Correspondent makes a very welcome complaint respecting the last pages of some of our numbers, which he hopes may be filled up in future, otherwise "he shall not be able to defend us from the attacks of our enemies." The said enemies must be inordinate rogues to attack even our blank pages, or we should rather say our blank page, or nearly blank page; for we have never yet, we believe, exhibited a whole one; and half blanks have not been common. The attacks, however, are very flattering, and we receive them with due gratitude. The truth is, we always wish to fill up our pages; not because we do not think a shorter quantity a very decent twopenny-worth, but because there is an implied understanding that we should be magnanimously cheap and superabundant; and we like to chat with our readers to the bottom of the staircase. Nevertheless that excellent race of persons, Candid and Benevolent from time immemorial, would not wish us, we are sure, to go on with mechanical scrupulousness to the end of the page, merely to fill it out, when we happen to find our say at an end. One cannot make twopenn'orth of essay like so much of butter, by dabbing a little piece more upon it to make up the weight. However, we wish to be quite free in this matter, not so much to indulge ourselves in license, as to do our duty agreeably.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr. R. of Walbrook for the trouble he has taken to secure the delivery of his *Indicator*, and trusts that he has no more with it. It is kind to all parties to mention these matters, because the omission may often arise from mistake as well as neglect.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXVI.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14th, 1820.

THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found however a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble bason, made them more and more wonder at every step that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of any thing else. There was an intense noon-day silence.

Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of window?" They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted however with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, Sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "you may now follow that adventure I have often you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicker than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it:—let us all stay." The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo." The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away as fast as possible. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up a courage beyond those who found their wills more powerful; and in the midst of his terror, he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought however had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively, and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature; and corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what-art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice, whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier:—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true: that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found, kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil. I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner, "Thou knowest not" said she, "what I know. Diana both was, and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way, and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of

her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayst devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "Oh ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! Oh safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! Oh sea! Oh earth! Oh heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence? And human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? Oh ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something or other made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into it's arms, to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man.—But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, and knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier not only throughout all the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprize, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for alas, they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all

her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before even a month of love; and even sorrowful habit having endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock: and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras,—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, “No indeed, Sir;” and she looked in Gualtier’s face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, “No indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart*.”

SALE OF THE LATE MR. WEST’S PICTURES.

It is a villainous thing to those who have known a man for years, and been intimate with the quiet inside of his house, privileged from intrusion, to see a sale of his goods going on upon the premises. It is often not to be helped, and what he himself wishes and enjoins; but still it is a villainous necessity,—a hard cut to some of one’s oldest and tenderest recollections. There is a sale of this kind now going on in the house we spoke of last week. We spoke of it then under an impulse not easy to be restrained, and not difficult to be allowed us; and we speak of it now under another. We were returning the day before yesterday from a house, where we had been entertained with lively accounts of foreign countries and the present features of the time, when we saw the door in Newman-street standing wide open, and disclosing to every passenger a part of the gallery at the end of the hall. All our boyhood came over us, with the recollection of those who had accompanied us into that house. We hesitated whether we should go in, and see an auction taking place of the old quiet and abstraction; but we do not easily suffer an unpleasant and vulgar association to overcome a greater one; and besides, how could we pass? Having passed the threshold, without the ceremony of the smiling old porter, we found a worthy person sitting at the door of the gallery, who on hearing our name, seemed to have old times come upon him as much as ourselves, and was very warm in his services. We entered the gallery, which we had entered hundreds of times in childhood, by the side of a mother, who used to speak of the great persons and transaction in the pictures on each side of her with a hushing reverence as if they were really present. But the pictures were not

* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the Island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See Dunlop’s History of Fiction, vol. 2, where he gives an account of Tirante the White.

there—neither Cupid with his doves, nor Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus, nor the Angel slaying the army of Sennacherib, nor Death on the Pale Horse, nor Jesus healing the Sick, nor the Deluge, nor Moses on the Mount, nor King Richard pardoning his brother John, nor the Installation of the old Knights of the Garter, nor Greek and Italian stories, nor the landscapes of Windsor Forest, nor Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded, giving up the water to the dying Soldier. They used to cover the wall; but now there were only a few engravings. The busts and statues also were gone. But there was the graceful little piece of garden as usual, with its grass plat and its clumps of lilac. They could not move the grass plat, even to sell it. Turning to the left, there was the privileged study, which we used to enter between the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo of the Vatican. They were gone, like their mythology. Beauty and intellect were no longer waiting on each side of the door. Turning again, we found the longer part of the gallery like the other; and in the vista through another room, the auction was going on. We saw a throng of faces of business with their hats on, and heard the hard-hearted knocks of the hammer, in a room which used to hold the mild and solitary Artist at his work, and which had never been entered but with quiet steps and a face of consideration. We did not stop a minute. In the room between this and the gallery, huddled up in a corner, were the busts and statues which had given us a hundred thoughts. Since the days when we first saw them, we have seen numbers like them, and many of more valuable materials; for though good of their kind, and of old standing, they are but common plaster. But the thoughts and the recollections belonged to no others; and it appeared sacrilege to see them in that state.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine;

* * * * *

And each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Into the parlour, which opens out of the hall and into the garden, we did not look. We scarcely know why; but we did not. In that parlour, we used to hear of our maternal ancestors, stout yet kind-hearted Englishmen, who set up their tents with Penn in the wilderness. And there we learnt to unite the love of freedom with that of the graces of life; for our host, though born a Quaker, and appointed a royal painter, and not so warm in his feelings as those about him, had all the natural amenity belonging to those graces, and never truly lost sight of that love of freedom. There we grew up acquainted with the divine humanities of Raphael. There we remember a large coloured print of the old lion-hunt of Rubens, in which the boldness of the action and the glow of the colouring overcome the horror of the struggle. And there, long before we knew any thing of Ariosto, we were as familiar as young playmates with the beautiful Angelica and Medoro, who helped to fill our life with love.

May a blessing be upon that house, and upon all who know how to value the genius of it.

THE BEE AND THE KISS.

The following is an extract from the Editor's Translation of Tasso's Amyntas, which is now ready to appear. It is Amyntas himself, who is speaking.

One day, Sylvia and Phillis
 Were sitting underneath a shady beech,
 I with them; when a little ingenious bee,
 Gathering his honey in those flowery fields,
 Lit on the cheeks of Phillis, cheeks as red
 As the red rose; and bit, and bit again
 With so much eagerness, that it appeared
 The likeness did beguile him. Phillis, at this,
 Impatient of the smart, sent up a cry;
 "Hush! Hush!" said my sweet Sylvia; "do not grieve;
 I have a few words of enchantment, Phillis,
 Will ease thee of this little suffering.
 The sage Artesia told them me, and had
 That little ivory horn of mine in payment,
 Fretted with gold." So saying, she applied
 To the hurt cheek, the lips of her divine
 And most delicious mouth, and with sweet humming
 Murmured some versés that I knew not of.
 Oh admirable effect! a little while,
 And all the pain was gone; either by virtue
 Of those enchanted words, or as I thought,
 By virtue of those lips of dew,
 That heal whate'er they turn them to.
 I, who till then had never had a wish
 Beyond the sunny sweetness of her eyes,
 Or her dear dulcet words, more dulcet far
 Than the soft murmur of a humming stream
 Crooking its way among the pebble-stones,
 Or summer airs that babble in the leaves,
 Felt a new wish move in me to apply
 This mouth of mine to hers; and so becoming
 Crafty and plotting, (as unusual art
 With me, but it was love's intelligence)
 I did bethink me of a gentle stratagem
 To work out my new wit. I made pretence,
 As if the bee had bitten my under lip;
 And fell to lamentations of such sort,
 That the sweet medicine which I dared not ask
 With word of mouth, I asked for with my looks.
 The simple Sylvia then,
 Compassioning my pain,
 Offered to give her help
 To that pretended wound;
 And oh! the real and the mortal wound,
 Which pierced into my being,
 When her lips came on mine.
 Never did bee from flower
 Suck sugar so divine,
 As was the honey that I gathered then
 From those twin roses fresh.
 I could have bathed in them my burning kisses,
 But fear and shame withheld
 That too audacious fire,
 And made them gently hang.

But while into my bosom's core, the sweetness,
 Mixed with a secret poison, did go down,
 It pierced me so with pleasure, that still feigning
 The pain of the bee's weapon, I contrived
 That more than once the enchantment was repeated.
 From that time forth, desire
 And irrepressible pain grew so within me,
 That not being able to contain it more,
 I was compelled to speak; and so, one day,
 While in a circle a whole set of us,
 Shepherds and nymphs, sat playing at the game,
 In which they tell in one another's ears
 Their secret each, "Sylvia," said I in her's,
 "I burn for thee; and if thou help me not,
 I feel I cannot live." As I said this,
 She dropt her lovely looks, and out of them
 There came a sudden and unusual flush,
 Portending shame and anger: not an answer
 Did she vouchsafe me, but by a dread silence,
 Broken at last by threats more terrible.
 She parted then, and would not hear me more,
 Nor see me. And now three times the naked reaper
 Has clipped the spiky harvest, and as often
 The winter shaken down from the fair woods
 Their tresses green, since I have tried in vain
 Every thing to appease her, except death.
 Nothing remains indeed but that I die!
 And I shall die with pleasure, being certain,
 That it will either please her, or be pitied;
 And I scarce know, which of the two to hope for.
 Pity perhaps would more remunerate
 My faith, more recompence my death; but still
 I must not hope for aught that would disturb
 The sweet and quiet shining of her eyes,
 And trouble that fair bosom, built of bliss.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXVII.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21st, 1820.

A RAINY DAY.

THE day that we speak of is a complete one of it's kind, beginning with a dark wet morning and ending in a drenching night. When you come down stairs from your chamber, you find the breakfast-room looking dark, the rain-spout pouring away, and unless you live in a street of traffic, no sound out of doors but a clack of pattens and an occasional clang of milk-pails. (Do you see the rogue of a milkman? He is leaving them open to catch the rain.)

We never see a person going to the window on such a morning, to take a melancholy look out at the washed houses and pavement, but we think of a re-animation which we once beheld of old Tate Wilkinson. But observe how sour things may run into pleasant tastes at last. We are by no means certain that the said mimetic antique, Tate Wilkinson, was not Patentee of the York Theatre, wore a melancholy hat tied the wrong way, and cast looks of unutterable dissatisfaction at a rainy morning, purely to let his worthy successor and surpasser in mimicry, Mr. Charles Mathews, hand down his aspect and countenance for the benefit of posterity. We once fell into company with that ingenious person at a bachelor's house, where he woke us in the morning with the suspicious sound of a child crying in another room. It was having it's face washed; and had we been of a scandalizing turn, or envied our host for his hospitality, we should certainly have gone and said that there was a child in his house who inherited a sorrowful disposition from somebody, and who might be heard (for all the nurse's efforts of a morning) whining and blubbering in the intervals of the wash-towel;—now bursting into open-mouthed complaint as it left him to dip in the water; and anon, as it came over his face again, screwing up it's snubbed features and eyes, and making half-stifled obstinate moan with his tight mouth. The mystery was explained at breakfast; and as it happened to be a rainy morning, we were entertained with the re-animation of that "living dead man" poor Tate aforesaid,—who had been a merry fellow too in his day. Imagine a tall thin withered desponding-looking old gentleman, entering his breakfast-room with an old hat on tied under his chin the wrong way of the flap,—a beaver somewhat of the epicene order, so that you do not know whether it is his wife's or his own. He hobbles and shrieks up to the window, grunting gently with a sort of preparatory despair; and having cast up his eyes at the air, and seen the weathercock due east and the rain set in besides, drops the corners of his mouth and eyes into an expression of double despondency, not un-

mixed (if we may speak unprofanely) with a sort of scornful resentment; and turns off with one solitary, brief, comprehensive, and groaning ejaculation of "Eh—Christ!"—We never see any body go to the window of a rainy morning, but we think of this poor old barometer of a Patentee, whose face, we trust, will be handed down in successive fac-similes to posterity, for their edification as well as amusement; for Tate had cultivated much hypochondriacal knowledge in his time, and been a sad fellow in a merry sense before he took to it in its melancholy one.

The preparation for a rainy day in town is certainly not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially for those who have neither health nor imagination to make their own sunshine. The comparative silence in the streets, which is made dull by our knowing the cause of it,—the window-panes drenched and ever-streaming, like so many helpless cheeks,—the darkened rooms,—and at this season of the year, the having left off fires;—all fall like a chill shade upon the spirits. But we know not how much pleasantry can be made out of unpleasantness, till we bestir ourselves. The exercise of our bodies will make us bear the weather better, even mentally; and the exercise of our minds will enable us to bear it with patient bodies in-doors, if we cannot go out. Above all, some people seem to think that they cannot have a fire made in a chill day, because it is summer-time,—a notion which, under the guise of being seasonable, is quite the reverse, and one against which we protest. A fire is a thing to warm us when we are cold; not to go out because the name of the month begins with J. Besides, the sound of it helps to dissipate that of the rain. It is justly called a companion. It looks glad in our faces; it talks to us; it is vivified at our touch; it vivifies in return; it puts life, and warmth, and comfort in the room. A good fellow is bound to see that he leaves this substitute for his company when he goes out, especially to a lady; whose solitary work-table in a chill room on such a day is a very melancholy refuge. We exhort her, if she can afford it, to take a book and a footstool, and plant herself before a good fire. We know of few baulks more complete, than coming down of a chill morning to breakfast, turning one's chair as usual to the fire-side, planting one's feet on the fender and one's eyes on a book, and suddenly discovering that there is no fire in the grate. A grate, that ought to have a fire in it, and gapes in one's face with none, is like a cold grinning empty rascal.

There is something, we think, not disagreeable in issuing forth during a good honest summer rain, with a coat well buttoned up and an umbrella over our heads. The first flash open of the umbrella seems a defiance to the shower, and the sound of it afterwards, over our dry heads corroborates the triumph. If we are in this humour, it does not matter how drenching the day is. We despise the expensive effeminacy of a coach; have an agreeable malice of self-content at the sight of crowded gateways; and see nothing in the furious little rain-spouts, but a lively emblem of critical opposition,—weak, low, washy, and dirty, gabbling away with a perfect impotence of splutter.

Speaking of malice, there are even some kinds of legs which afford us a lively pleasure in beholding them splashed.

LADY. Lord, you cruel man!

INDICATOR. Nay, I was not speaking of your's, Madam. How could I wish ill to any such very touching stockings? And yet, now I think of it, there are very gentle and sensitive legs, (I say nothing of beautiful ones, because all gentle ones are beautiful to me) which it is possible to behold in a very earthy plight;—at least the feet and ancles.

L. And pray, Sir, what are the very agreeable circumstances under which we are to be mudded?

INDIC. Fancy, Madam, a walk with some particular friend, between the showers, in a green lane; the sun shining, the hay sweet smelling, the glossy leaves sparkling like children's cheeks after tears. Suppose this lane not to be got into, but over a bank and a brook, and a good savage assortment of waggon-ruts. Yet the sunny green so takes you, and you are so resolved to oblige your friend with a walk, that you hazard a descent down the slippery bank, a jump over the brook, a leap (that will certainly be too short) over the ploughed mud. Do you think that a good thick-mudded shoe and a splashed instep would not have a merit in his barbarous eyes, beyond even the neat outline of the Spanish leather and the symbolical whiteness of the stocking? Ask him.

L. Go to your subject, do.

INDIC. Well, I will. You may always know whether a person wishes you a pleasant or unpleasant adventure, by the pleasure or pain he has in your company. If he would be with you himself (and I should like to know the pleasant situation, or even the painful one, if a share of it can be made pleasant, in which we would not have a woman with us), you may rest assured that all the mischief he wishes you is very harmless.—At the same time, if there are situations in which one could wish ill even to a lady's leg, there are legs and stockings which it is possible to fancy well-splashed upon a very different principle.

GENTLEMAN. Pray, Sir, whose may those be?

INDIC. Not yours, Sir, with that delicate flow of trowser, and that careless yet genteel stretch out of toe. There is an humanity in the air of it,—a graceful but at the same time manly sympathy with the drapery beside it. I allude, Sir, to one of those portentous legs, which belong to an over-fed money-getter, or to a bulky methodist parson who has doating dinners got up for him by his hearers. You know the leg I mean. It is "like unto the sign of the leg," only larger. Observe, I do not mean every kind of large leg. The same thing is not the same thing in every one,—if you understand that profound apophthegm. As a leg, indifferent in itself, may become very charming, if it belongs to a charming owner; so even when it is of the cast we speak of in a man, it becomes more or less unpleasant according to his nature and treatment of it. I am not carping at the leg of an ordinary jolly fellow, which good temper as well as good living helps to plump out, and which he is, after all, not proud of exhibiting; keeping it modestly in a boot or trowsers, and despising the starched ostentation of the other: but at a regular, dull, uninformed, hebetudinous, "gross, open, and palpable" leg, whose calf glares upon you like the ground-glass of a postchaise lamp. In the parson it is somewhat obscured by a black stocking. A white one is requisite to dis-

play it in all its glory. It has a large balustrade calf, an ankle that would be monstrous in any other man, but looks small from the contrast, a tight knee well buttoned, and a seam inexorably in the middle. It is a leg at once gross and symbolical. Its size is made up of plethora and superfluity; its white cotton stocking affects a propriety; its inflexible seam and side announce the man of clock-work. A dozen hard-worked dependants go at least to the making up of that leg. If in black, it is the essence of infinite hams at old ladies' Sunday dinners. Now we like to see a couple of legs, of this sort, in white, kicking their way through a muddy street, and splashed unavoidably as they go, till their horrid glare is subdued into spottiness. A lamp-lighter's ladder is of use, to give them a passing spurn: upon which the proprietor, turning round to swear, is run against in front by a wheelbarrow; upon which, turning round again, to swear worse, he thrusts his heel upon the beginning of a loose stone in the pavement, and receives his final baptism from a fount of mud.

Our limits compel us to bring this article to a speedier conclusion, than we thought; and to say the truth, we are not sorry for it; for we happened to break off here in order to write the one following, and it has not left us in a humour to return to our jokes.

We must therefore say little of a world of things we intended to descant on,—of pattens,—and caves,—and hackney-coaches,—and waiting in vain to go out on a party of pleasure, while the youngest of us insists every minute that “it is going to hold up,”—and umbrellas dripping on one's shoulder,—and the abomination of soaked gloves,—and standing up in gateways, when you hear now and then the passing roar of rain on an umbrella,—and glimpses of the green country at the end of streets,—and the foot-marked earth of the country-roads,—and clouds eternally following each other from the west,—and the scent of the luckless new-mown hay,—and the rainbow,—and the glorious thunder and lightning,—and a party waiting to go home at night,—and last of all, the delicious moment of taking off your wet things, and resting in the dry and warm content of your gown and slippers.

THE VENETIAN GIRL.

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters on a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who instantly gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not very extraordinary; but any difference from the usual apparel of their countrywomen appeared so to them; and crying out “A French girl! a French girl!” they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking. She seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking.

But she raised it speedily, and smiled with great complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any body else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing in her but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "Oh che bei ragazzi!" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—"Che visì lieti*!" and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "Stanca! Stanca!" "Sing:—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of school-boys came up, and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, a'nt you,—Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon her's as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a common stroller or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "Grazie!" said she, understanding his look:—"troppo stanca: troppo." ‡ By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her. "She is an Italian;" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair Musician. "Non dubite," continued the Usher, "quin tu lectitas poetam illum celebrandum, Tassonem; § Taxum, I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word. "I speak of Tasso," said the Usher,—“Of Tasso.” “Tasso! Tasso!” repeated the fair minstrel,—“oh—conhosco—Tàs-so;|| and she hung with an accent of beautiful langour upon the first syllable. “Yes,” returned the worthy Scholar, “doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

Infanto Erminia infra l'ombroso piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo—what is it?"

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:—

Infanto Erminia infra l'ombrese piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta;
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par tra viva e morta.¶

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary!

‡ Thanks:—too weary! too weary!

§ Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

|| Oh—I know Tasso.

¶ Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

Our Usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was the favourite song of her countrymen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of silver clearness and soft mealiness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl;—"Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on like the hand she spoke of. "I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing. "Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boys affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was. "Yes, yes," cried the boy;—"why she knew my cousin:—she must have known him in Venice." "I told you," said the Usher, "she was an Italian."—"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her:—lean upon me, Miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the Usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed "*La Signora Madre*," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of guessing by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them. "Obedient! Obedient!" said the patient: "obedient in every thing: only the Signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she dropt asleep for weariness.

Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up!

though her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in *Beaumont and Fletcher*, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she was evidently dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Venice, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick in his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said that she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him. "But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not,

for I had expected it would give me double strength to get rid of this fever and reach home." Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sung too, only less sprightly airs. "You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day; and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had?"—"The best in the world," cried he, "and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after:—aye, almost as much as if it had been there." "And Charles felt that you did," thought his mother; "for he never told me the story."—"He begged my pardon," continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence: and to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself,—it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter and yet such sweet tears! But he did not hear them:—no, Madam, he did not know indeed how much I—how much I—" "Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs. Montague; "you have a right to say so; and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself." "Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me,—to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand. The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy: "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she; "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so; but I have had a long thought" (and her voice and look grew somewhat more exalted as she spoke) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place; and I will tell you what it is and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son." Here she drew out a paper which though carefully wrapped up in several others was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus:—"This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Venice. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying: and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be still greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can." As soon as I read this letter, Madam, and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim: but he knew as little of the contract as I; and I found that I could earn my way to England better and quite as religiously by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Venice all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy

tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St. Mark and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while and was very kindly treated in an outhouse; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix,—though your son never did,—though he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope the best, and leave every thing except our own endeavours to heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive." She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker; and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled beautifully, and resumed:—"So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village; and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept; and I thought some kind person would help me to die with my face looking towards the church, as it now does—and death is upon me, even now: but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice—"Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter." The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, "O heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant,—the daughter, that might have been, of my heart,—and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality and be gathered into thy rest with those we love:—do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy; for we are poor weak creatures both young and old"—here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose, and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXVIII.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28th, 1820.

THE EGYPTIAN THIEF.

RHAPSINITUS was the richest prince that ever sat on the Egyptian throne. In order to secure his treasures, to have them at the same time near him, and to produce their effect upon the public mind even when invisible, he had a great stone tower built, which was connected with the palace by a wall. In this tower, which seemed as blind as it was strong, (for the light was admitted only on the side looking into one of the palace gardens)—in this tower were the cups, and the goblets, and the golden bars, and the costly stuffs, and the colours, and the spices, and the precious stones, and the pillars of emerald, and the curious carved images, and thousands upon thousands of talents of gold. The people looked up to the great tower, and thought of it's many rooms, and considered the shining treasure which illuminated the other side of those stone walls like the light of a divine presence; and they walked about, awe-stricken as the stranger at the sight of the Pyramids, and said humbly to themselves, "Great is the glory of Rhampsinitus."

But a wonder was to fall upon Rhampsinitus himself; and he became perplexed beyond the poorest of his subjects. He found his golden money diminishing, and it was impossible to conjecture how it could be. The architect who built the tower had contrived it with such skill that not an entrance could be thought of or forced, besides the one by which the king entered; and it was clear that nobody entered there. The key was solitary of it's kind; the door always sealed with the royal signet; and the passage lay through the royal chamber. Yet day after day, more money disappeared. The diminution even took place in the very strongest room of the whole building.

The king's mind was greatly astonished; nor could the priests and soothsayers relieve him. They feared that the circumstance was ominous to Egypt; and that the overflow of the Nile, the season for which was now approaching, would not take place. But the river

performed it's mighty part as usual, and every Egyptian heart was gladdened but the king's. Application was made to the God Apis to know if it was the deity himself that diminished the pride of Rhampsinitus; but upon some of the gold and jewels being offered to the sacred breast, he blew the breath out of his nostrils at them indifferently, and turning to his ivory manger, took a pull of the sacred hay.

It was the opinion of the priests that the offering to the god had not been large enough; gods, they said, having very great ideas, and size being necessary to move them to any acknowledgment of a sensation. Rhampsinitus however contented himself with setting traps round the plundered vessels; and it was the talk all night in the palaces both of the king and of Apis, whether the plunderer would turn out to be a common mortal. It is remarkable that more priests than civil officers thought he would; and they told the king's people so, when their opinion was asked; but added, that it would only shew itself so much the more remarkably, to be a judgment of heaven.

This opinion was greatly corroborated by the singularity of the event; for in truth, a common mortal was found caught in one of the traps, but when they came to look who he was, he had no head. "It is very extraordinary!" said Rhampsinitus. "It would be so," said the priests, "were it not supernatural." A search was made all over the room and tower, and the king began to incline to their opinion. Not a crevice or flaw was to be found.

The king ordered the body to be hung up in the most public part of Memphis, and gave directions to the guards who watched it to seize any one who should exhibit symptoms of distress at the spectacle. The next morning a report was made to him that the body was gone. None of the guards knew whither. All that could be gathered was, that towards nightfall a man came driving some asses by the spot, laden with skins of wine; that the pegs, by some means or other, became loosened from the skins, and set the wine floating over the ground; that the man, seeing this, tore his hair and made vehement outcries for assistance; that assistance however being given him, and among others by the guards, he abused those who helped him and refused for a long time to be pacified; that having at last got over his confusion of mind, and finding not so much wine lost as he supposed, he made a present of a flask to the guards; and lastly, that after they had all made merry, and he had driven his asses away, they were astonished to find the dead body gone also. The king saw plainly that the last part of the account wanted a good deal of the truth. He saw that some ingenious person had succeeded in making the guards dead drunk; and with all his anger, he could hardly repress a feeling of admiration for the unknown, when on having the soldiers brought before him, he discovered that the men had found time and courage enough to shave all their right cheeks in derision,

"Who can this extraordinary person be?" thought Rhampsinitus. "It is he that must have been the accomplice of the first thief and cut off his head to prevent detection. He were a man to do wonderful things against the enemies of a king, if he were his friend. He shall

see what a terrible thing it is to mock the king and be his enemy." The Egyptian monarch, in the rage and plenitude of his will, commanded his daughter to admit the addresses of men indiscriminately,—a thing however not so scandalous in those times as in others. There was only this condition annexed,—that every one, who enjoyed the company of the princess, should tell her the most cunning and the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life. A day had only passed, when she brought him news of the robber. A man had told her that the most wicked thing he had ever done in his life, was the cutting off his own brother's head in order to prevent his being known as a robber of the king's treasury. "And the most cunning thing?" asked the monarch. "The most cunning thing, Sir," added the princess, "was his having made your guards drunk with wine in order to carry off his brother's body, his mother having threatened to come and disclose the whole affair, in case the body remained exposed."—"And where is this impudent-souled traitor?" exclaimed the king. "Alas, Sir," answered the princess, "I know not." "Did I not bid you catch his arm," said the king, "the instant you discovered him?" "I did, Sir," replied the lady, "but what was my astonishment on finding it detach itself from his body, while he glided away in the darkness of the night?" "How!" cried the prince:—"why this is a sorcerer, or—what sort of man is he?" "A young man," said the princess, "with sparkling eyes and a world of wit." "The artful impostor," said the king, "has beguiled you of your heart, and taught you this tale to deceive me." "Pray look in this box, Sir," said the daughter, lifting up the lid of a lyre-case. It contained a human arm; and the king, by certain marks, plainly knew it to be one of the arms of the dead body. This audacious man therefore, whoever he was, must have come prepared with it, and presented it to his fair detainer in the dark instead of his own.

The king, having satisfied himself of the robber's personal qualities from his daughter, and finding that he would as much grace a court as a cabinet, fairly lost his rage in delight. He made public proclamation, that upon the offender's appearing in the royal presence, he would not only pardon but reward him; and the proclamation had not been made for more than the sinking of an inch of Nile-water, when the prodigious thief appeared. He was, as the princess had described him, a young man with a lively countenance, and he was not slow in showing his wit, for on the king's asking him why he had plundered his property, he said he had not done so; because by the laws of justice every man can make use of his own; but the king's property was too large for any one man to make use of; therefore, by the same laws, it was not his own. On being further asked who he was, he said "he was the son of the man who had built the Tower of Treasure; that his father had contrived one of the stones of it in such a way, that they who were in the secret could remove it at will; that the old man on his death-bed communicated the information to his sons, who used always to plunder in company; that it was by his brother's own request he cut his head off, and carried it away, in order to prevent the ruin of them both and

their aged mother ; and finally, that if the king would be pleased to bestow the intended reward on the old woman, he, for his part, would be happy to serve him in any capacity which the royal wisdom might be pleased to point out." Rhampsinitus gladly took him at his word. He enriched the old mother ; united the young man to his daughter ; and increased from that time forward, in a power of a less oppressive kind to his subjects than the amassing of wealth.

This is the story from Herodotus, which we spoke of in the article entitled *Thieves Ancient and Modern*, No. XI. p. 83.

A NOW,

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can ; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it ; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars ; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes ; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail ; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence : that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as " I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or " I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me," upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says " Ah—men can talk fast enough ;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, " So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers " fry," as Dryden says.

Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "My eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields, by chance; and the latter say, "Ha' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin-canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of it's box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a water-pipe let out, and see it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing, but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated: and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches

hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats: and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article however without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monsyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who if he possessed a decent share of candour would not be happy to own his acknowledgments to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the talent of bringing the most remote things together. And it's generosity is in due proportion to it's talent, for it always is most profuse of it's aid, where it is most wanted.

We must enjoy a pleasant passage with the reader on the subject of this "eternal Now" in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the Woman Hater.—Upon turning to it, we perceive that our illustrious particle does not make quite so great a figure as we imagined; but the whole passage is in so analogous a taste, and affords such an agreeable specimen of the wit and humour with which fine poets could rally the common-places of their art, that we cannot help proceeding with it. Lazarello, a foolish table-hunter, has requested an introduction to the Duke of Milan, who has had a fine lamprey presented him. Before the introduction takes place, he finds that the Duke has given the fish away; so that his wish to be known to him goes with it; and part of the drollery of the passage arises from his uneasiness at being detained by the consequences of his own request, and his fear lest he should be too late for the lamprey elsewhere.

COUNT. (Aside to the Duke.) Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,

To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

DUKE. His name?

COUNT. Lazarello.

DUKE. I heard of him this morning;—which is he?

COUNT. (Aside to Laz.) Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits. Thy fortune is now raising. The Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

LAZ. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

COUNT. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.

LAZ. Stay a little. If he should offer to take me with him, and by that means I should lose that I seek for! But if he should, I will not go with him.

COUNT. Lazarello, the Duke stays. Wilt thou lose this opportunity?

LAZ. How must I speak to him?

COUNT. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man, honest plain sense; but you must wind about him. For example if he should ask you what o'clock it is, you must not say, "If it please your Grace, 'tis nine;"—but thus;—"Thrice three o'clock, so please my Sovereign:"—or thus;—

"Look how many Muses there doth dwell

Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,

And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"—

And so forth. And you must now and then enter into a description.

LAZ. I hope I shall do it.

COUNT. Come.—May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded, in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbs whatsoever?

DUKE. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

LAZ. I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

COUNT. (Aside to Laz.) Very well.—Will your Grace question him a little?

DUKE. How old are you?

LAZ. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath. Four prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world:
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

DUKE. I understand you, Sir.

LUCIO. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

DUKE. You are eight-and-twenty years old? What time of the day do you hold it to be?

LAZ. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now: now the tables all——

DUKE. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

LAZ. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

A DREAM,

AFTER READING DANTE'S EPISODE OF PAULO AND FRANCESCA.

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
 When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
 So on a Delphic reed my idle spright
 So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
 The dragon world of all its hundred eyes;
 And, seeing it asleep, so fled away—
 Not unto Ida with its snow-cold skies,
 Nor unto Tempe where Jove griev'd a day;
 But to that second circle of sad hell,
 Where 'mid the gust, the world-wind, and the flaw
 Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell
 Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
 Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
 I floated with about that melancholy storm.

CAVIARE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will keep in mind the request respecting the Translations. Indeed it has long been among the subjects he has noted down.

The Correspondent who enquires concerning the edition of Spenser, is informed that Mr. Todd's is undoubtedly the best. The text is printed with great care and legibility, and the notes and protogomena are a copious selection from all that have appeared on that great poet.

D's spirit is much to our taste, but he sometimes does not do himself justice in his management of the detail. He should give himself altogether up to his feelings, and not care whether every sentence is piquant or not. Perhaps he will oblige us with a sight of a few more of his sketches.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XXXIX.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1829.

GALGANO AND MADONNA MINOCCIA.

IN the city of Sienna in Italy, famous for it's sweet voices and pleasant air, lived a sprightly and accomplished young man of the name of Galgano, who had long loved in vain the wife of one Signor Stricca. He knew nothing of the husband, except that he was what we call a respectable man; and something or other in his mind prevented him from making his acquaintance; but he contrived to meet the lady wherever he could at other men's houses, and to let her know the extent of his admiration. He wore her colours at tournaments. He played and sung to the mandolin under her window, when her husband was away. He was always of her opinion in company, partly because he was in love, and partly because their dispositions were so alike that he really thought as she did. One evening, as a party sat out on a large wide balcony full of orange-trees, listening to music that was going on inside of the house, Madonna Minoccia (such was the lady's name) dropped a small jewel in one of the trees; and as he was helping her to find it, her sweet stooping face and spicy-smelling hair appeared so lovely among the polished and graceful leaves, that he could not but steal a kiss upon one of her eyelids, adding in a low and earnest voice, "Forgive me, for I could not help it."

Whether the sincere and respectful manner in which these words were uttered, had any influence upon the lady's mind, we cannot say; but neither on this, nor on future occasions when he sent her presents and letters, did she return any answer, kind or unkind; nor did she shew him a different countenance whenever they met. She only dropped her eyes a little more than usual, when he spoke to her; but whether again this was owing to a wish to avoid looking at him, or to some little feeling of self-love, perhaps unknown to herself, and produced by the recollection of that irrepressible movement on his part, is not to be ascertained. Some ladies will say, that she ought to have made a complaint to her husband, or spoken to the people whom he visited, or looked the man into the dust at once: and doubtless

this would have settled the matter on all sides. But Madonna Minoccia was of so kind a disposition, that she could not easily find it in her heart to complain of any body, much less of a man who found such irresistible gentleness in her eyelids. Besides, whatever may be thought of her vanity in this score, she was really so good, and innocent, and modest, that we know not how much it would have taken to convince her fully of any one's being really in love with her, or admiring her more than other ladies for qualities which she thought so many of them must have in common. In short, Madonna, though innocent, was not ignorant that gallantry was very common in Sienna. Her husband, who was a very honest sincere-hearted man, had told her that all unmarried young men had their vagaries; and, as for that matter, many very grave-looking married people too; and she thought, that if a husband whom she loved, and whose word she could rely on, set her an example nevertheless of conjugal fidelity, she could not do better than do her duty quietly and without ostentation, and think of these odd proceedings both as good-naturedly and rarely as possible.

Unfortunately for Galgano, this kind of temper was the worst thing in the world to make him leave off his love. He had habitually got a common notion of gallantry from the light in which it was generally regarded; but his instinct was better. The subtlety of love made him discover what was passing in Minoccia's mind; and as he had the elements of true modesty in him as well as herself, and would want much to be convinced that a woman really loved him, whatever might be his affection for her, or rather in proportion to the sincerity of it, he thought that she only treated him as she would any other young man who had paid her unwelcome attention. But then to see how kind she still was,—to observe no change in her, for all his unwelcomeness, but only such as might be construed into a gentle request to him to forbear,—in short, to meet with a woman who neither shewed a disposition to gallantry, nor resentment against the manifestation of it, nor a coldness that might be construed into natural indifference, all this made him so much in love, that he thought his very being failed him and wanted replenishing, if he was a day without seeing her. He took a lodging opposite Signor Stricca's house; and in order to indulge himself in looking at her without being discovered, filled the window of his room with orange trees. At times, when every thing was still, and the windows were open in the warm summer-time, he heard her voice speaking to the servants. "It is the same kind voice," said he, "always." At other times, he sat watching her through his orange-trees, as she read a book, or worked at her embroidery; and if she left off, and happened to look at them, (which he often moved about with a noise, for that purpose) it seemed to him as if her face was coming again among the leaves. Then he thought it would never come, and that he should never touch it more; and he felt sick with impatience, and said to himself, "This is the way these virtuous people are kind, is it?"

It chanced that Signor Stricca took a house at a little distance from Sienna, where his wife, who was fond of a garden, from that time forth always resided. Galgano, who was like a bird with a string tied to

his leg, he sure flew after them. He found a room in a cottage just pitched like his former one. The orange-trees were removed, and he recommenced his enamoured task, fully resolved besides to get intimate with Signor Stricca, and try what importunity could do in the country. "I think," said Madonna Minoccia, to her maid-servant, looking out of window, "I can never turn my eyes any where but I see beautiful orange-trees."—"Ah," sighed Galgano, "the turning of those eyes! They ought always to light upon what is beautiful." "I could swear," said Madonna, "if my husband would let me, that those were the very same oranges which belonged to our invisible neighbour at Sienna, only he must be too old a bachelor to change his quarters." And she began to sing a canzonet that was all over the country:—

"Arancie, belle arancie,
"Pienotte come guancie,—

Here she suddenly stopped, and said "I am very giddy to day, to sing such lawless little rhymes; but the skies are so blue, and the leaves so green, they make me chaunt like a bird. I can see my husband now with a bird's eye. There he is, Lisetta, coming through the olive-trees. Go and get me my veil, and I'll walk and meet him like a fair unknown."—"The invisible neighbour!" thought Galgano:—"is this coquetry now, or is it sheer innocence and vivacity! And the song of the oranges! I'll try however—I'll look at her above the leaves."

Now the reader must be informed that Galgano himself was the author of this canzonet, both words and music, and was generally known as such. Whether Minoccia knew it, we cannot determine; but Galgano thought that she could hardly have quite forgotten the adventure of the orange-tree, especially as the song was calculated to call it to mind. The whole of the words amounted to this:—

Oh oranges, sweet oranges,
Plumpy cheeks that peep in trees,
The crabbed'st churl in all the south
Would hardly let a thirsty mouth
Gaze at ye, and long to taste,
Nor grant one golden kiss at last.
La, la, la—la sol fa mi—
My lady looked through the orange-tree.

Yet cheeks there are, yet cheeks there are,
Sweeter—Oh good God, how far!—
That make a thirst like very death
Down to the heart through tips and breath;
And if we asked a taste of those,
The kindest owners would turn foes.
O la, la—la sol fa mi—
My lady's gone from the orange-tree.

Galgano, full of this modest complaint against husbands and of Minoccia's knowledge of it, suddenly raised his head over the orange-pots, and made a very bold yet courteous bow full in Madonna's astonished face. For it was astonished:—there was, unfortunately, no doubt of that. She resumed herself however with the best grace she could, and staying just long enough to drop one of her kindest though gravest

courtseys, walked slowly from the window. After that he never saw her there again.

Galgano tried all the points of view about the house, but could only catch an occasional glimpse of her through the garden trees. He could not even meet with Signor Stricca, to whom he meant under some plausible pretext to introduce himself. At length however a favourable opportunity occurred. His dog, in scouring hither and thither, had darted into the front gate of the house, and seemed resolved not to be hunted out till he had made the full circuit of the grounds. "My master, Sir," said one of the servants, "bade me ask you if you would chuse to walk in and call the dog out yourself?" "I thank you," answered Galgano, who seemed to feel that he could not go in, precisely because he had the best opportunity in the world; "I will whistle him to me over those palings there." He did so, and the dog presently appeared, followed by Signor Stricca and his household. The animal, in leaping to his master over the palings, hurt his leg; but nothing could induce Galgano to enter the house. "Minoccia, my love," cried the host, "why do you not come up, and entreat Signor Galgano to favour our home with his presence?" The lady was approaching, when Galgano, lapping up the wounded dog in his cloak, hurried off, protesting that he had the rascalliest business in life to attend to, and that he would take the very earliest opportunity of repaying himself for his loss. "There now," said Stricca, to a little coxcombical looking fellow who was on a holiday visit to him, "there is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in all Italy, and yet he does not disdain to wrap up his bleeding dog in his silken coat. That," continued he, to his wife, "is Signor Galgano, one of the finest wits in Sienna, and what is better, one of the most generous of men. But you must have seen him before." "Yes," replied Madonna, "but I knew nothing of his generosity." Her husband, like one generous man speaking of another, related twenty different instances in which Galgano had manifested his friendship and liberality in the most delicate manner; so that Minoccia, at last, almost began to feel the kiss in the orange-tree stronger upon her eyelids, than she did when it was stolen.

Galgano soon made his appearance in Signor Stricca's house, and could not but perceive that the lady suffered herself to look kinder at him than when he bowed to her out of the cottage window. He was beginning to congratulate himself, after the fashion of the young gallants among whom he had been brought up; but what perplexed him was the extremely affectionate attention she paid her husband; and his perplexity was not diminished by the very great kindness shewn him by the husband himself. Indeed the kindness of both seemed to go hand in hand; so that our hero, having never yet been taught that a lady to whom a stranger had shewn attention could do any thing but favour him entirely, or laugh at or insult him, was more than ever bewildered between his respect for the husband and increasing passion for the wife.

Galgano, though not in so many words, pressed his suit in a manner that grew warmer every day. Minoccia seemed more and more dis-

tressed at it; and yet her kindness appeared to increase in proportion. At length, one afternoon, as they sat together in a summer-house, Galgano seeing her stoop her face into an orange-tree, was so overcome with the recollection of the first meeting of their faces, that he repeated the kiss, changing it however from the eyelids to the lips; and it struck him that she did not withdraw as quickly as before, nor look by any means so calm and indifferent. He accordingly took her hand in order to kiss it with a passionate gratitude, when she laid her other hand upon his, and looking at him with a sort of appealing tenderness in the face, said, "Signor Galgano, I respect you for numberless generous things I have heard of you; and knowing as I do how little what is called gallantry is thought of, I cannot deny but that your present attentions to me and apparent wishes do not hinder me from letting my respect run into a kinder feeling towards you. Perhaps, so sweet to us is flattery from those we regard, they have even more effect upon me than I ought to allow. But, Sir, there are always persons, whether they act justly or unjustly themselves, who do think a great deal of this gallantry, and who, if the case applied to themselves, would be rendered very uncomfortable; and, Signor Galgano, I have one of the very best husbands in the world; and if I shew any weakness towards another unbecoming a grateful wife, I do beseech you, Sir,—and I pay you one of the greatest and most affectionate compliments under heaven,—that rather than do or risk any thing the knowledge of which should pain him, you will help me with all the united strength of your generosity against my very self; otherwise" (here she fell into a blushing passion of tears) "it may be a hard struggle for me to call to mind what I ought respecting the happiness of others, while you are saying to me things that make me frightfully absorbed in the moment before me."

We leave the reader to guess how Galgano's attention to the appealing part of this speech was divided and hurt by the tenderness it avowed, and the opportunity it seemed to offer him. He passionately kissed the hand of the gentle Minoccia, and she did not hinder him, only she looked another way, drying up her tears; and he thought the turn of her head and neck never looked so lovely. "And if it were possible," asked he, "that the opinions of good and generous men could be changed on this subject (not that it would become me to seek to change those of the man I allude to)—but if it were possible, and no bar were in the way of a small share of Minoccia's kindness, might I indeed then hope that she would not withdraw it?" "Is it fair, Signor Galgano," said Minoccia, in a low but kind voice, "to ask me such a question, after the words that have found their way out of my lips?"—"And who then was the kindest of men or women,—next to yourself, dearest Minoccia,—that told you so many handsome and over-coloured things of your worshipper?" "My husband himself," answered she;—"he has long had a regard for your character, and at last he taught me to share it."—"Did he so!" exclaimed Galgano;—"then by heavens——" He broke off a moment, and resumed in a quieter tone:—"You, Madame Minoccia, who have a loving and affectionate heart, and who confess that you have been

moved to some regard for me by qualities which you know only by report, will guess what pangs that spirit must go through which has been made dizzy by looking upon your qualities day after day, and yet must tear itself from a happiness in which it would plunge headlong. But by the great and good God, which created all this beauty around us, and you the most beautiful of all beautiful things in the midst of it, I do love the generosity, and the sincerity, and the harmony that keeps them beautiful, so much more than my own will, that although I think the happiness might be greater, it shall never be said that Galgano made it less; and that he made it less too, because the generosity trusted him, and the kind sincerity leaned on him for support.—One embrace, or I shall die.” And Galgano not only gave, but received an embrace almost as warm as what he gave; and Minoccia kissed his eyelids, and then putting her hand over them and pressing them as if not to let him see, suddenly took it off, and disappeared.

We know not how Signor Stricca received the account of this interview at the time; for Madame Minoccia certainly related it to him; but it is in the records of Sienna, that years afterwards, while she was yet alive, her husband became bound for Signor Galgano in a large sum of money, as security for an office which the latter held in the state; and it appears by the dates in the papers, that they were close neighbours as well as friends.*

ON THE SLOW RISE OF THE MOST RATIONAL OPINIONS.

It would be surprising to think by what slow degrees the most rational, and apparently the most obvious improvements take place in human opinion, did not habit, and self-love, and the fear of change, sufficiently account for them. Some find it as difficult to leave off a mere habit of opinion, however pernicious, as drunkards their drams. Others cannot bear a diminution in the respect which they have long entertained for themselves, as sensible and conclusive thinkers. Others are afraid of all innovation, in consequence of the shock it gives to society; and yet the next minute they would wage a dozen wars to preserve the old notions. Again, it is thought a triumphant argument with some, if the new opinion proposed be to the advantage of the proposer;—which is a very idle objection; because if it supposes the general good, it includes his among the rest.

Innovation, as mere innovation, is a want of reverence for antiquity; an insensibility to the accumulated habits of time, and to the comforts and consolations they have gathered by the way. But on the

* This story (with the usual difference of detail) is from the Italian Novelists, and has been told in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, one of the store-houses of our great dramatic writers.

other hand, objection to it, as mere objection, is cowardice and selfishness; cowardice, for fear of responsibility; selfishness, for fear of losing a certain property in our self-respect, and having the notion of our own wisdom and sufficiency disturbed. You may know the goodness of either in proportion to it's enthusiasm, sincerity, gentleness, and wish to reason. You may know the badness, by a certain mixture of coldness and violence, by it's shuffling, it's petulance, and it's tendency to dismiss a subject at once with abuse. As to the innovator, it is his business to make up his mind to a certain portion of misrepresentation; for who was the innovator, great or small, that ever was without it? But it is his business also to examine narrowly into his own consciousness, and to be sure, from experiment, that he can deny himself for the good of others, what he would willingly enjoy with them in common.

There is not a liberal opinion now existing, which has not gone through heaps of ugly faces and yelling threats, like the saints in the old pictures. To differ in religious faith was once thought the height of undeniable villainy; and is so still by some ignorant sects. The Spaniards were taught to believe that all heretics had monster-like faces, till Lord Peterborough's officers persuaded the nuns otherwise. Milton says that he could not propose some new things even after an ancient fashion, (and indeed almost every proposition for human improvement is to be found in the ancient writers), but

—Straight a hideous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.

It is lamentable to see such a man as Bacon trying to feel his way into popular persuasion, by smoothing the king's and people's prejudices as he goes, giving even into the superstitions about witchcraft. A friend was observing to us a short time since, that he was not aware of the existence of any denouncement of cruelty to animals, till Pope wrote a paper on it in the Guardian. Shakspeare, who says every thing, has said something about "the poor beetle whom we tread upon, feeling as great a pang as when a giant dies;" but it is only in a cursory manner, and by way of illustration. His reflections upon the hunted stag, as if by way of excuse for the novelty of their sympathy, are put into the mouth of an eccentric and saturnine philosopher. His age indeed, so great and humane in many respects, was so insensible in this particular point, that one of the greatest and humanest of its ornaments, Sir Philip Sidney, describes his ladies and courtiers as laudably diverting themselves with sealing up a dove's eyes, to see it strain higher and higher into the light,—with other "cunning" diversions too gross and cruel to repeat. Poor ignorant old beldams, whom their neighbours or themselves took for witches, were put to death at a later period, with great approbation, not only of the "British Solomon," King James, but of a high legal Authority, and even the good old Sir Matthew Hale. The celebrated Robert Boyle, as our readers know, was accounted a sort of perfection of a man, especially in all respects intellectual, moral,

and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralizing upon every thing that he did or suffered, such as "Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog,"—"Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way,"—"Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast," &c. Among other Reflections, is one "Upon a fish's struggling after having swallowed the hook." It amounts to this; that at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook "does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that no doubt he wishes the hook, bait and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus," says he, "men who do what they should not to obtain any sensual desires," &c. &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—"Fifth Section—Reflection 1. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills.—Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun), and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length my no less unexpected than fatal shot in a moment struck him down, and turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chaunt into a dismal and tragic noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice towards brawny and incorrigible sinners," &c. &c. Thus the crow, for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, before the latter sits down to his own; while the said Mr. Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expence of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness which such mistakes in religion tended to produce; but in how many respects should it not make us look about us, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A True Story will be inserted with pleasure.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XL.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 12th, 1820.

SUPERFINE BREEDING.

THERE is an anecdote in Aulus Gellius (*Noctes Atticæ*, Lib. 10, Cap. 6,) which exhibits, we think, one of the highest instances of what may be called polite blackguardism that we ever remember to have read. The fastidiousness, self-will, and infinite resentment against a multitude of one's fellow-creatures for presuming to come in contact with one's own importance, are truly edifying: and to complete the lesson, this extraordinary specimen of the effect of superfine breeding and blood is handed down to us in the person of a lady. Her words might be thought to have been a bad joke; and bad enough it would have been; but the sense that was shewn of them proves them to have been very gravely regarded.

Claudia, the daughter of Appius Cæcus, in coming away from a public spectacle, was much pressed and pushed about by the crowd; upon which she thus vented her impatience:—"What should I have suffered now, and how much more should I have been squeezed and knocked about, if my brother Publius Claudius had not had his ships destroyed in battle, with all that heap of men? I should have been absolutely jammed to death! Would to heaven my brother were alive again, and could go with another fleet to Sicily, and be the death of this host of people, who plague and pester one in this horrid manner!"*

For these words, "so wicked and so uncivic," says good old Gellius, (*tam improba ac tam incivilia*) the *Ædiles*, Caius Fundanus and Tiberius Sempronius, got the lady fined in the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass. There is a long account in Livy of the speech which they made to the people, in reply to the noble families that interceded for her. It is very indignant. Claudia herself confessed her words, and does not appear to have joined in the intercession. They are not related at such length by Livy, as by Aulus Gellius. He

* "Quid me nunc factum esset, quantoque arctius pressiusque conflictata essem, si P. Claudius frater meus navali prælio classem navium cum ingenti civium numero non perdidisset? ceriè quidem majore nunc copiâ populi oppressa intercidissem. Sed utinam, inquit, reviviscat frater, aliamque classem in Siciliam ducat, atque tam multitudinem perditum eat, quæ me malè nunc miseram convexavit."

merely makes her wish that her brother were alive to take out another fleet. But he shews his own sense of the ebullition by calling it a dreadful imprecation; and her rage was even more gratuitous according to his account, for he describes her as coming from the shews in a chariot.

Insolence and want of feeling appear to have been hereditary in this Appian family: which gives us also a strong sense of their want of capacity; otherwise a disgust at such manners must have been generated in some of the children. They were famous for opposing every popular law, and for having kept the Commons as long as possible out of any share in public honours and government. The villain Appius Claudius, whose well-known story has lately been made still more familiar to the public by the tragedy of Mr. Knowles, was among it's ancestors. Appius Cæcus, or the Blind, the father of Claudia, though he constructed the celebrated Appian Way and otherwise benefited the city, was a very unpopular man, wilful, haughty, and lawless. He retained possession of the Censorship beyond the limited period. It is an instance perhaps of his unpopularity, as well as of the superstition of the times, that having made a change in one of the priestly offices, and become blind some years afterwards, the Romans attributed it to the vengeance of heaven; an opinion which Livy repeats with great devotion, calling it a warning against innovations in religion. It had no effect however upon Claudius the brother, whose rashness furnished the pious Romans with a similar example to point at. Before an engagement with the Carthaginians, the Sacred Chickens were consulted, and because they would not peck and furnish him with a good omen, he ordered them to be thrown into the sea. "If they won't eat," said he, "let 'em drink." The engagement was one of the worst planned, and the worst fought in the world; but the men were avowedly dispirited by the Consul's irreverend behaviour to the chickens; and his impiety shared the disgrace with his folly. Livy represents him as an epitome of all that was bad in his family; proud, stubborn, unmerciful though full of faults himself, and wilful and precipitate to a degree of madness. This was the battle, of which his sister wished to see a repetition. It cost the Romans many ships sunk, ninety-three taken, and according to the historian, the miraculous loss of eight thousand men killed and twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the Carthaginians lost not a ship or a man.

SHAKING HANDS.

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped every body's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, if turned out, the operator

had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest and beaming, the “glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Desarts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman now and then as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude or had a whitlow. It was in vain, that your pretensions did not go beyond the “civil salute” of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out, and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side: the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce,—there was no knowing which: you had to sustain it, as you might a lady’s in handing her to a seat: and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till on the party’s breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman, to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided: but of the too, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated, (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen) the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one, than to practice the other; and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty, whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or distrust. We have met with two really kind men, who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them perhaps thought himself inferior to any body about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves; but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to shew him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention, we know not; but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first love of mankind. He was impatient at the change of his companions and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency still remained warm; and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF LAUREL FROM VAUCLUSE.

And this piece of laurel is from Vaucluse! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura, sat under it! This is a true present. What an exquisite dry old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is! It has been plucked nine months, and looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years. It shall last at any rate as long as it's owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned! It was a happy pull from the tree. It's shape is the very line of beauty; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to shew us in what fine condition the trees are; while the leaves issue from it, and swerve upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem,—in deliciis nostris;—and may the very maid-servant who wonders to see thy withered beauty in it's frame, miss her lover the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love.

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral boughs of this branch, stretching over his head, and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory; for all these ideas used to be entwined in one. (Sestina 2, Canzone 17, Sonetti 162, 163, 164, 207, 224, &c.) Perhaps it is of the very stock of that bough, which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning-stock when she sat in her favourite bower. (See the translation at the end.)

Giovane donna sotto un verde lauro
Vidi più bianca e più fredda che neve
Non percossa dal sol molti e molt' anni:
E'l suo parlar, e'l bel viso, e le chiome,
Mi piacquer sì, ch' i' l'ho a gli occhi
Ed avrò sempre, ov'io sia in poggio o'n riva.
Vol. 1, Sestina 2.

A youthful lady under a green laurel
I saw, more fair and colder than white snows
Unshone upon for many and many a year:
And her sweet looks, and hair, and way of speaking,
So pleased me, that I have her now before me,
And shall have, ever, whether on hill or lea.

The laurel seems more appropriated to Petrarch than to any other poet. He delighted to sit under it's leaves; he loved it both for itself, and for the resemblance of it's name to that of his mistress; he wrote of it continually; and he was called from out of it's shade, to be crowned with it in the Capitol. It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united ideas of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses it to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vaucluse that he was called. Vaucluse, Valchiusa, the Shut Valley, (from which the French, in the modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue. Petrarch, when a boy of eight or

nine years of age, had been struck with it's beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says in his own account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived in that valley almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières: and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains; but Love, he says, was ever by his side,

Regionando con meco, ed io con lui.

He holding talk with me, and I with him.

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the 14th century at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the Metropolis of the World, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the Father of Italian Prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her modesty she did not shew an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world.

By way of completing this ebullition on Petrarch, which has been unexpectedly excited in us, (for we intended to devote a longer

and perhaps a duller article to him by and by), we will conclude it with a translation of his most celebrated canzone, which was addressed to the river Sorgue and it's bowers. It has appeared before, though not in a place so suitable as the present; and as we have been asked to re-print it, before we ever thought of doing so, we repeat it with the less scruple. It is the 14th Canzone, Vol. 1., beginning,

CHIARE, FRESCHE, E DOLCE ACQUE.

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Bough, gently interknit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which formed a rustic chair for her sweet side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hush'd,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gush'd;
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to it's own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travaill'd flesh, and from my bones out-worn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, Oh the charity!
Seeing betwixt the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past:
And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls,
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopp'd,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropp'd;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying "Here reigns Love."

How often then I said,
 Inward, and fill'd with dread,
 —“Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!”
 For at her look the while,
 Her voice, and her sweet smile,
 And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
 So that, with long-drawn sighs,
 I said, as far from men,
 “How came I here, and when!”
 I had forgotten; and alas,
 Fancied myself in heav'n, not where I was;
 And from that time till this, I bear
 Such love for the green Bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

A TRUE STORY.

TO THE INDICATOR.

SIR,—When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight in the long summer evenings to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a living woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman;

not young, though she had kept her young looks, for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;" "and it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger I may find some means to forward?" To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her,—sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her. Δ.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLI.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19th, 1820.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CENCI FAMILY, AND TRAGEDY ON THAT SUBJECT.

WE lay before our readers in the present number the substance of a remarkable document, containing the authorities for the tragedy which has lately appeared on the same subject, and which we shall afterwards proceed to notice. Criticism is not intended to be a feature in this our very competent and agreeable miscellany, especially criticism of a hostile nature. But like our illustrious predecessors the Tatler and Spectator, and their fine old father Montaigne, we shall not hesitate now and then to notice some new and excellent work, or to vindicate some great endeavours on the part of a friend, the nature of which may require a more than ordinary introduction to the public.

It has been supposed by some, we understand, that the author of the Cenci has overcharged his story; and these and other persons think that it is too horrible to tell. We are no admirers of horrid stories in general, as we have observed in the prefatory remarks to our own grim perpetration, the Tale for a Chimney Corner. (INDICATOR, p. 73.) There are some books in very good request, and with very delicate people too,—such as Clarissa Harlowe,—which with all their undoubted genius we would as soon read again, as see a man run the gauntlet from here to Land's End. The pain is too long drawn out, and the author's portait looks too fat and comfortable. There are also plays, not so clever, such as George Barnwell and the Fatal Marriage, full of half-witted morals and gratuitous agonies, which we would as lief pay to have our legs tortured, as go to see:—admittance to the red hot pincers, three and sixpence; half-torture, two shillings. But as we would avoid mean and unnecessary pain, so it appears to us to be a sort of moral cowardice not to look the most appalling stories in the face, that come to beckon us towards hidden treasures of thought, or to point out to us some great and awful endeavour for good. As Proteus, when his consultants grappled with him, changed himself into figures of beasts and serpents, to frighten them from their hold, but gave them their answer if he found it of no avail, so it is with these stories. They are the Gods wrestling with us in fearful shapes. Their final aspect is patient, human, and oracular.

The moral of the terrible story of the Cenci, whether told in history or poetry, is a lesson against the enormities arising from bad education,

from long indulged self-will, from the impunities of too much wealth and authority, and from tyrannical and degrading notions of the Supreme Being. It is nothing but the old story of the Neros and Ezze-lins in another shape. It is will driven mad by the power of indulging itself. As to the impossibility of the story, let those names and the writings of the elder dramatists answer all objections on that score. It is not the abstract crime that is the subject of consideration, but the excess proportioned to the excess of the will and to the bitterness of the contradiction. It is the enormity that proves the case. The unhappy patient is insane with self-will and with the fury of being opposed; and he will do the worst and most horrible things, precisely because he, as well as others, knows them to be the worst. His very outrages are testimonies to the beauty of virtue. He does not say this to himself. If he did, he would not do it, unless he were in a state of bodily as well as moral disease. But such is the instinct of his habits. The question then is, not how far we can loathe to hear about the frenzies of a fellow-creature, but how we can get at the causes of his frenzy, and help society to guard against them in all their shapes, great or small. We have thousands of Cencis among us in a lesser way,—petty home tyrants, sullen degraders of the deity they worship, impudent and callous men of the world, people that hate and would vex others in proportion as their merits mortify their own want of merit, tempers that work their wretched pleasure out of the pains of those they can worry,—in short, all that come under the poet's description of "the household fiend,"—all the spoiled children of power, high and low,—the victims of indulged perversity and of an induced bad opinion of God and man.

Upon these grounds, after giving way to our first impulse of horror and indignation at the ruffian old man of the following story, we can pity him.—But to the story itself.

The Manuscript was copied by an Italian gentleman from a library at Rome, and is entitled, *An Account of the Death of the Cenci Family.*

Francesco Cenci was the only son of a Roman lord, who had been Treasurer to Pope Pius the Fifth, and who left him a clear annual income of a hundred and sixty thousand scudi.* Besides this, our miserable inheritor of wealth and impunity married a rich woman. After the death of this lady, he took for his second wife Lucrezia Petroni, of a noble family in the same city. By the former, he had seven children. By the latter none.

Francesco hated these children. It is a dreadful thing to say so in so many words; but the cause is easily seen through. He led a life of the most odious profligacy, and was as full of sullenness as vice. His children were intelligent; their father's example disgusted them; and he saw, and could not bear this contrast. The account of his ill-treatment of them begins with his refusing his sons enough to live decently upon, while pursuing their studies at Salamanca. They were obliged to return to their miserable home; and here he treated them

* We know not the precise value of this coin, which does not appear among the current money of Italy: nor can we refer to books for it at this moment. But there were *scudi* of gold; and Cenci's fortune was accounted enormous.

so much worse, denying them even common food and clothing, that they applied in despair to the Pope, who made him allow them a separate provision, with which they retired to another dwelling. Previously to this period, Cenci had been convicted of a crime twice over, and been suffered to compound for it with the Pope in two several sums of a hundred thousand scudi, nearly two thirds of his annual income. His third mortal crime now took place, and the sons by this time were so embittered by the constant wretchedness and infamy in which he kept his family, that they entreated the Sovereign Pontiff to put an end to his life and villainies at once. The Pope, says the narrative, was inclined to give him the death he merited, but not at the request of his own offspring, and for the third time he allowed him to make his usual composition of a hundred thousand scudi.

The wretched man now hated his children worse than ever, as he had some better reason to do. But not content with cursing his sons, he visited his two daughters with blows, and otherwise so trampled upon their feelings, that not being able to bear his treatment longer, the elder one applied to the Pope, begging him either to marry her according to his discretion, or to put her in a nunnery. The Pope took pity on the unhappy girl, and married her to a gentleman of rank named Carlo Gabrielli, making the father at the same time give her a suitable dowry.

This event so gnawed into Cenci's mind, that fearing his other daughter would follow her sister's example when she grew old enough, he cast in his diabolical thoughts how he might prevent it most assuredly, short of taking away her life. It has been thought by some, that Mr. Shelley's tragedy must be an exaggeration. The fact is, that the historical narrative is much worse. The details of his conduct fill up the poet's outline with horrors not to be thought of. We cannot repeat what this mad and grey-headed horror (for he was now an old man) both preached and practised in order to break down his daughter's virtues as well as heart; but he first kept her locked up in a solitary apartment, where none saw her but himself, and where he brought her stripes as well as food: and his last action —

About this period the terrible old man received news of the death of two of his sons, Rocco and Cristofero, who by some means or other both came to violent ends. He welcomed it with delight, saying that nothing could make him happier but to hear the same thing of all his children; and that whenever the last should die, he would keep open house to all comers for joy. To shew his hatred the more openly, he would not give the least pittance towards interring them.

Beatrice was now beyond despair. She collected her thoughts, and sent off a letter to the Pope which the author of the Manuscript describes as excellently written. Let us stop here a moment, to speak more particularly of the extraordinary girl. "Beatrice," says the close of the Narrative, "was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was

astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity : and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish (un brio signorile) which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age."

The letter to the Pope had no effect. The MS. says that it was found in the office of the Secretary of Memorials ; but supposes that it never could have been laid before his Holiness. The reader may be allowed, under all the circumstances to suspect otherwise. Cenci was still rich and powerful ; and there is no knowing how many thousands of scudi he may have had to pay now.

What renders the conduct of the Pope the more suspicious, is that the criminal somehow or other got intelligence of the application. It made him more furious than ever ; and besides locking up his daughter, he incarcerated in the same manner, and apparently in the same room, his wife her mother-in-law, who had already drunk largely of the family cup of bitterness. Finding every avenue of relief shut against them, and taught by the old man himself, as well as their own awful thoughts, to forego the ties of relationship, they finally resolved upon dispatching him.

There was a visitor in the Cenci Palace, a young prelate of the name of Guerra, who, says the MS. was "a young man of an agreeable presence, well-bred, and one that easily accommodated himself to any proposal, good or bad." He was well acquainted with the wickedness of Cenci, who hated him for the attentions he paid his family ; so that he used to come there at such times only as he knew the old man had gone out. How he gained admittance to the wife and daughter in the present instance does not appear ; but he did ; and finding their miseries augmented at every visit, his interest in their wretched state increased in proportion. The MS. says that he was not without a love for Beatrice ; but it does not appear that she returned it. Be this as it may, having gathered their intentions about the old man from some words which Beatrice let fall, he not only approved them, but declared his willingness to co-operate in the catastrophe. The design was then communicated to Giacomo, one of her brothers, who instantly fell in with it. He had felt his father's ill treatment still more than the rest of his sons, having a wife and children whom the stipend assigned him by the Pope was insufficient to support.

Cenci had taken for the summer residence of himself and his family a castle called the Rock of Petrella. The first plan of the conspirators was to hire a banditti to surprise and kill him in his way thither. The banditti were hired accordingly, but the notice of Cenci's coming was given them too late, and he got into the Castle. Neither did they lurk in the thicket about the place to any purpose ; for being now seventy years of age, (and probably aware of the state of the neighbourhood, no unusual thing in those times) he never stirred out of doors. It was therefore determined to put him to death in the castle. For this purpose, they hired two of his vassals, named Marzio and Olimpio, who either had or thought they had cause of offence with him. The reward offered for the deed was a thousand scudi, one third to be paid beforehand by Monsignor Guerra, and the remainder by the ladies when all

was over. The assassins were introduced into the Rock on the 8th of September 1598; "but as it happened to be the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Signora Lucrezia restrained by her veneration for that solemn anniversary, put off the execution, with the consent of her daughter-in-law, till the day following." On the evening of that day, an opiate was put into Cenci's drink. He went to bed, and fell into a profound sleep; and at midnight, Beatrice herself took the assassins into his chamber. Having told them what to do, she retired into an anti-room where her mother was waiting. In a little while, the assassins returned, and said that their compassion had overcome them, and that they could not conquer their repugnance to kill in cold blood, a miserable old man who was sleeping. Beatrice heard them with scorn and indignation. "If you are afraid," said she, "to put to death a man in his sleep, I, myself, will kill my father; but your own lives shall not have long to run." The men intimidated at this, returned to the chamber. In a little time they came back. The deed was done. The assassins received the rest of their reward; and to Marzio (for what reason does not appear; probably because he had been the least backward) Beatrice gave a mantle laced with gold. The body was thrown over a terrace into the garden, so that it might seem to have fallen by accident, while the old man was moving about in the night-time.

The women next day affected great sorrow. A sumptuous burial was given to the deceased; and the family, after a little stay, returned to Rome, where they are described as living in tranquillity for some time. In the mean while, the youngest son of Cenci died, so that there remained but two, Giacomo and Bernardo.

The Court of Naples however, whose interference at this point of time is not accounted for, unless the banditti, who were from that kingdom, had let the secret transpire, sent a commissioner to make enquiries into the nature of Cenci's death. The usual petty circumstances of suspicion came out, and were laid before the Court of Rome; yet the latter took no further steps for several months. Guerra, who was afraid that the assassins might turn evidence, hired others to get them out of the way; but Marzio escaped. He got imprisoned however at Naples; and having made an ample confession, was sent to Rome. Here he was confronted with the Cenci, who denied all that he said, particularly Beatrice. Her extraordinary firmness and presence of mind is described as so astonishing the man, that he retracted every thing he had deposed at Naples; and rather than confess, chose to expire under the torment.

The law being now perplexed how to proceed, the Cenci were transferred to the Castle, where they lived uninterruptedly for several months. Unluckily, one of the bravoes who had killed Olimpio was taken up, and confessed that he had been employed by Monsignor Guerra. Timely notice, by some means or other, was given to the bishop, and he escaped. He had difficulty in doing so, because he was a remarkable looking man with a fair face and hair, and the officers were on the alert: but he contrived it. He changed clothes with a coal-man, smutted his face and shaved his head, and driving two asses before him, with an onion and a piece of bread in his hand, passed

out of the city under their very eyes. He encountered with equal good luck the officers who were on the look out in the neighbourhood; and got safe into another country.

The flight of the prelate however, together with the confession of Olimpio's murderer, brought the hand of the law heavily upon the Cenci. They were now put to the torture. The courage of the men was prostrated at once ("cederono vilmente," says the Manuscript), and they remained convicted. "Signora Lucrezia, a woman of fifty years of age and large in person, not being able to resist the Torment of the Cord—(Here the Original is wanting)—But not one single criminating word," continues the document, "either by fair means or foul, by threats or by tortures, could be got out of the lips of Beatrice. Her vivacity and eloquence confounded even the judges." One of them, Signor Ulisse Morcati, represented the matter to the Pope, who suspected him of having been overcome by the sufferer's beauty, and appointed another in his room. The new judge ordered a fresh torture to be applied, called the Torture of the Hair; and when she was tied up ready for it, the rest of the family were brought in and entreated her to confess. At first she refused. "You would all die then," said she, "and extinguish our honour and our house? This ought not to be; but since it pleases you, so be it." She then turned to the officers to let her loose, and asked for copies of the several examinations; adding, "What I should confess, I will confess:—what I should approve, I will approve:—what I should deny, I will deny." After this fashion, says the MS., she stood convicted, though she did not confess.

The affair rested here again in a very extraordinary manner. Probably (though the MS. is far from hinting such a thing) some money matters were under the consideration of his Holiness,—deep questions as to the difference of fines and confiscations. The parties were separated from each other for five months. They were then allowed to meet one day at dinner; and then again they were divided. At length, the Holy Father, after having seen them all confronted, and examined the confession, sentenced them to be drawn at the cart's-tail and beheaded.

Great interest was made, by princes and cardinals, for allowing the criminals a legal defence. The Pope, who had shewn himself hostile from the first, answered these requests with severity, and asked, "what defence Cenci had, when he was so barbarously murdered in his sleep." At last he yielded the point, and gave them five-and-twenty days to look about them. The most eminent advocates in Rome prepared the defence, and appeared before him at the proper time with their respective papers. The first that spoke was impatiently interrupted by his Holiness, who said he was astonished to find in Rome children so barbarous as to kill their father, and advocates so bold as to defend such a villainy. At these words all the counsel were struck dumb, with the exception of the Advocate Tarrinaacci, who replied, "Holy Father, we are not here at your feet to defend the brutality of the deed itself, but to save the lives of such as may be innocent nevertheless, if your Holiness will listen to us." The Pope, upon this, listened patiently for four hours. Tarinacci's defence proceeded

upon the only possible ground, and appears to have contained a strength and eloquence worthy of his spirit. He balanced the wrongs of father and children against each other. The sons were made out to be the least concerned, and the weight of the murder thrown purposely upon Beatrice, who had been so atrociously and unspeakably outraged. The Pope sat up all the following night with one of the Cardinals, considering the defence point by point; and the upshot was, that he gave the criminals a hope of escaping death, and ordered that they should again be at comparative liberty.

Unfortunately for this new and unexpected turn in their affairs, a nobleman of the name of Paolo Santa Croce assassinated, at this point of time, his own mother, for not bequeathing him her inheritance. This renewed the Pope's bitterness against those who had set an example of parricide; and what increased it, was the flight of Santa Croce who eluded the hands of justice. He sent for the Governor of the city, and ordered the Cenci to be publicly executed forthwith. Many of the nobility hastened to his different palaces to implore at least a private death for the ladies; but he would not consent. They could only obtain the pardon of Bernardo, whom the MS. calls "the innocent Bernardo," and whose treatment both past and to come is thus rendered inexplicable.

The sentence was executed next day, Saturday, the 11th of May 1599, on the bridge of St. Angelo. Beatrice, on receiving news of the sentence, felt, for the first time, her young heart fail her; and burst into bitter and wild lamentations on the necessity of dying. "Oh God!" she cried out, "how is it possible to die so suddenly!" Her mother-in-law, whose greater age and perhaps less hope of escaping death, had softened more into patience, comforted her in the most affectionate manner, and got her quietly into the chapel. Beatrice soon recovered herself, and behaved with a gentle firmness proportionate to the wildness of her first grief. She made a will, in which she left fifteen thousand scudi to the Confraternity of the Sacred Stigmas (the Wounds of Christ), and the whole of her dowry to portion fifty female orphans in marriage. Lucrezia left a will in the same spirit. They then recited psalms, litanies, and other prayers; and at eight o'clock confessed themselves, heard mass, and received the sacrament. The funeral procession called for them on its way, having already taken up the two brothers, to the younger of whom the Pope's pardon was announced; informing him at the same time that he must witness the executions. Beatrice and Lucrezia were habited like nuns. On their way to the scaffold a striking thing was observed. Lucrezia's handkerchief was continually applied to wipe away her tears; Beatrice's only to dry up the moisture on her forehead.

When the procession arrived at the scaffold, and the criminals withdrew for a while to a chapel, the poor young Bernardo, condemned to see his nearest relations executed before his very eyes, fell into an agony and fainting fit, and was recovered only to be placed opposite the block. The first who mounted the scaffold was Lucrezia. In preparing for death, the drapery was discomposed about her bosom, which though she was fifty years of age, was still beautiful. She blushed and cast down her eyes, but raised them again in prayer; and then adjust-

ing herself to the block, was in the act of repeating the words, in the 51st psalm, "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies," when her head was struck off. While the block was being prepared for Beatrice, a place on which some of the spectators stood broke down, to their great hurt. Beatrice hearing the noise, asked if her mother had died well, and being told she had, knelt down before a crucifix, and said, "Thanks without end be to thee, O most merciful Redeemer, for having given in the good death of my mother a sure proof of thy pity towards me." Then rising on her feet, "all courage and devotion," she walked towards the scaffold, putting up prayers as she went with such a fervour of spirit, that all who heard her melted into tears. Having ascended the scaffold, she accommodated her head to the block, and looking up once more towards heaven, prayed thus:—"O most affectionate Jesus, who abandoning thy divinity, didst become human; and didst will, in thy love, to purge from it's mortal blot even this my sinful soul with thy precious blood; ah, grant, I pray thee, that that which I am now about to shed, may suffice before thy merciful tribunal to do away my great misdeeds; and to save me from some part of the punishment which is justly my due." Having said thus, she laid down her head again on the block and began the 130th Psalm—"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears"—At these words her head was severed from her body. The latter underwent such a violent convulsion, that one of the legs is said to have almost leaped up. At sight of his sister's death, Bernardo swooned away again, and did not recover his senses for a quarter of an hour. It was now the turn of the last sufferer, Giacomo. He first gave a stedfast look at Bernardo, and then said aloud, that if he went into a state of bliss instead of punishment he would pray for the welfare of the Pope, who had remitted the tormenting part of his just sentence and saved his brother's life; and that the only affliction he had in his last moments, was that his brother was compelled to look upon a scene so dreadful: "but," added he, "as it has so pleased thee, O my God, thy will be done." He then knelt down, and was killed with a blow of a leaded club. The execution being over, Bernardo was taken back to prison, where he fell into a long and violent fever. He was kept there four months, "when at the request of the Venerable Arch-Confraternity of the Most Holy Crucifix of St. Marcello he obtained the favour of being set at liberty, after paying to the Hospital of the Most Holy Trinity of the Pilgrims the sum of 25,000 scudi." He lived to have a son, named Cristoforo, at the time when the MS. was written; but we know not how long the family stock survived.

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of mistakes; in which the most privileged were made fiends, the most virtuous murderers, and the customs that undertook to punish them were the cause of all.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLII.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 26th, 1820.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CENCI FAMILY, AND TRAGEDY ON THAT SUBJECT.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

“THE highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but a drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly, no person can be truly dishonoured by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by love and peace. Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character: the few whom such an exhibition would have interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a domestic purpose, from the want of finding sympathy in their interest among the mass who surround them. It is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and revenge; that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered, consists.”

Thus speaks Mr. Shelley, in the preface to his tragedy of the Cenci,—a preface beautiful for the majestic sweetness of its diction, and still more lovely for the sentiments that flow forth with it. There is no living author, who writes a preface like Mr. Shelley. The intense interest which he takes in his subject, the consciousness he has upon him nevertheless of the interests of the surrounding world, and the natural dignity with which a poet and philosopher, sure of his own

motives, presents himself to the chance of being doubted by those whom he would benefit, casts about it an inexpressible air of amiableness and power. To be able to read such a preface, and differ with it, is not easy; but to be able to read it, and then go and abuse the author's intentions, shews a deplorable habit of being in the wrong.

Mr. Shelley says that he has "endeavoured as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they really were, and has sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by his own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true, thus under a thin veil converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonations of his own mind." He has so. He has only added so much poetry and imagination as is requisite to refresh the spirit, when a story so appalling is told at such length as to become a book. Accordingly, such of our readers as are acquainted with our last week's narrative of the Cenci and not with Mr. Shelley's tragedy, or with the tragedy and not with the narrative, will find in either account that they are well acquainted with the characters of the other. It is the same with the incidents, except that the legal proceedings are represented as briefer, and Beatrice is visited with a temporary madness; but this the author had a right to suppose, in probability as well as poetry. The curtain falls on the parties as they go forth to execution,—an ending which would hardly have done well on the stage, though for different reasons, any more than the nature of the main story. But through the medium of perusal, it has a very good as well as novel effect. The execution seems a supererogation, compared with it. The patience, that has followed upon the excess of the sorrow, has put the tragedy of it at rest. "The bitterness of death is past," as Lord Russell said when he had taken leave of his wife.

We omitted to mention last week, that the greatest crime of which Cenci had been guilty, in the opinion of the author of the Manuscript, was atheism. The reader will smile to see so foolish and depraved a man thus put on a level with Spinoza, Giordano Bruno, and other spirits of undoubted genius and integrity, who have been accused of the same opinion. But the same word means very different things to those who look into it; and it does here, though the author of the MS. might not know it. The atheism of men like Spinoza is nothing but a vivid sense of the universe about them, trying to distinguish the mystery of its operations from the ordinary, and as they think pernicious anthropomorphism, in which our egotism envelopes it. But the atheism of such men as Cenci is the only real atheism; that is to say, it is the only real disbelief in any great and good thing, physical or moral. For the same reason, there is more atheism, to all intents and purposes of virtuous and useful belief, in some bad religions however devout, than in some supposed absences of religion: for the god they propose to themselves does not rise above the level of the world they live in, except in power like a Roman Emperor; so that there is nothing to them really outside of this world, at last. The god, for instance, of the Mussulman, is nothing but a sublimated Grand Signior; and so much the worse, as men generally are, in proportion to

his power. One act of kindness, one impulse of universal benevolence, as recommended by the true spirit of Jesus, is more grand and godlike than all the degrading ideas of the Supreme Being, which fear and slavery have tried to build up to heaven. It is a greater going out of ourselves; a higher and wider resemblance to the all-embracing placidity of the universe. The Catholic author of the MS. says that Cenci was an atheist, though he built a chapel in his garden. The chapel, he tells us, was only to bury his family in. Mr. Shelley on the other hand, can suppose Cenci to have been a Catholic, well enough, considering the nature and tendency of the Catholic faith. In fact, he might have been either. He might equally have been the man he was, in those times, and under all the circumstances of his power and impunity. The vices of his atheism and the vices of his superstition would, in a spirit of his temper and education, have alike been the result of a pernicious system of religious faith, which rendered the Divine Being gross enough to be disbelieved by any one, and imitated and bribed by the wicked. Neither his scepticism nor his devotion would have run into charity. He wanted knowledge to make the first do so, and temper and privation to make the second. But perhaps the most likely thing is, that he thought as little about religion as most men of the world do at all times;—that he despised and availed himself of it in the mercenary person of the Pope, scarcely thought of it but at such times, and would only have believed in it out of fear at his last hour. Be this however as it might, still the habitual instinct of his conduct is justly traceable to the prevailing feeling respecting religion, especially as it appears that he “established masses for the peace of his soul.” Mr. Shelley, in a striking part of his preface, informs us that even in our own times “religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic, with a faith in that, of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connexion with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout; and without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse; never a check.” We shall only add to this, that such religions in furnishing men with excuse and absolution, do but behave with something like decent kindness; for they are bound to do what they can for the vices they produce. And we may say it with gravity too. Forgiveness will make its way somehow every where, and it is lucky that it will do so. But it would be luckier, if systems made less to forgive.

The character of Beatrice is admirably managed by our author. She is what the MS. describes her, with the addition of all the living grace and presence which the re-creativeness of poetry can give her. We see the maddened loveliness of her nature walking among us, and make way with an awful sympathy. It is thought by some, that she ought not to deny her guilt as she does;—that she ought not, at any rate, to deny the deed, whatever she may think of the guilt. But this,

in our opinion, is one of the author's happiest subtleties. She is naturally so abhorrent from guilt,—she feels it to have been so impossible a thing to have killed a FATHER, truly so called, that what with her horror of the deed and of the infamy attending it, she would almost persuade herself as well as others, that no such thing had actually taken place,—that it was a notion, a horrid dream, a thing to be gratuitously cancelled from people's minds, a necessity which they were all to agree had existed but was not to be spoken of, a crime which to punish was to proclaim and make real,—any thing, in short, but that a daughter had killed her father. It is a lie told, as it were, for the sake of nature, to save it the shame of a greater contradiction. If any feeling less great and spiritual, any dread of a pettier pain, appears at last to be suffered by the author to mingle with it, a little common frailty and inconsistency only renders the character more human, and may be allowed a young creature about to be cut off in the bloom of life, who shews such an agonized wish that virtue should survive guilt and despair. She does not sacrifice the man who is put to the torture. He was apprehended without her being able to help it, would have committed her by his confession, and would have died at all events. She only reproaches him for including a daughter in the confession of his guilt; and the man, he it observed, appears to have had a light let into his mind to this effect, for her behaviour made him retract his accusations, and filled him so with a pity above his self-interest, that he chose rather to die in torture than repeat them. It is a remarkable instance of the respect with which Beatrice was regarded in Rome, in spite of the catastrophe into which she had been maddened, that Guido painted her portrait from the life, while she was in prison. He could not have done this, as a common artist might take the likeness of a common criminal, to satisfy vulgar curiosity. Her family was of too great rank and importance, and retained them too much in its reverses. He must have waited on her by permission, and accompanied the sitting with all those attentions which artists on such occasions are accustomed to pay to the great and beautiful. Perhaps he was intimate with her, for he was a painter in great request. In order to complete our accounts respecting her, as well as to indulge ourselves in copying out a beautiful piece of writing, we will give Mr. Shelley's description of this portrait, and masterly summary of her character. "The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched: the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her fore-

head is large and clear ; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another : her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle, in which circumstances clothed her from her impersonation on the scene of the world."

The beauties of a dramatic poem, of all others, are best appreciated by a survey of the whole work itself, and of the manner in which it is composed and hangs together. We shall content ourselves therefore, in this place, with pointing out some detached beauties ; and we will begin, as in the grounds of an old castle, with an account of a rocky chasm on the road to Petrella.

Lucrezia. To-morrow before dawn
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,
Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines.
If he arrive there——

Beatrice. He must not arrive.

Orsino. Will it be dark before you reach the tower ?

Lucr. The sun will scarce be set.

Beatr. But I remember

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice,
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulph, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life ; yet clinging, leans ;
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall : Beneath this crag
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns :—below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm, and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day there
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

With what a generous and dignified sincerity does Beatrice shew at once her own character and that of the prelate her lover.

As I have said, speak not to me of love.
Had you a dispensation, I have not :
Nor will I leave this home of misery,
Whilst my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady
To whom I owe life and these virtuous thoughts,
Must suffer what I still have strength to share.
Alas, Orsino ! All the love that once

I felt for you, is turned to bitter pain.
 Our's was a youthful contract, which you first
 Broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose.
 And yet I love you still, but holily,
 Even as a sister or a spirit might;
 And so I swear a cold fidelity.
 And it is well perhaps we should not marry.
 You have a sly, equivocating vein,
 That suits me not.

The following is one of the gravest and grandest lines we ever read. It is the sum total of completeness. Orsino says, while he is meditating Cenci's murder, and its consequences,

I see, as from a tower, the end of all.

The terrible imaginations which Beatrice pours forth during her frenzy, are only to be read in connexion with the outrage that produced them. Yet take the following, where the excess of the agony is softened to us by the wild and striking excuse which it brings for the guilt.

What hideous thought was that I had even now?
 'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains still
 O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart.
 O, world! O, life! O, day! O, misery!

Lucr. What ails thee, my poor child? She answers not:
 Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain,
 But not its cause: suffering has dried away
 The source from which it sprung.

Beatr. (frantically). Like Parricide,
 Misery has killed its father.

When she recovers, she "approaches solemnly" Orsino, who comes in, and announces to him, with an awful obscurity, the wrong she has endured. Observe the last line.

Welcome, friend!

I have to tell you, that since last we met,
 I have endured a wrong so great and strange
 That neither life nor death can give me rest.
 Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds
 Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.

Ors. And what is he that has thus injured you?

Beatr. The man they call my father; a dread name.

The line of exclamations in the previous extract is in the taste of the Greek dramatists; from whom Mr. Shelley, who is a scholar, has caught also his happy feeling for compounds, such as "the all-communicating air," the "mercy-winged lightning," "sin-chastising dreams," "wind-walking pestilence," the "palace-walking devil, gold," &c. Gold, in another place, is finely called "the old man's sword."

Cenci's angry description of the glare of day is very striking.

The all-befolding sun yet shines: I hear
 A busy stir of men about the streets;
 I see the bright sky through the window panes:
 It is a garish, broad, and peering day;
 Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears,

And every little corner, nook, and hole
Is penetrated with the insolent light.
Come darkness!

The following is edifying:—

The eldest son of a rich nobleman
Is heir to all his incapacities;
He has wide wants, and narrow powers.

We are aware of no passage in the modern or ancient drama, in which the effect of bodily torture is expressed in a more brief, comprehensive, imaginative manner, than in an observation made by a judge to one of the assassins. The pleasure belonging to the original image renders it intensely painful.

Marzio. My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing:
Olimpio sold the robe to me, from which
You would infer my guilt.

2d Judge. Away with him!

1st Judge. Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,
Speak false?

Beatrice's thoughts upon what she might and might not find in the other world are very terrible; but we prefer concluding our extracts with the close of the play, which is deliciously patient and affectionate. How triumphant is the gentleness of virtue in its most mortal defeats!

Enter CAMILLO and Guards.

Bernardo. They come! Let me
Kiss those warm lips, before their crimson leaves
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before
Death chokes that gentle voice! O, let me hear
You speak!

Beatr. Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now;
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child;
For thine own sake, be constant to the love
Thou bearest us; and to the faith that I,
Tho' wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
Lived ever holy and unstained. And tho'
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.
So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

Bern. I cannot say, farewell!

Cam. O, lady Beatrice!

Beatr. Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; aye, that does well.
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another: now
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

Exeunt.

Mr. Shelley, in this work, reminds us of some of the most strenuous and daring of our old dramatists, not by any means as an imitator; though he has studied them, but as a bold, elemental imagination, and a framer of "mighty lines." He possesses also however, what those to whom we more particularly allude did not possess, great sweetness of nature, and enthusiasm for good; and his style is, as it ought to be, the offspring of this high mixture. It disproves the adage of the Latin poet. Majesty and Love do sit on one throne in the lofty buildings of his poetry; and they will be found there, at a late and we trust a happier day, on a seat immortal as themselves.

[An accident prevents us from filling up this space with something which would have worthily filled it.]

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLIII.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2d, 1820.

THE STORIES OF LAMIA, THE POT OF BASIL, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, &c. AS TOLD BY MR. KEATS.

In laying before our readers an account of another new publication, it is fortunate that the nature of the work again falls in with the character of our miscellany; part of the object of which is to relate the stories of old times. We shall therefore abridge into prose the stories which Mr. Keats has told in poetry, only making up for it, as we go, by cutting some of the richest passages out of his verse, and fitting them in to our plainer narrative. They are such as would leaven a much greater lump. Their drops are rich and vital, the essence of a heap of fertile thoughts.

The first story, entitled *Lamia*, was suggested to our author by a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which he has extracted at the end of it. We will extract it here, at the beginning, that the readers may see how he has enriched it. Burton's relation is itself an improvement on the account in Philostratus. The old book-fighter with melancholy thoughts is speaking of the seductions of phantasmata.

"Philostratus, in his fourth book '*De Vita Apollonii*,' hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her awhile to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and therefore she, plate, house, and all that was

in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."—Anat. of Mel. Part 3, Sect. 2.

According to our poet, Mercury had come down from heaven, one day, in order to make love to a nymph, famous for her beauty. He could not find her; and he was halting among the woods uneasily, when he heard a lonely voice, complaining. It was

A mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake.
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!
"When move in a sweet body fit for life,
"And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
"Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!"

Mercury went looking about among the trees and grass,

Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word: the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem proportioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose sight of them in this gorgeousness, the "woman's mouth" fills us at once with shuddering and compassion.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustries with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some dæmon's mistress, or the dæmon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there,
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.

The serpent tells Mercury that she knows upon what quest he is bound, and asks him if he has succeeded. The god, with the usual eagerness of his species to have his will, falls into the trap; and tells her that he will put her in possession of any wish she may have at heart, provided she can tell him where to find his nymph. As eagerly, she accepts his promise, making him ratify it by an oath, which he first pronounces with an earnest lightness, and afterwards with a deeper solemnity.

Then once again the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.

The creature tells him that it was she who had rendered the nymph invisible, in order to preserve her from the importunities of the ruder wood gods. She adds, that she was a woman herself, that she loves a youth of Corinth and wishes to be a woman again, and that if he will let her breathe upon his eyes, he shall see his invisible beauty. The god sees, loves, and prevails. The serpent undergoes a fierce and convulsive change, and flies towards Corinth,

A full-born beauty, new and exquisite.

Lamia, whose liability to painful metamorphosis was relieved by a supernatural imagination, had been attracted by the beauty of Lycius, while pitching her mind among the enjoyments of Corinth. By the same process, she knew that he was to pass along, that evening, on the road from the sea-side to Corinth; and there accordingly she contrives to have an interview, which ends in his being smitten with love, and conducting her to her pretended home in that city. She represents herself as a rich orphan, living "but half-retired," and affects to wonder that he never saw her before. As they enter Corinth, they pass the philosopher Apollonius, who is Lycius's tutor, and from whom he instinctively conceals his face. Lamia's hand shudders in that of her lover; but she says she is only wearied; and at the same moment, they stop at the entrance of a magnificent house:—

A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water.

Here they lived for some time, undisturbed by the world, in all the delight of a mutual passion. The house remained invisible to all eyes, but those of Lycius. There were a few Persian mutes, "seen that year about the markets;" and nobody knew whence they came; but the most inquisitive were baffled in endeavouring to track them to some place of abode.

But all this while, a god was every night in the house, taking offence. Every night

With a terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hovered and buzzed his wings with fearful roar
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

Lycius, to the great distress of his mistress, who saw in his vanity a great danger, persuaded her to have a public wedding-feast. She only begged him not to invite Apollonius; and then, resolving to dress up her bridals with a sort of despairing magnificence, equal to her apprehensions of danger, she worked a fairy architecture in secret, served only with the noise of wings and a restless sound of music—

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.

This is the very quintessence of the romantic. The walls of the long vaulted room were covered with palms and plantain-trees imitated in cedar-wood, and meeting over head in the middle of the ceiling;

between the stems were jasper pannels, from which "there burst forth creeping imagery of sligher trees;" and before each of these "lucid pannels

Fuming stood
A censer filled with myrrh and spiced wood,
Whose slender feet wide-swer'd upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets; fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimic'd as they rose.
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous.

Twelve tables stood in this room, set round with circular couches, and on every table was a noble feast and the statue of a god.

Lamia, regal dress,
Silently faced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.

* * * * *
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd, and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The guests came. They wondered and talked; but their gossiping would have ended well enough, when the wine prevailed, had not Apollonius, an unbidden guest, come with them. He sat right opposite the lovers, and

—Fixed his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride.

Lycius felt her hand grow alternately hot and cold, and wondered more and more both at her agitation and the conduct of his old tutor. He looked into her eyes, but they looked nothing in return: he spoke to her, but she made no answer: by degrees the music ceased, the flowers faded away, the pleasure all darkened, and

A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

The bridegroom at last shrieked out her name; but it was only echoed back to him by the room. Lamia sat fixed, her face of a deadly white. He called in mixed agony and rage to the philosopher to take off his eyes; but Apollonius, refusing, asked him whether his old guide and instructor who had preserved him from all harm to that day, ought to see him made the prey of a serpent. A mortal faintness came into the breath of Lamia at this word; she motioned him, as well as she could, to be silent; but looking her stedfastly in the face, he repeated Serpent! and she vanished with a horrible scream. Upon the same night, died Lycius, and was swathed for the funeral in his wedding-garments.

Mr. Keats has departed as much from common-place in the character and moral of this story, as he has in the poetry of it. He would see fair play to the serpent, and makes the power of the philosopher an ill-natured and disturbing thing. Lamia though liable to be turned into

painful shapes had a soul of humanity ; and the poet does not see why she should not have her pleasures accordingly, merely because a philosopher saw that she was not a mathematical truth. This is fine and good. It is vindicating the greater philosophy of poetry. At the same time, we wish that for the purpose of his story he had not appeared to give into the common-place of supposing that Apollonius's sophistry must always prevail, and that modern experiment has done a deadly thing to poetry by discovering the nature of the rainbow, the air, &c.: that is to say, that the knowledge of natural history and physics, by shewing us the nature of things, does away the imaginations that once adorned them. This is a condescension to a learned vulgarism, which so excellent a poet as Mr. Keats ought not to have made. The world will always have fine poetry, as long as it has events, passions, affections, and a philosophy that sees deeper than this philosophy. There will be a poetry of the heart, as long as there are tears and smiles: there will be a poetry of the imagination, as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery. A man who is no poet, may think he is none, as soon as he finds out the physical cause of the rainbow; but he need not alarm himself:—he was none before. The true poet will go deeper. He will ask himself what is the cause of that physical cause; whether truths to the senses are after all to be taken as truths to the imagination; and whether there is not room and mystery enough in the universe for the creation of infinite things, when the poor matter-of-fact philosopher has come to the end of his own vision. It is remarkable that an age of poetry has grown up with the progress of experiment; and that the very poets, who seem to countenance these notions, accompany them by some of their finest effusions. Even if there were nothing new to be created,—if philosophy, with its line and rule, could even score the ground, and say to poetry “Thou shalt go no further,” she would look back to the old world, and still find it inexhaustible. The crops from its fertility are endless. But these alarms are altogether idle. The essence of poetical enjoyment does not consist in belief, but in a voluntary power to imagine.

The next story, that of the Pot of Basil, is from Boccaccio. After the narrative of that great writer, we must make as short work of it as possible in prose. To turn one of his stories into verse, is another thing. It is like setting it to a more elaborate music. Mr. Keats is so struck with admiration of his author, that even while giving him this accompaniment, he breaks out into an apology to the great Italian, asking pardon for this

—Echo of him in the worth-wind sung.

We might waive a repetition of the narrative altogether, as the public have lately been familiarized with it in the Sicilian Story of Mr. Barry Cornwall: but we cannot help calling to mind that the hero and heroine were two young and happy lovers, who kept their love a secret from her rich brothers; that her brothers, getting knowledge of their intercourse, lured him into a solitary place, and murdered him; that Isabella, informed of it by a dreary vision of her lover, found out where he was buried, and with the assistance of her nurse, severed the head from the body that she might cherish even that ghastly memo-

rial of him as a relic never to be parted with; that she buried the head in a pot of earth, and planting basil over it, watered the leaves with her continual tears till they grew into wonderful beauty and luxuriance; that her brothers, prying into her fondness for the Pot of Basil, which she carried with her from place to place, contrived to steal it away; that she made such lamentations for it, as induced them to wonder what could be its value, upon which they dug into it, and discovered the head; that the amazement of that discovery struck back upon their hearts, so that after burying the head secretly, they left their native place, and went to live in another city; and that Isabella continued to cry and moan for her Pot of Basil, which she had not the power to cease wishing for; till, under the pressure of that weeping want, she died.

Our author can pass to the most striking imaginations from the most delicate and airy fancy. He says of the lovers in their happiness,

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyrs blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

These pictures of their intercourse terribly aggravate the gloom of what follows. Lorenzo, when lured away to be killed, is taken unknowingly out of his joys, like a lamb out of the pasture. The following masterly anticipation of his end, conveyed in a single word, has been justly admired:—

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straitened banks.

They passed the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

When Mr. Keats errs in his poetry, it is from the ill management of a good thing,—exuberance of ideas. Once or twice, he does so in a taste positively bad, like Marino or Cowley, as in a line in his Ode to Psyche

At tender eye-dawn of aurean love;

but it is once or twice only, in his present volume. Nor has he erred much in it in a nobler way. What we allude to is one or two passages in which he over-informs the occasion or the speaker; as where the brothers, for instance, whom he describes as a couple of mere “money-bags,” are gifted with the power of uttering the following exquisite metaphor:—

“To day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine:
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine.”

But to return to the core of the story.—Observe the fervid misery of the following.

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;

Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,

Like to a native lily of the dell:

Then with her knife, all sudden, she began

To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon

Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,

She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone

And put it in her bosom, where it dries

And freezes utterly unto the bone

Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:

Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,

But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,

Until her heart felt pity to the core

At sight of such a dismal labouring,

And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,

And put her lean hands to the horrid thing;

Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;

At last they felt the kernel of the grave,

And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

It is curious to see how the simple pathos of Boccaccio, or (which is the same thing) the simple intensity of the heroine's feelings, suffices our author more and more, as he gets to the end of his story. And he has related it as happily, as if he had never written any poetry but that of the heart. The passage about the tone of her voice,—the poor lost-witted coaxing,—the “chuckle,” in which she asks after her Pilgrim and her Basil,—is as true and touching an instance of the effect of a happy familiar word, as any in all poetry. The poet bids his imagination depart,

For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;

Will die a death too lone and incomplete,

Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,

Asking for her lost Basil amorously;

And with melodious chuckle in the strings

Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry

After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,

To ask him where her Basil was; and why

'Twas hid from her: “For cruel 'tis,” said she,

“To steal my Basil-pot away from me,”

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,

Imploring for her Basil to the last.

No heart was there in Florence but did mourn

In pity of her love, so overcast.

And a sad ditty of this story born

From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:

Still is the burthen sung—“O cruelty,

“To steal my Basil-pot away from me!”

The Eve of St. Agnes, which is rather a picture than a story, may be analysed in a few words. It is an account of a young beauty, who going to bed on the eve in question to dream of her lover, while her rich kinsmen, the opposers of his love, are keeping holday in the rest of the house, finds herself waked by him in the night, and in the hurry of the moment agrees to elope with him. The portrait of the heroine, preparing to go to bed, is remarkable for its union of extreme richness and good taste; not that those two properties of description are natu-

rally distinct; but that they are too often separated by very good poets, and that the passage affords a striking specimen of the sudden and strong maturity of the author's genius. When he wrote *Endymion* he could not have resisted doing too much. To the description before us, it would be a great injury either to add or diminish. It falls at once gorgeously and delicately upon us, like the colours of the painted glass. Nor is *Madeline* hurt by all her encrusting jewelry and rustling silks. Her gentle, unsophisticated heart is in the midst, and turns them into so many ministrants to her loveliness.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on *Madeline's* fine breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest;
And on her silver cross pale amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—*Porphyro* grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclassps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair *Saint Agnes* in her bed,
But dares not look behind, of all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart *Paynim*s pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Is not this perfectly beautiful?

[Want of room compels us to break off here. We cannot leave the reader at a better place. The remainder of the criticism must occupy the beginning of our next number.]

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLIV.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1820.

THE STORIES OF LAMIA, THE POT OF BASIL, THE EVE OF
ST. AGNES, &c. AS TOLD BY MR. KEATS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

As a specimen of the Poems, which are all lyrical, we must indulge ourselves in quoting entire the Ode to a Nightingale. There is that mixture in it of real melancholy and imaginative relief, which poetry alone presents us in her "charmed cup," and which some over-rational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true. It does not follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is real, the mixture is good and sufficing. A poet finds refreshment in his imaginary wine, as other men do in their real; nor have we the least doubt, that Milton found his grief for the loss of his friend King, more solaced by the allegorical recollections of Lycidas, (which were exercises of his mind, and recollections of a friend who would have admired them) than if he could have anticipated Dr. Johnson's objections, and mourned in nothing but broadcloth and matter of fact. He yearned after the poetical as well as social part of his friend's nature; and had as much right to fancy it straying in the wilds and oceans of romance, where it had strayed, as in the avenues of Christ's College where his body had walked. In the same spirit the imagination of Mr. Keats betakes itself, like the wind, "where it listeth," and is as truly there, as if his feet could follow it. The poem will be the more striking to the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling him, that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickened and shaken body, and that in the mean while it has had to contend with feelings that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do so for itself;—we mean, critical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wreak its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not chariot'd by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in 'embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

The Hyperion is a fragment,—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly of a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods. It opens with Saturn, dethroned, sitting in a deep and solitary valley, benumbed in spite of his huge powers with the amazement of the change.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.

A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large foot-marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheels;
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

By degrees, the Titans meet in one spot, to consult how they may regain their lost empire; but Clymene the gentlest, and Oceanus the most reflective of those earlier deities, tell them that it is irrecoverable. A very grand and deep-thoughted cause is assigned for this by the

latter. Intellect, he gives them to understand; was inevitably displacing a more brute power.

Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So thou art not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end:

* * * * *

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

The more imaginative parts of the poem are worthy of this sublime moral. Hyperion, the God of the Sun, is the last to give way; but horror begins to visit his old beautitude with new and dread sensations. The living beauty of his palace, whose portals open like a rose, the awful phenomena that announce a change in heaven, and his inability to bid the day break as he was accustomed,—all this part, in short, which is the core and inner diamond of the poem, we must enjoy with the reader.

His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorean clouds
Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, or from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.
 He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
 The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
 "O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 "O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 "O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
 "Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 "Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 "To see and to behold these horrors new?
 "Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 "Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 "This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 "This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 "These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 "Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 "Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
 "The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
 "I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
 "Even here, into my centre of repose,
 "The shady visions come to domineer,
 "Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—
 "Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 "Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 "I will advance a terrible right arm
 "Shall scarce that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 "And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
 He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
 For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
 So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
 Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
 And from the mirror'd level where he stood
 A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
 Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
 Before the dawn in season due should blush,
 He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide

Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens through,
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belted colure,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
 Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
 Won from the gaze of many centuries:
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:
 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspread were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne.
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.

The other Titans, lying half lifeless in their valley of despair, are happily compared to

A dismal cirque
 Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
 When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
 In dull November, and their chancel vault,
 The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.

The fragment ends with the deification of Apollo. It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds. He exclaims to Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory,

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me,
 Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
 Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
 Creations and destroyings, all at once
 Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
 And deify me, as if some blithe wine
 Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
 And so become immortal.

After this speech, he is seized with a glow of aspiration, and an intensity of pain, proportioned to the causes that are changing him; Mnemosyne upholds her arms, as one who prophesied; and

At length
Apollo shrieked;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * *

Here the poem ceases, to the great impatience of the poetical reader.

If any living poet could finish this fragment, we believe it is the author himself. But perhaps he feels that he ought not. A story which involves passion, almost of necessity involves speech; and though we may well enough describe beings greater than ourselves by comparison; unfortunately we cannot make them speak by comparison. Mr. Keats, when he first introduces Thea consoling Saturn, says that she spoke

Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

This grand confession of want of grandeur is all that he could do for them. Milton could do no more. Nay, he did less, when according to Pope he made

God the father turn a school divine.

The moment the Gods speak, we forget that they did not speak like ourselves. The fact is, they feel like ourselves; and the poet would have to make them feel otherwise, even if he could make them speak otherwise, which he cannot, unless he venture upon an obscurity which would destroy our sympathy: and what is sympathy with a God, but turning him into a man? We allow, that superiority and inferiority are, after all, human terms, and imply something not so truly fine and noble as the levelling of a great sympathy and love; but poems of the present nature, like *Paradise Lost*, assume a different principle; and fortunately perhaps, it is one which it is impossible to reconcile with the other.

We have now to conclude the surprise of the reader, who has seen what solid stuff these poems are made of, with informing him of what the book has not mentioned,—that they were almost all written four years ago, when the author was but twenty. Ay, indeed! cries a critic, rubbing his hands delighted (if indeed even criticism can do so, any longer); “then that accounts for the lines you speak of, written in the taste of Marino.”—It does so; but, sage Sir, after settling the merits of those one or two lines you speak of, what accounts, pray, for a small matter which you leave unnoticed, namely, all the rest?—The truth is, we rather mention this circumstance as a matter of ordinary curiosity, than any thing else; for great faculties have great privileges, and leap over time as well as other obstacles. Time itself, and its continents, are things yet to be discovered. There is no knowing even how much duration one man may crowd into a few years, while others drag out their slender lines. There are circular roads full of hurry and scenery, and straight roads full of listlessness and barrenness; and travellers may arrive by both, at the same hour. The

Miltons, who begin intellectually old, and still intellectual, end physically old, are indeed Methusalems; and may such be our author, their son.

Mr. Keats's versification sometimes reminds us of Milton in his blank verse, and sometimes of Chapman both in his blank verse and rhyme; but his faculties, essentially speaking, though partaking of the unearthly aspirations and abstract yearnings of both these poets, are altogether his own. They are ambitious, but less directly so. They are more social, and in the finer sense of the word, sensual, than either. They are more coloured by the modern philosophy of sympathy and natural justice. Endymion, with all its extraordinary powers, partook of the faults of youth, though the best ones; but the reader of Hyperion and these other stories would never guess that they were written at twenty. The author's versification is now perfected, the exuberances of his imagination restrained, and a calm power, the surest and loftiest of all power, takes place of the impatient workings of the younger god within him. The character of his genius is that of energy and voluptuousness, each able at will to take leave of the other, and possessing, in their union, a high feeling of humanity not common to the best authors who can less combine them. Mr. Keats undoubtedly takes his seat with the oldest and best of our living poets.

We have carried our criticism to much greater length than we intended; but in truth, whatever the critics might think, it is a refreshment to us to get upon other people's thoughts, even though the rogues be our contemporaries. Oh! how little do those minds get out of themselves, and what fertile and heaven-breathing prospects do they lose, who think that a man must be confined to the mill-path of his own homestead, merely that he may avoid seeing the abundance of his neighbours! Above all, how little do they know of us eternal, weekly, and semi-weekly writers! We do not mean to say that it is not very pleasant to run upon a smooth road, seeing what we like, and talking what we like; but we do say, that it is pleasanter than all, when we are tired, to hear what we like, and to be lulled with congenial thoughts and higher music, till we are fresh to start again upon our journey. What we would not give to have a better Examiner and a better Indicator than our own twice every week, uttering our own thoughts in a finer manner, and altering the world faster and better than we can alter it! How we should like to read our present number, five times bettered; and to have nothing to do, for years and years, but to pace the green lanes, forget the tax-gatherer, and vent ourselves now and then in a verse.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLV.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1820.

FARINETTA AND FARINONNA;

OR

HOW TO MAKE FIVE PLEASURES OF ONE, AND BE IN FIVE PLACES AT ONCE.

A FAIRY TALE,

THERE were once two sisters, who lived near a forest haunted by Fairies. They were both young, handsome, and lively; only it was said that Farinetta was the more liked the more you knew her, while Farinonna seemed to get tired of one friend after another like a toy. If you went to see them, Farinetta would keep the same face towards you all day, and try all she could to make you happy. Farinonna would do as much for a time, and be exceedingly pleasant; but if any thing crossed or tired her, she would exclaim, with a half pettish look, "Well, I've had quite enough of this, haven't you?" It was a look as much as to say, "If you haven't, you're a great fool; and whether you have or not, I shall do something else." Every one accordingly had their Buts for Farinonna. They would say, "Farinonna is a handsome girl, but—Yes, Farinonna is a very handsome girl, but—" People had also their Buts for Farinetta; but then it was only such people as had too many Buts of their own.

This difference in the tempers of the two girls was mainly attributed to Farinetta's acquaintance with the inhabitants of the forest. She was the more thoughtful of the two; and this led her to make herself mistress of the Fairy language, which was the only passport necessary to a complete intimacy with the speakers. Farinonna, who had walked in the forest, yet never seen any Fairies, did not believe in them; and she used to laugh at her sister for thinking that the language taught her to see more in what she read and observed, than herself. "Do you think," said she, "that such fine writers as Homer, and Tasso, and Shakspeare, want any other key to their language than their own? Do I not know a sword when I see

it, or a horse, or a man, or a dance? Is it necessary for me, when a gentleman is introduced to my acquaintance, to keep saying out loud the meaning of the word gentleman in Fairian,—gentleman, gentleman, gentleman,—like a great gawky school-girl at her lesson,—in order to have a proper sense of what he is? Or is it requisite that I?”

“No, sister,” said Farinetta laughing; “the power to translate a word into Fairian only gives you a very vivid sense indeed of the beauties of the original.”

“Oh—my compliments pray to the very vivid sense, which appears to me,—begging your pardon, sister,—very like mighty fine nonsense. So instead of saying gentleman out loud to the gentleman, I am to keep saying to my very vivid sense Generomildeasibol—What is the horrid long word?—Generomildeasiboldunsel—Oh—its no use. I can’t see, for my part, why it is not quite as good to say Gentleman at once, and not plague one’s head about the matter. Every one knows a gentleman at sight, without any of your vivid senses. Do you think I want any language but my mother’s to tell me the meaning of the words ‘As I’m a gentleman;’ or to help me to a passage in Shakespeare or Milton?”

“Why now, sister,” said Farinetta, “there was a passage the other day which was quoted from Hesiod, and which you said was unintelligible.”

“Well, I know,” replied the other; “it is unintelligible; and would remain so were it translated into all the languages in Europe.”

“No,” said Farinetta; “if you could speak Fairian, you would see it has a meaning, and one of the finest in the world.”

“Now there, sister,” returned Farinonna colouring, “you really make me angry. It doesn’t follow that because a man’s name is Hesiod, he could not say a silly thing. Wise men say silly things sometimes, and so might he, for all he was a bearded old Greek. I’m sure he did a foolish thing, when he let his brother cheat him of half his estate; and I cannot see that he proved his wits a bit better, by adding that he was contented, because forsooth ‘the half was greater than the whole.’ The half greater than the whole! Is half this fan greater than the whole? Or half this peach? Or half the lawn there? Or half a dinner, my dear; which will be up in a quarter of an hour, and I’m prodigiously hungry.

“Yes,” said Farinetta, laughing as good-naturedly as before, “half a dinner is greater than the whole, on many occasions. I tell you what now” (for she saw her sister getting more impatient):—“you know the flowers which the Fairy gave me.”

“Yes, I do. Chuck half of them away, and see whether the rest will be doubled.”

“No, sister, that is not the way of doubling in Fairy-land. But since you admired them so yesterday, I intended one half for you, and there they are in the window.”

“Well—that’s a good, kind, generous sister as ever lived; but hey! presto! why don’t the others double.”

“They do,” said Farinetta. “I feel a double perfume from them:

I see a double red in the roses, and a double fairness in the lilies. And what is more, I shall see your flowers when they have gone out of the room."

"Oh," returned Farinonna, "I forgot that the knowledge of Fairian was to double one's eyesight, as well as one's knowledge. I suppose it doubles one's presence too?"

"Why, it might as well, sister," said Farinetta, "while its about it; and it does accordingly."

"Sister, sister," re-iterated the other, with a reddening gravity, and forgetting her flowers in her impatience;—"you know I love you; for the truth is you are very generous, and when you don't take these freaks into your head, very sensible. But the more I love you, the more angry you make me at seeing you let yourself be so imposed upon by this nonsense about Fairies. Do you think one's common senses are to be deceived? Why, upon this principle of a double presence, you ought yourself to be able to be in five or six places at once, enjoying yourself."

"My dear sister," said Farinetta with a pleasant earnestness, "give me a kiss, and don't spoil your beautiful mouth. You see that new gown of mine, worked all over with curious imagery. I say nothing to you but what I will prove,—this very evening, if you please;—but if I do certain things, and then put on that Fancy-Dress, I can be in five or six places at once, and enjoy myself in all. I will give away, for instance, half the peaches off my best tree, send them in portions to five or six of your friends and mine, and go the same day and enjoy them with every one."

Farinonna wept outright at this assertion, partly with impatience, partly at her sister's being so extravagant, and partly from a lurking notion how silly and uninformed she must be herself, if all this were true. After a variety of Pshaws! Nonsenses! and Now Positivelys! the upshot was, that she agreed to let her sister make the experiment, and to write letters to the receivers of the fruit all round, in order to see what they would say in answer. "But then," said she, recollecting herself, "supposing this impossibility of yours to be possible, we shall not have half the peaches we should have had, to eat for the next fortnight:—that will be very foolish." "Well, but dear Nonna, for the sake of the experiment, you know."—"Well, well, for the sake of the experiment"—So half laughing, and half blushing at being so ridiculous, Farinonna helped her sister to put the peaches in green leaves and baskets, and send them off with their several letters. Farinetta then put on her fancy-dress, and saying

Fairies, Fairies, wise and dear,
Send me there and keep me here,

sat down very quietly at the window, to the equal amusement of herself and her sister; of the latter for seeing her still remain where she was, and of the former for seeing the amusement of the latter.

Farinetta, though the more thoughtful of the two, had as much or more animal spirit occasionally; and she entertained herself exces-

sively in the course of the evening with her sister's extreme watchfulness over her. The latter, knowing the other's love of truth, and seeing her at once so confident and so merry, began to have a confused and almost fearful notion that there was more in the business than she fancied. "Perhaps," thought she, as the dusk of the evening gathered in, and she recollected the ghost-stories of her childhood, "these Fairies are evil spirits who have put a phantom here in my sister's shape;" and creeping towards her with as much courage as she could muster, she put forth her trembling hand, and touched her. Farinetta guessed what she was thinking about, and burst into a fit of laughter. This set the other off too, and they both laughed till the room rang again, the one at her sister's fears, and the other at her own.

Farinonna, all that evening, walked about with her sister, sat with her, talked with her, played music with her, sung with her, laughed with her, nay, was silent and looked grave with her; and at last, went to bed with her. She would not suffer her out of her sight. "Tis plain flesh and blood, you goose," said Farinetta, seeing the other look wistfully at her hand, which she jerked against her cheek as she spoke. "So is this, for that matter," said Farinonna, and was peevishly lifting her own to give her sister a little harder smack, when it suddenly smote herself on the cheek. "My dear sister!" exclaimed the other gravely, and at the same time embracing her,—"Thank you for that. You were angry with yourself for intending me a little bit of a twinge, and so resolved to let it recoil on your own cheek. I hail the omen." "Hail the omen!" cried her sister, half in alarm, and half angry: "I did feel a little as you say, but I assure you I know not by what odd sort of palsy or convulsion I gave myself a blow." "Enough!" returned Farinetta, embracing her still more warmly: "I see how it is: the Fairies have begun with you: you will know and love them soon." So saying, she blessed her and went to sleep. Enough! thought Farinonna, rubbing her cheek; but she kept silent, and shortly after dropped asleep too.

The next morning the answers to the letters were brought to Farinonna all at once. She snatched them from the servant's hand, exclaiming "Now then! "A good phrase," said Farinetta, "that same Now then:—you will believe in another presently,—Here there."

It was true enough. The first letter ran as follows:—

DEAR FARINONNA,—What do you mean by asking whether your sister was with us yesterday? To be sure she was. She joined us during the desert, in her beautiful fancy-dress, and was the merriest among the party. Didn't she tell you?

Yours,

L. Y.

Letter the second:—

DEAR FARINONNA,—What has come to you? Your sister told us at the desert yesterday, that she had just parted with you. Her fancy-dress and her peaches were the admiration of us all. You would have thought we should devour one as we did the other. I am learning Fairian.

Yours,

B. R.

The third letter was from a fine lady :—

MY DEAR CREATURE—Was ever such a whimsical being as thou? Why thou dear giddy thing, one would think that you had not seen your sister for ages, just as we have not seen you. It's a week now, I declare, since Monday. I die to see you. Don't you die to have a fancy-dress like your sister's? I do. I quite die. I die to learn Fairian on purpose: only it's so hard, they tell me. Lord! Here is a quantity of Dies: Well—you must have another, for do you know Lady Di said she blushed for me yesterday; upon which that witty thing Lady Bab said, loud enough for her to hear, "And the paint for her Ladyship." Wasn't that good now? Quite charming. If Lady Bab were but good looking, she would be quite charming. Excuse faults and all that.

Yours ever, my love,

G. F.

The fourth was from Lady Bab :—

PRETTY ONE,—“Divinest” was with us yesterday, looking, I really must say, like her name, in her fancy-dress. I only think it a little too crowded with imagery, to look quite reasonable. How came you not to know? I thought I heard her say she had just seen you, but that doll Lady Di and that stupid pretender Mrs. F. were gabbling away at the time. Brilliante will tell you, she says, that I sported one of my best things yesterday; but, *entre nous*, it was not very happy, I think; at least not so happy as many foolish things I said the day before. But “I’m tired,” as you say. They are all threatening to learn Fairian, so I must get it up in mere self-defence. Is not this hard upon one who has taken the trouble to know all the genteel languages already, and who is, dear Pretty-Protty,

Your obedient humble servant,

B. Q.

“An affected ill-natured thing!” said Farinonna, “I wonder what she always takes the liberty of calling me Pretty-Protty for? I think I see her odious puckered mouth grunting it. What next? Oh, here’s poor Trady.”

DEAR MADAM,—Received yours of to-day. Saw your sister, as hope you did afterwards; for she had the finest fancy-dress on I ever saw, much better than Miss Jones’s, and Miss Jones’s was the finest ever seen. Excuse running hand, not having time to write text. Should like to know, if you have time to write, why you ask about Miss Farinetta, as she said she saw you; but suppose she was mistaken. Excuse haste. Also, blots; and the way of writing the letter r, which Miss Jones says is best.

I have the honour to be, dear Madam,

Your very obedient and humble servant,

A. T.

P. S.—Miss Jones lives next door.

“What a pack of nonsense about Miss Jones,” said Farinonna: “I’ve no patience with such stupid worship of nobody. Ah, here’s dear Toady’s hand.”

DIVINEST,—Other Divinest was with us yesterday, shaving her peaches with us, and looking really celestial in her fancy-dress. She reminded me so of you, that I quite longed to see you. Why didn't you come? And why, pray, do you write to know about your sister, after having just seen her? That is what we all want to know; but you know it is no new matter to want to know every thing which you do, however whimsical and witty. Adieu, Divinest! Pray learn Fairian, and get the dear delightful creatures in the wood to get you an Imagination,—for so, you must know, we call Farinetta's dress on account of its imagery. All the world is beginning to believe in 'em. We don't quite understand about it. The mixture of such odd things as language and knowledge, being here and being there, &c. confuses one; but I've no doubt it's true, because they say so. However, I shall never learn Fairian myself, that's certain, because you know I'm such a lazy creature. And entre nous, ma belle, I've another reason, which is, that I am quite happy and contented as long as I can see such places as Green Bower, and the fairer than fairies that live in it. Adieu, adieu! Parting is such sweet sorrow, &c. Mille graces for your kind present of the box. Believe me to be your ever obliged and affectionate friend, with esteem,

E. T.

P.S. I shall come to spend a day or two next week at Green Bower; but don't get any thing particular, there's a love.

Farinonna was now as impatient in her wish to enjoy the privileges of her sister, as she had been in doubting and contradicting her. She had heard the latter say, that the first and greatest step towards obtaining them, was a good hearty will; and that instances had been known, in which it superseded all the other means, and gifted the wisher with the power of speaking Fairian at once. She therefore borrowed her sister's manuscript grammar, and blushing, asked her to lend her the gown too. Farinetta guessed what she was going to do; but said nothing. She only kissed her very kindly, and gave them her. Farinonna hurried up into her room, locked the door, threw the grammar on the floor, slipped on the gown, and cried out as fast as she could, "I want to be in five places at once." However, she did not find herself any where else. "I want, I say," cried she, stamping her foot angrily, "to be in five places at once." Not a step did she budge. Enraged at her disappointment, she began to tear off the gown; when lo! for every rent which she made in it, she hit herself a great thump in the face. She wept bitter tears for fear and vexation. She did not dare to exclaim that it was shameful to treat a person so; but she thought it, and wished she could smack the Fairies' faces all round. Suddenly, she recollected that her sister called that involuntary self-punishment a good omen; and this recollection brought to mind another, namely, that one of the first steps towards favour with the Fairies was to do something not entirely for yourself, but for somebody else too. "I will give away half my box of sweetmeats," cried she, clapping her hands. She put half of them accordingly into another box, thrust the lid to, threw up the window, and called out to

a little boy who was going by, "Hallo, there, little boy!" The child looked up, and gaped. "There's a box of sweetmeats for you, little boy." The boy looked at the box, as if doubtfully, and then looking up at the young lady, gaped again. "Don't stand gaping there, you ninny," said Farinonna; "take up the box, and go and eat the sweetmeats directly. I'll come and eat 'em with you presently. There, go:—make haste;—make haste, I say." "Where, Ma'am?" asked the boy, after taking up the box. "Any where, you dolt," said Farinonna, slamming down the window. "Now then," cried she, "I shall do it. Oh, I forgot the charm before:—I shall do it certainly now;" and she half-said and half-sung, in the requisite manner,

Fairies, Fairies, wise and dear,
Send me there, and keep me here.

Not a jot did they send her any where. Farinonna was bewildered. "The sweetmeats perhaps," said she, were not valuable enough. I'll give away half—what? let's see—any thing valuable—oh, my shelf of books; I'll give away half my shelf of books." She rang the bell violently, and the old deaf housekeeper appeared: "Lord bless us!" said the good old dame, "why, what's the matter with my young lady; I heard the bell ring, and I should never forget the sound of that bell, Ma'am, if I was to live a hundred"—"Ay, ay," said Farinonna, "Well, never mind what you shall never forget; but here—take these valuable books, Judith, and keep 'em, and read 'em, and—there, go." Judith, not hearing a word, bent her ear to understand the orders. "Take these valuable books," bawled Farinonna, "and keep 'em, and read 'em, and go." She uttered the last word so fiercely, that the good old gossip started with another "Lord bless us!" muttering after her, "Keep 'em, and read 'em, and go! Why, Lord, Miss, how am I to read 'em." "They cost I don't know how much," answered Farinonna. "But how am I to understand 'em?" returned Judith. "They are bound in morocco," bawled the lady. "But I tell you, dear Miss Nonna, I can't read; and what's more, I can't hear any body read; and what's more, I"—"Then give 'em somebody who can," interrupted the sister. "Give 'em!" cried Judith, doubting her ears; "give 'em who!" "Any one," shouted Farinonna; "and tell 'em, I'll come and read 'em with 'em directly." "Read 'em with 'em," repeated the housekeeper. "Why, you would not read 'em with the cook, or the hostler, or the footman, or the scullion, would you, Miss?" "Mark me, Judith," said Farinonna, suppressing her anger: "Take those books to my sister, and tell her"—"Mister who?" asked the deaf woman. "My sister," echoed the young lady; "and tell her, that she must read 'em directly, because I want to stop here and read 'em there; and now go:—You can go, can't you, if you can't do any thing else?" "Oh, yes," returned the dame, proudly, "I can go. Blessed be heaven, I can go fast enough, considering I'm seventy-eight; but I tell you what, Miss Nonna, if you take infirm old people by the shoulders in this manner, and make 'em go faster than Heaven wills, you'll not live to

be old yourself; and now I'm in the mind, I tell you what, Miss Farinonna; and I'll tell you nothing but what all the house says; and that is, I don't know what you mean by these mad pranks, but you are not a bit like your sister, for all you're almost as handsome; and I don't love you half so well as I did, Heaven forgive your mother's old nurse for saying so!" (and she shed tears) "for all I dandled you in these arms; for one of your kindest things (when you do 'em) a'nt the value of any thing that Miss Netta does, she does every thing so sweetly and good-natured. Your trample upon us, as a body may say, even when you help us to get up; but kind's kind, I say; and a man may ride from here to Land's End, and be no horseman:—yes, no horseman, Miss Nonna; and, I grieve to say it, but you're no horseman."

Farinonna, who had a turn for the ludicrous, and who was not naturally bad hearted (who is?), could neither help smiling at nor pitying her old nurse, as she went out of the room lamenting over and over again, that so sweet a creature to look at was no horseman. The honest, involuntary ebullition had an effect on her, which even her sister's sweetness would have failed in, and which certainly no grave advice would have produced. She sat down with a feeling of shame and regret; and after a while exclaimed gently, "I see I must be patient, and learn Fairian regularly, or I shall never be like my dear sister." Now the latter, who had been alarmed by old Judith, and just come in, turned her sister's head round affectionately with her two hands, and said, "Ah, my dear Nonna, you will be a greater favourite with the Fairies than I, if you keep in this mind; for I was less strong than you, and was made patient earlier, and you will have had more to conquer." So saying, she kissed the tears out of her eyes. Farinonna took her sister's hand, and kissed it; and looking up, she saw a group of beautiful creatures in the room, who stood like friends about her sister, and smiled upon herself; and one of them said, in the most enchanting manner in the world, "To be able to see us, is to be able to hope every thing."

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLVI.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23d, 1820.

COACHES.

According to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of ready money, it may be allowed us to say that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one; from the equivocal rank of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one) is a more decided thing than the chaise; it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease, than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort; elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that little, his body well-set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his non-chalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammercloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of every thing less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors, both carriage and house, are open;—we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the bye-standers; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from

it's sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty; but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting,—too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. Its plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat:—hired coaches, a reasonable number:—but health and good-humour at all events.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. *How shall we own it?* We like to be driven, instead of drive;—to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description, that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is undoubtedly the curricie, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other constant mode of riding; it is common to all ranks; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its own loftiness, partly for its name, and partly perhaps for the figure it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which mere modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If any thing could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postillion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit

upon it, only reminds us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle; and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back; but he preferred a chariot; and neither was good. But see how pleasantly good-humour rides over its inconveniences.

Then answered 'Squire Morley, "Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass;
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew; "Pull down," quoth friend John,
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'y'e do?
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?"

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?"

"By my troth," she replies, "you grow younger, I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?"

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:

Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied,
The hostler is hanged, and the widow is married.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."

"Well; peace to her ashes! What signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef:
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
Nor tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."

PRIOR.

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the Secretary, which as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of extracting also. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant.

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the business of six,
 In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
 On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right :
 No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love ;
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee :
 This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
 To good or ill-fortune the third we resign :
 Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state.
 So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode ;
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse ;
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose ?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
 When the Hague and the present are both on my side ?
 And is it enough for the joys of the day,
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say ?
 When good Vandergoes, and his provident crew,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
 That, search all the province, you'll find no man *dår* is
 So blest as the *Englischen Heer Secretar*' is.

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the want of travelling accommodation flourishing most in a country, for whose graver wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill, as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out ; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to shew the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours, who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postillion, whenever he approached a turnpike. "Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike?" The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one ;—"Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly ; and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.

VIRG.

The driver's borne beyond their swearing,
 And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a Mail-coach is not so much at one's command as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing,

that they are bound to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do any thing. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them, like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off. A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of very venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was much deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change even for the worse might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face.—His new comfort set him dozing; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure to see him take out a night-cap and look extremely ghastly.—The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a Mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and alteration of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road, the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses,—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens; a rush of cold air announces at once the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again; the sound of every thing outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again; and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep any where except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent warm old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passen-

ger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above-mentioned ; or thinking of his friends ; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did " to the rumbling of his coach's wheels ;" or chatting with the servant-girl who is going to place (may nobody get her dismissed nine month's hence !) ; or protecting her against the Methodist in the corner ; or if alone with her, and she has a kind face, protecting her against a much more difficult person,—himself. Really, we must say, that enough credit is not given to us lawless persons who say all we think, and would have the world enjoy all it could. There is the author of the Mail-coach Adventure, for instance. With all his amorous verses, his yearnings after the pleasant laws of the Golden Age, and even his very hymns (which, we confess, are a little mystic), we would rather trust a fair traveller to his keeping, than some much graver writers we have heard of. If he forgot himself, he would not think it a part of virtue to forget her. But his absolute is not ready at hand, as for graver sinners. The very intensity of the sense of pleasure will often keep a man from destroying its after-thoughts in another ; when harsher systems will forget themselves, only to confound brutality with repentance.

The Stage-coach is a very great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny, and two and sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse ; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality ; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking or even thinking more kindly of one another, than if they mingled less often or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence ; the ailing sympathized with ; the healthy congratulated ; the rich not distinguished ; the poor well-met ; the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronized and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear each other : and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant ; but the latter may be had on much grander occasions ; and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue. The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every ale-house ; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to shew the judicious reach of his whip, by twigging a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old la-

dies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride; and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow-street-runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey; and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Y'eah now there, Kitty—can't you be still?—Kitty's a devil, Sir,—for all you would'nt think it." He knows the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corderoy knees and old top boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes, and never-cleaned soles. His beau ideal of appearance, is a frock coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?

Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart.

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best-educated and most erudite of coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak?—That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse*,—in short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy and water of an evening? We once had the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, ycleped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say Yait to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the Hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps indeed it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall shew presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V——L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem, in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

READER, What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

INDICATOR. Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us

as to the beatitude of the Hackney-coach.—But hold :—upon turning to the Manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a Dandy Courtier. This makes a great difference. The Hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the Courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

Eban, untempted by the Pastry-Cooks,
(Of Pastry he got store within the Palace),
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies,
His smelling-bottle ready for the allies;
He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
—Vowing he'd have them sent on board the gallies:
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

“I'll pull the string,” said he, and further said,
“Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose springs of life are all dried up and dead,
Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,
Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clutter;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

“Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop;
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some Lazar-house thou journiest;
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

“By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking Tilburies, or Phaetons rare,
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare.”

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,
And bade the Coachman wheel to such a street,
Who turning much his body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet.

The tact here is so nice, of all the infirmities which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the merits.

[We are sorry we must break off here for want of room.]

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLVII.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1820.

COACHES AND THEIR HORSES.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

ONE of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a Hackney-Coach? Get tired; get old; get young again. Lay down your own carriage, or make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him, his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, you are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lumbering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of common-places. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. It is Hogarth, we think, who has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the massy trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy however to fancy the irritable aspect above-mentioned. A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horses and it, slumbering on a

stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body seem to shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can any thing better illustrate the poet's line about

—Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature, as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping old ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other, that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company, but they are not. An old horse misses his companion like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say any thing. It is talk, and memory, and every thing. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory, (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?) it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest feeling he has; for the commonest hack has very likely been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had its very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;

His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who would say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
 And thus I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well proportioned steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was first painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax: his shape an anatomy: his name a mockery. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has written their living epitaph:—

The poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
 The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

K. Henry 5th, Act 4.

There is a song called the High-mettled Racer, describing the progress of a favourite horse's life, from its time of vigour and glory, down to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as good as Shakspeare; but it will do, to those who are half as kind as he. We defy any body to read that song, or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observation about taking care of one's old horse, did more for that class of retired servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philosophy which first sets people thinking; and then some of them put it in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say, that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump; and in this respect, the author of the High-mettled Racer (Mr. Dibdin, we

believe,—no mean man, after all, in his way) may stand by the side of the illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to shew him as “the best good Christian though he knows it not.” We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakspeare’s assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon precisely the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Isrealite, “Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?” Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out,—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of any thing. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Any thing is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another.—How does the case stand then between those who ill treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their sleek strength and beauty, converted into what they may both really become, a hackney and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl’s or marquis’s coronet, and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of every thing in the world, of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world.—For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We

dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says: "Whereabouts, Sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well joy! Thou hast carried unwilling as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces, that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee, the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee, the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee, he has hastened to console the dying or the wretched. In thee, the father or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, like a human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight! Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart: and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses: but it must be owned, that of all the driving species, he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility; and partly, to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him if possible in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachmen only disagreeable in himself, but like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, who, if she were a man she says, she would expose. Being a woman then, let her not expose herself. Oh—but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady then get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper; or above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips

were made to grow pale about two and sixpence? or that the cut of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's, if she goes on?—(See No. 11, page 88.)

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach; which makes him very savage. The cry of "cut behind," from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind over-loading his master's horses for another sixpence; but to do it for nothing, is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is very malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask, for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet-weather so much as people suppose; for he says, it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine; which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance, when you dispute half the overcharge; and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle, or tells you may take his number, or sit in the coach all night.

LADY. There, Sir!

INDICATOR (looking all about him.) Where, Ma'am?

LADY. The coachman, Sir!

INDIC. Oh, pray, Madam, don't trouble yourself. Leave the gentleman alone with him. Do you continue to be delightful at a little distance.

A great number of ludicrous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated Harlequin, Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied with some other clergyman, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverently in his black robes: after him, comes another personage, equally black and dignified: then another: then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well; there cannot, he thinks, be well more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a

seventh; then an eighth; then a ninth, all with decent intervals, the coach in the mean time rocking as if it were giving birth to so many dæmons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The Devil! the Devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter at the success of their joke. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood, an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter; and we were out on a holiday, thinking perhaps of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers used to accustom themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

Busy, as *seemed*, about some wicked gin,

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance! thought we. What extraordinary and noble content! What more than Roman simplicity! There are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst, with modicums of cold water! O true virtue and courage! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases!—We know not how long we remained in this error; but the first time we recognised the white devil for what it was,—the first time we saw through the chrystal purity of its appearance,—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character,—his being at the mercy of all sorts of chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain; he only must go any where, at what hour, and to whatever place you chuse, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

ARIOSTO'S PRISON.

With all Ariosto's popularity, this is the first time, we believe, that one of his sonnets has appeared in English. Indeed, as for that matter, his great poem itself may be said to be very little known through the medium of the versions hitherto extant; and he must have an indestructible charm in him indeed, who with such representations of him, can at all vindicate among us the popularity of his name abroad.

That he deserves that name is certain. Those who read him in the original (and Italian is far from difficult to any body, especially if

he reads Latin or French) know what an endless variety he has of story, and picture, and passion, and the most delightful humanity, all told in a style the most prompt, graceful, and heart-breathing in the world. To those who do not read him in Italian, and who feel that they cannot discover him in his English version, perhaps even this almost literal version of one of his trifles will afford a glimpse of that pleasantness and naivete, of which they have so often heard. The language is sufficiently unreserved it must be allowed; but it is full of a genial impulse: it is the reverse of any thing impertinent or unsuitable; and the reader of true delicacy will know how to distinguish it accordingly from grossness. The old Italians, not excepting Petrarch, were accustomed to have more faith in the natural goodness of such a simplicity than we: and of a like mind was Shakspeare. The turn round which the poet makes upon his prison, and the laurelled love which the lady had in store for herself, make up an agreeable pair of images to the mind, present and absent. The repetition of the word *But* is remarkably apprehensive and enjoying.

Avventuroso carcere soave,
Dove nè per furor nè per dispetto,
Ma per amor e per pietà distretto
La bella e dolce mia nemica m'ave!
Gli altri prigion al volger de la chiave
S'attristano; io m'allegro, che diletto
E non martir, vita e non morte aspetto,
Nè giudice sever nè legge grave:

Ma benigne accoglienze, ma complessi
Licenziosi, ma parole sciolte
Da ogni freno, ma risi, vezzi, ginocchi,
Ma dolci baci dolcemente impressi
Ben mille e mille, e mille e mille volte;
E se potran contarsi, anco sien pochi.

O lucky prison, blithe captivity,
Where neither out of rage nor out of spite,
But bound by love and charity's sweet might,
She has me fast,—my lovely enemy;
Others, at turning of their prison key,
Sadden; I triumph; since I have in sight
Not death but life, not suffering but delight,
Nor law severe, nor judge that hears no plea;

But gatherings to the heart, but wilful blisses,
But words that in such moments are no crimes,
But laughs, and tricks, and winning ways; but kisses,
Delicious kisses put deliciously,
A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand times;
And yet how few will all those thousands be!

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPANNS.

No. XLVIII.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1820.

TRANSLATION OF ANDREA DE BASSO'S ODE TO A DEAD BODY, AND REMARKS UPON IT.

WE are given to understand by the Italian critics, that the following ode made a great sensation, and was alone thought sufficient to render its author of celebrity. Its loathly heroine had been a beauty of Ferrara, proud and luxurious. It is written in a fierce Catholic spirit, and is incontestibly very striking and even appalling. Images, which would only be disgusting on other occasions, affect us beyond disgust, by the strength of such earnestness and sincerity. He lays bare the mortifying conclusions of the grave, and makes the pride of beauty bow down to them. What we have to say further on the poem, will better follow than precede it.

RISORGA de la tomba avara e lorda
La putrida tua salma, o donna cruda,
Or che di spinto nuda,
E cieca, e muta, e sorda,
Ai vermi dai pastura;
E da la prima altura
Da fiera morte scossa
Fai tuo letto una fossa.
Notte, continua notte
Ti divora ed inghiotte,
E la puzza ti smembra
Le sì pastose membra,
E ti stai fitta fitta per dispetto,
Come animal immondo al laccio stretto.

Vedrai se ognun di te mettrà paura,
E fuggirà come garzon la sera
Da l'ombra lunga e nera,
Che striscia per le mura;
Vedrai se al tuo invitare
Alcun vorrà cascare;
Vedrai se seguiranti
Le turbe de gli amanti;
E se il dì porterai
Per dove passerai;
O pur se spargerai tenebre e lezzo,
Tal che a te stessa verrai in disprezzo:

E tornerai dentro l'immonde bolge
 Per minor pena de la tua baldanza.
 La tua disonoranza
 Allora in te si volge,
 E grida, o sciaurata,
 Che fosti sì sfrenata:
 Quest' è il premio che torna
 A chi tanto s'adorna,
 A chi nutre sue carne
 Senza qua giù guardarne,
 Dovè tutto se volge
 In cenere ed in polve,
 E dove non è requie o penitenza,
 Fino a quel dì de l'ultima sentenza.

Dov' è quel bianco seno d' alabastro,
 Ch' ondoleggiava come al margin fritto?
 In fango s' è ridotto.
 Dove gli occhi lucenti,
 Due stelle risplendenti?
 Ah! che son due caverne,
 Dove orror sol si scerne.
 Dove il labbro sì bello
 Che pareva di pennello?
 Dovè la guancia tonda?
 Dove la chioma bionda?
 E dove simmetria di portamento?
 Tutto è smarrito, come nebbia al vento.

Non tel diss' io, tante fiate e tante,
 Tempo verrà che non sarai più bella,
 E non parrai più quella,
 E non avrai più amante.
 Or ecco vedi il frutto
 D' ogni tuo antico fasto.
 Cos' è, che non sia guasto
 Di quel tuo corpo molle?
 Cos' è, dove non bolle,
 E verme, e putridume,
 E puzza, e sucidume?
 Dimmi, cos' è, cos' è, che possa più
 Far a' tuoi proci le figure sue?

Dovevi altra mercè chieder che amore,
 Chieder dovevi al cielo pentimento.
 Amor cos' è? un tormento.
 Amor cos' è? un dolore.
 E tu, gonfia e superba,
 Ch' eri sol fiore ed erba
 Che languon nati appena,
 E te credevi piena
 Di balsamo immortale;
 Credevi d' aver l' ale
 Da volar su le nubi;
 E non eri che Annbi
 Adorato in Egitto oggi e domane
 In la sembianza di Molosso cane.

Poco giovò ch' io ti dicessi: vanne,
 Vanne pentita a piè del confessore.
 Digli: frate, io moro
 Ne le rabbiose sanne
 De l' infernal dragone,
 Se tua pietà non pone

Argine al mio fallire.
 Io vorrei ben uscire;
 Ma sì mi tiene il laccio,
 Che per tirar ch' io faccio
 Romper nol posso punto;
 Sì che oramai consunto
 Ho lo spirito e l' alma, e tu puoi solo
 Togliermi per pietà fuori di duolo.

Allor sì che 'l morir non saria amaro,
 Che morte a' giusti è sonno, e non è morte,
 Vedesti mai per sorte
 Putir che dorme? raro,
 Raro chi non s' allevi
 Dai sonni anche non brevi.
 Tu saresti ora in alto
 Sopra il stellato smalto,
 E di là ne la fossa
 Vedresti le tue ossa
 E candide e odorose
 Come i gigli e le rose:
 E nel dì poi de l' angelica tromba,
 Volentier verria l' alma a la tua tomba.

Canzon, vanne là dentro
 In quell' orrido centro;
 Fuggi poi presto, e dille, che non spera
 Pietà, chi aspetta di pentirsi a sera.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
 Give up thy body, woman without heart,
 Now that its worldly part
 Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
 Thou servest worms for food:
 And from thine altitude
 Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
 Thy bed within a pit.
 Night, endless night hath got thee
 To clutch and to englut thee;
 And rottenness confounds
 Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
 And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
 Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
 Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
 From something long and black,
 That mocks along the wall.
 See if the kind will stay
 To hear what thou wouldst say;
 See if thine arms can win
 One soul to think of sin;
 See if the tribe of wooers
 Will now become pursuers;
 And if where they make way,
 Thou'lt carry now the day;
 Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
 That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright,

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
 As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
 There let thy foul distress
 Turn round upon thy soul,

And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
 That wast so headstrong proud,
 This, this is the reward,
 For hearts that are so hard,
 That flaunt so, and adorn,
 And pamper them, and scorn
 To cast a thought down hither,
 Where all things come to wither;
 And where no resting is, and no repentance,
 Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
 That undulated once, like sea on shore?
 'Tis clay unto the core.
 Where are those sparkling eyes,
 That were like twins o' the skies?
 Alas, two caves, are they,
 Filled only with dismay.
 Where is the lip, that shone
 Like painting newly done?
 Where the round cheek? and where
 The sunny locks of hair?
 And where the symmetry that bore them all?
 Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
 The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair?
 Nor have that conquering air?
 Nor be supplied with lover?
 Lo! now behold the fruit
 Of all that scorn of shame:
 Is there one spot the same
 In all that fondled flesh?
 One limb that's not a mesh
 Of worms, and sore offence,
 And horrible succulence?
 Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
 To shew thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast vain in?

Love?—Heav'n should be implored for something else,
 For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
 Love?—'Tis a fiery dole;
 A punishment like hell's.
 Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
 Who wert but as the flower
 That warns us in the psalm,
 Didst think thy veins ran balm
 From an immortal fount:
 Didst take on thee to mount
 Upon an angel's wings,
 When thou wert but as things
 Clapped, on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
 Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say.
 Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
 " Help, father, or I die:
 See—see—he knows his prey,
 Ev'n he, the dragon old!
 Oh, be thou a strong hold
 Betwixt my foe and me!
 For I would fain be free,
 But am so bound in ill,
 That struggle as I will,

It strains me to the last;
And I am fosing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word?
Hast thou then ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face,
That wakes not as it was.
Thou should'st have earned high heaven,
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene
As odorous and as fair,
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
The horrors of the centre.
Then fly amajn, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late.

Certainly, all this is very powerful. The picture of the once beautiful, proud, and unthinking creature, caught, and fixed down in a wasting trap,—the calling upon her to come forth, and see if any one will now be won into her open arms,—the taunts about the immortal balm which she thought she had in her veins,—the whole, in short, of the terrible disadvantage under which she is made to listen with unearthly ears to the poet's lecture, affects the imagination to shuddering.

No wonder that such an address made a sensation, even upon the gaiety of a southern city. One may conceive, how it fixed the superstitious more closely over their meditations and skulls; how it sent the young, and pious, and humble, upon their knees;—how it baulked the vivacity of the serenaders; brought tears into the eyes of affectionate lovers; and shot doubt and confusion even into the cheeks of the merely wanton. Andrea de Basso, armed with the lightnings of his church, tore the covering from the grave, and smote up the heart of Ferrara as with an earthquake.

For a lasting impression however, or for such a one as he would have desired, the author, with all his powers, overshot his mark. Men build again over earthquakes, as nature resumes her serenity. The Ferrarese returned to their loves and guitars, when absolution had set them to rights. It was impossible indeed that Andrea de Basso should have succeeded in fixing such impressions upon the mind; and it would have been an error in logic as well as every thing else, if he had. He committed himself both as a theologian and a philosopher. The allusion, towards the end of his ode, is to the Catholic notion, that the death of a saintly person is accompanied by what they call "the odour of sanctity;"—a literalized metaphor, which they must often have been perplexed to maintain. But the assents of superstition, and the instinct of common sense, always keep a certain separation at bottom; and the poet drew such a picture of mortality, as would infallibly be

applied to every one, vicious or virtuous. It was too close and mortifying, even for the egotism of religious fancy to overcome. All would have an interest in contradicting it somehow or other.

On the other hand, if they could not well contradict or bear to think of it, his mark was overshot there. It has been observed, in times of shipwrecks, plagues, and other circumstances of a common despair, that upon the usual principle of extremes meeting, mankind turn about upon death their pursuer, and defy him to the teeth. The superstitious in vain exhort them to think; and threaten them with the consequences of their refusal. They have threats enough. If they could think to any purpose of refreshment, they would. But time presses; the exhortation is too like the evil it would remedy; and they endeavour to crowd into a few moments all the enjoyments, to which nature has given them a tendency, and to which, with a natural piety beyond that of their threateners, they feel that they have both a tendency and a right. If many such odes as Basso's could have been written,—if the court of Ferrara had turned superstitious and patronized such productions, the next age would not merely have been lively; it would have been debauched.

Again, the reasoning of such appeals to the general sense is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death together;—to think of what we are not, with the feelings of what we are; to be very different, and yet to be the same. Hypochondria may do this; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time; but it will never be done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies; the livelier one may if it pleases, suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. There is one thing alone in such gloomy beggings of a question, which throws them back upon the prescriptions of wisdom, and prevents them from becoming general. They are always accompanied by ill-health. We do not mean a breaking up of the frame, or that very road to death, which may be a kindly and cheerful one, illumined by the sunset, as youth was by the dawn: but a polluted and artificial state of blood, or an insufficient vigour of existence,—that state in short, which is an exception to the general condition of humanity, and acts like the proof of a rule to the intentions of Nature. For these are so kind, that no mistake in the world, not even vice itself, is so sure to confuse a man's sensations and render them melancholy. Nature seems to say to us, "Be, above all things, as natural as you can contrive,—as much as possible in the best fashion of the mould in which I cast you, and you shall be happy." Nor is this un-

lucky for virtue, but most lucky : for it takes away its pride, and leaves it all its cheerfulness. Real vice will soon be found to be real unhealthiness : nor could society have a better guide to the reformation of its moral system, than by making them as compatible as possible with every healthy impulse. But why, it may be asked, are we not all healthy ? It is impossible to say : but this is certain, that the oftener a man asks himself that question, the more intimations he has that he is to try and get out of the tendency to ask them. We may live elsewhere : we may be compounded over again, and receive a new consciousness here ;—a guess, which if it seems dreary at first, might lead us to make a heaven of the earth we live in, even for our own sakes hereafter. But at all events, put, as Jupiter says in the fable, your shoulder to the wheel ; and put it as cheerfully as you can. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the grosser Ferrarese beauties, would have been to shew them that their enjoyments were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant ; and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal ; the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness ; and the giddy, much less the wise, to desire to be angels in heaven by representing God as a cruel and eternal punisher,—is what never could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity.

It has been well observed, that life is a series of present sensations. It might be added, that the consciousness of the present moment is one of the strongest of those present sensations. Still this consciousness is a series, not a line ; a variety with intervals, not a continuity and a haunting. If it were, it would be unhealthy : if it were unhealthy, it would be melancholy ; if it were melancholy, the evident system upon which nature acts would be different. Thus it is impossible, that men should be finally led by gloomy, and not by pleasant doctrines.

When the Ferrarese beauties read the poem of Andrea de Basso, it occupied the series of their sensations for a little while, more or less according to their thoughtfulness, and more or less even then according to their unhealthiness. The power of voluntary thought is proportioned to the state of the health. In a little time, the Ferrarese, being like other general multitudes, and even gayer, would turn to their usual reflections and enjoyments, as they accordingly did. About that period Ariosto was born. He rose to vindicate the charity and good-will of nature ; and put forth more real wisdom, truth, and even piety, in his willing enjoyment of the creation, than all the monks in Ferrara could have mustered together for centuries.

To conclude, Andrea de Basso mistook his own self, as well as the means of instructing his callous beauty. We can imagine her disagreeable enough. There are few things more oppressive to the heart, than the want of feeling in those whose appearance leads others to feel intensely ;—the sight of beauty sacrificing its own real comfort as well as ours, by a heartless and indiscriminate love of admiration from young and old, the gross and the refined, the wise and the foolish, the good-natured and the ill-natured, the happy-making and the vicious. If Andrea de Basso's heroine was one of this stamp, we can imagine her

to have irritated his best feelings, as well as his more suspicious ones. We hope she was not merely a giddy creature, who had not quite patience enough with her confessor. We hope also,—many other things. Confessors are not persons to be provoked, either by ladies or gentlemen. Alfred the Great, when a youth, was accustomed to turn a deaf ear to the didactics of his holy kinsman St. Neot; for which, says the worthy Bishop Asser, who was nevertheless a great admirer of the King, and wrote his life, all those troubles were afterwards brought upon him and his kingdom. Be this as it may, and supposing the Ferrarese beauty to have been a cruel one, in the sense which the religious poet implies, he was not aware, while triumphing over her poor folly, and endeavouring to enjoy the thought of her torments, that he was confounding the very sentiment of the thing with its reverse, and doing his best to make himself a worse and more hard-hearted person than she. His efforts to make us think lightly of the most beautiful things in the external world, by shewing us that they will not always be what they are,—that a smooth and graceful limb will not for ever be the same smooth and graceful limb, nor an eye an eye, nor an apple an apple, are not as wise as they are poetical. To have said that the limb, unless admired with sentiment as well as ordinary admiration, is a very common-place thing to what it might be, and that there is more beauty in it than the lady supposed, would have been good. To make nothing of it, because she did not make as much as she could, is unwise. But above all, to consign her to eternal punishment, in the next world, because she gave rise to a series of fugitive evils in this,—granting even that she, and not her wrong education, was the cause of them,—is one of those idle worryings of himself and others, which only perplex further what they cannot explain, and have at last fairly sickened the world into a sense of their unhealthiness.

What then remains of the poetical denouncements of Andrea de Basso? Why the only thing which ought to remain, and which when left to itself retains nothing but its pleasure,—their poetry. When Dante and Milton shall cease to have any effect as religious dogmatizers, they will still be the mythological poets of one system of faith, as Homer is of another. So immortal is pleasure, and so surely does it escape out of the throng of its contradictions.

THE INDICATOR.

There he, arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. XLIX.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1820.

THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

PEOPLE undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being, that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose, that our perceptions and sensations are much more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common, for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What then is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure:—we may colour their existence in the gross, though he must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot controul the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot do even this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride, and ignorance, and despair, in it, than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past, but the future; and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, "You can build no higher than our heads."

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle every thing by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shews its conscious feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see, how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasurable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a Kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence, may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time, when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens

used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sun-rise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never perhaps feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair play to the other side of the question. (See No. 15, page 117.) To return to our main point. After childhood, comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood,—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us happy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable?" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has taken away. It must do by our comfort, as a friend may do by one's books; enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing either for himself or others. The latter suffers, and discovers why. He suffers even more, because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns too to apply his knowledge to his own case; and he sees that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away both the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so, under these circumstances. What then; if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him, what no want of thought would have done: and on the other hand, if he shews a want of thought upon

these points, then the inference is easy : he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakspeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon ; and with Milton's leave, " his wisest heart " was not so much out in this matter, as when his royal impatience induced him to say that every thing was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest : he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air ; and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed ; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off ! What purity ! What grace ! What touching simplicity ! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and " breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than " the wisest heart " bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence.—Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible ? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path ? Superstition answers only to perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But Nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments, that may carry forward their own good ? " A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility, then you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them ?

ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right :—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful ; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good upon the whole is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excite-

ment, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right, on that account, to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and Earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can sympathize with our happiness, is to suppose that he can sympathize with our misery; but to suppose that he can sympathize with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations, though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering as nature must guard against permanent; she carves out our work for us in the gross: we must attend to it in the detail. To leave every thing to her, would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer, first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability; and thirdly, (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement, towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described:—they think they shall be damned also, if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better, and hasten to make amends for it by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unheathy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his own kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in

heaven as he does in the Manchester coach or a Margate hoy. Never mind who suffers outside, woman or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a hoy, which professes to "sail by Divine Providence." Walking about the deck at night to get rid of the chilliness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap. Upon stooping down, we found it to be a woman. The methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

SUPERSTITION THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle every thing. We no more think so, than that our eyesight can see into all existence. But it does not follow, on that account, that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle every thing, that it runs in despair into the arms of irrationality.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

"God Almighty!

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!"

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakspeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see universal fair play, and things on a level.— "But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid."—Well then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse than it is, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain; and by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy. And yet a pain long borne, so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without disquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself well braced up and tightened in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons; invalids have missed the accompaniment of an old gun shot wound; and the world is apt to be very angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shews the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise, upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a

principle of avowed spleen, is candid and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate, is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ADVICE.

It has been well observed, that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

HAPPINESS, HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason for which we call this earth a Vale of Tears, we might call heaven when we got there a Hill of Sighs: for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there are no fields and trees there, and that we nevertheless could imagine them and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing there as a stream of air, as a wind fanning one's face for a whole summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy! What a beatitude to anticipate! Suppose above all that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" &c. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either, for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

THE HAMADRYAD.*

AN Assyrian of the name of Rhæcus observing a fine old oak-tree ready to fall with age, ordered it to be sustained with props. He was continuing his way through the solitary skirts of the place, when a nymph of more than human look, appeared before him, with gladness in her eyes. "Rhæcus," said she, "I am the Nymph of the tree which you have saved from perishing. My life is, of course, implicated in its own. But for you, my existence must have terminated. But for you, the sap would have ceased to flow through its boughs, and the godlike essence I received from it to animate these veins. No more should I have felt the wind in my hair, the sun upon my cheeks, or the balmy rain upon my body. Now I shall feel them many years to come. Many years also will your fellow-creatures sit under my shade, and hear the benignity of my whispers, and repay me with their honey and their thanks. Ask what I can give you, Rhæcus, and you shall have it."

* See the Scholiast upon Apollonius Rhodius, or the Mythology of Natalis Comes.

The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage however: and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the buxom bloom of humanity in it, with a præternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request, answering to modesty, but something still finer. Having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus? for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting, and any other excitement which came in his way; and unluckily he was throwing the dice that very noon, when the bee came to summon him.

He was at a very interesting part of the game,—so much so, that he did not at first recognize the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee!" said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last, he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could; and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his passion. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you." Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas," said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to every thing else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance; and Rhæcus felt that he was alone.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. L.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1820.

THE NURTURE OF TRIPTOLEMUS.

TRIPTOLEMUS was the son of Celeus king of Attica, by his wife Polymnia. During his youth he felt such an ardour for knowledge, and such a desire to impart it to his fellow-creatures, that having but a slight frame for so vigorous a soul to inhabit, and meeting as usual with a great deal of jealousy and envy from those who were interested in being thought wiser, he fell into a wasting illness: His flesh left his bones; his thin hands trembled when he touched the harp; his fine warm eyes looked staringly out of their sockets, like stars that had slipped out of their places in heaven.

At this period, an extraordinary and awful sensation struck, one night, through all the streets of Eleusis. It was felt both by those who slept and those who were awake. The former dreamt great dreams; the latter, especially the revellers and hypocrites who were pursuing their profane orgies, looked at one another, and thought of Triptolemus. As to Triptolemus himself, he shook in his bed with exceeding agitation; but it was with a pleasure that overcame him like pain. He knew not how to account for it; but he begged his father to go out, and meet whatever was coming: He felt that some extraordinary good was approaching, both for himself and his fellow-creatures; but revenge was never farther from his thoughts. What was he to revenge? Mistake and unhappiness? He was too wise, too kind, and too suffering. "Alas! thought he, an unknown joy shakes me like a palpable sorrow; and their minds are but as weak as my body. They cannot bear a touch they are not accustomed to."

The king, his wife, and his daughters went out, trembling, though not so much as Triptolemus, nor with the same feeling. There was a great light in the air, which moved gradually towards them, and seemed to be struck upwards from something in the street. Presently, two gigantic torches appeared round the corner; and underneath them, sitting in a car, and looking earnestly about, sat a mighty female, of more than ordinary size and beauty. Her large black eyes, with their gigantic brows bent over them, and surmounted with a white forehead and a profusion of hair, looked here and there with an intentness and a depth of yearning, indescribable. "Chaire, Demeter!" exclaimed the king, in a loud voice:—"Hail, creative mother!" He raised the cry common at festivals, when they imagined a deity manifesting himself; and the priests poured out of their dwellings, with vestment and with incense, which they held tremblingly aloft, turning down their pale faces from the gaze of the passing goddess.

It was Ceres looking for her lost daughter Proserpina. The eye of the deity seemed to have a greater severity in its earnestness, as she passed by the priests; but at sight of a chorus of youths and damsels, who dared to lift up their eyes as well as voices; she gave such a beautiful smile as none but gods in sorrow can give; and emboldened with this, the king and his family prayed her to accept their hospitality.

She did so. A temple in the king's palace was her chamber, where she lay on the golden bed usually assigned to her image. The most precious fruits and perfumes burnt constantly at the door; and at first no hymns were sung but those of homage and condolence. But these the goddess commanded to be changed for happier songs; and word was also given to the city that it should remit its fears and its cares, and shew all the happiness of which it was capable before she arrived. "For," said she, "the voice of happiness arising from earth is a god's best incense. A deity lives better on the pleasure of what it has created, than in a return of a part of its gifts."

Such were the maxims which Ceres delighted to utter during her abode at Eleusis, and which afterwards formed the essence of her renowned mysteries at that place. But the bigots, who afterwards adopted and injured them, heard them with dismay; for they were similar to what young Triptolemus had uttered, in the aspirations of his virtue. The rest of the inhabitants gave themselves up to the joy, from which the divinity would only extract consolation. They danced, they wedded, they loved; they praised her in hymns as cheerful as her natural temper; they did great and glorious things for one another: never was Attica so full of true joy and heroism: the young men sought every den and fearful place in the territory, to see if Proserpina was there; and the damsels vied who should give them most kisses for their reward. "Oh Dearest and Divinest Mother!" sang the Eleusinians, as they surrounded the king's palace at night with their evening hymn:—"O greatest and best goddess, who not above sorrow thyself, art yet above all wish to inflict it, we know by this that thou art indeed divine. Would that we might restore thee thy beloved daughter, thy daughter Proserpina, the dark, the beautiful, the

mother-loving; whom some god, less generous than thyself, would keep for his own jealous doating. Would we might see her in thine arms! We would willingly die for the sight; would willingly die with the only pleasure which thou hast left wanting to us."

The goddess would weep at these twilight hymns; consoling herself for the absence of Proserpina by thinking how many daughters she had made happy. Triptolemus shed weaker tears at them in his secret bed, but they were happier ones than before. "I shall die," thought he, "merely from the bitter-sweet joy of seeing the growth of a happiness which I must never taste; but the days I longed for have arrived. Would that my father would only speak to the goddess, that my passage to the grave might be a little easier!"

The father doubted whether he should speak to the goddess. He loved his son warmly, though he did not well understand him; and the mother, in spite of all the goddess's kindness, was afraid lest in telling her of a child whom they were about to lose, they should remind her too forcibly of her own. Yet the mother, in an agony of alarm one day, at a fainting fit of her son's, was the first to resolve to speak to her; and the king and she with pale and agitated faces, went and prostrated themselves at her feet. "What is this, kind hosts?" said Ceres, "have ye too lost a daughter?" "No; but we shall lose a son," answered the parents; "but for the help of heaven." "A son!" replied Ceres: "why did you not tell me your son was living? I had heard of him, and wished to see him; but never finding him among ye, I guessed that he was no more, and I would not trouble you with such a memory. But why did ye fear mine, when I could do good? Did your son fear it?"—"No indeed," said the parents; "he urged us to tell thee."—"He is the being I took him for," returned the goddess: "lead me to where he lies."

They came to his chamber, and found him kneeling up on the bed, his face and joined hands bending towards the floor. He had felt the approach of the deity; and though he shook in every limb, it was a transport beyond fear that made him rise: it was love and gratitude. The goddess saw it; and bent on him a look that put composure in his shattered nerves. "What wantest thou," said she, "struggler with great thoughts?" "Nothing," answered Triptolemus, "if thou thinkest it good, but a shorter and easier death." "What? Before thy task is done?" "Fate," he replied, "seems to tell me that I was not fitted for my task, and it is more than done since thou art here. I pray thee, let me die; that I may not see every one around me weeping in the midst of joy at my disease, and yet not have strength enough left in my hands to wipe away their tears." "Not so, my child," said the goddess; and her grand harmonious voice had tears in it, as she spoke; "not so, Triptolemus; for my task is thy task; and even gods work with instruments. Thou hast not gone through all thy trials yet; but thou shalt have a better covering to bear them: yet still by degrees. Gradual sorrow, gradual joy."

So saying, she put her hand to his heart, and pressed it; and the agitation of his spirit was further allayed, though he returned to his

reclining posture for weakness. From that time, the bed of Triptolemus was removed into the temple, and Ceres herself became his second mother. But nobody knew how she nourished him. It was said, that she summoned milk into her bosom, and nourished him at her immortal heart, as though he had been newly born in heaven. But he did not grow taller in stature, as men expected. His health was restored; his joints were knit again, and stronger than ever; but he continued the same small, though graceful youth; only the sicklier particles which he had received from his parents withdrew their wasting influence.

At last however, his very figure began to grow and expand. Up to this moment, he had only been an interesting mortal, in whom the stoutest and best-made of his father's subjects recognized something mentally superior. Now, he began to look in person as well as in mind a demigod. The curiosity of the parents was roused at this appearance; and it was heightened by the report of a domestic, who said that in passing the door of the temple one night, she heard a sound as of a mighty fire. But their parental feelings were also excited by the behaviour of Triptolemus, who, while he seemed to rise with double cheerfulness in the morning, always began to look melancholy towards nightfall. For some hours before he retired to rest, he grew silent, and looked more and more thoughtful; though nothing could be kinder in his manners to every body, and the hour no sooner approached for his retiring, than he went instantly and even cheerfully.

His parents resolved to watch. They knew not what they were about, or they would have abstained: for Ceres was every night at her enchantments to render their son immortal in being as well as fame; and interruption would be fatal. At midnight, they listened at the temple-door.

The first thing they heard was the roaring noise of fire, as had been reported. It was deep and fierce. They were about to retire for fear; but curiosity and parental feeling prevailed. They listened again; but for some time heard nothing but the fire. At last, a voice, resembling their child's, gave a deep groan. "It was a strong trial, my son," said another, in which they recognized the melancholy sweetness of the goddess. "The grandeur and exceeding novelty of these visions," said the fainter voice, "press upon me, as though they would bear down my brain." "But they do not," returned the deity, "and they have not. I will summon the next." "Nay, not yet," rejoined the mortal; "yet be it as thou wilt. I know what thou tellest me, great and kind mother."—"Thou dost know," said the goddess, "and thou knowest in the very heart of thy knowledge, which is in the sympathy of it and the love. Thou seest that difference is not difference, and yet is so; that the same is not the same, and yet must be; that what is, is but what we see, and as we see it; and yet that which we see, is. Thou shalt prove it finally; and this is the last trial but one. Vision, come forth." A noise here took place, as of the entrance of something exceeding hurried and agonized, but which

remained fixed with equal stillness. A brief pause took place, at the end of which the listeners heard their son speak, but in a voice of exceeding toil and loathing, and as if he turned away his head:—"It is," said he, gasping for breath, "utmost deformity." "Only to thine habitual eyes, and when alone," said the goddess, in a soothing and earnest manner:—"look again!" "Oh my heart!" said the same voice, gasping as if with transport, "they are perfect beauty and humanity." "They are only two of the same," said the goddess, "each going out of itself. Deformity to the eyes of habit is nothing but analysis; in essence it is nothing but one-ness, if such a thing there be. The touch and the result is every thing. See what a goddess knows, and see nevertheless what she feels:—in this only greater than mortals, that she lives for ever to do good. Now comes the last and greatest trial: now shalt thou see the real worlds as they are; now shalt thou behold them lapsing in reflected splendour about the blackness of space; now shalt thou dip thine ears into the mighty ocean of their harmonies, and be able to be touched with the concentrated love of the universe. Roar heavier, fire; endure, endure, thou immortalizing frame." "Yes, now, now," said the other voice, in a superhuman tone, which the listeners knew not whether to think joy or anguish; but their minds were so much more full of the latter, that they opened a place from which the priestess used to speak at the lintel, and looked in. The mother beheld her son, stretched, with a face of bright agony, upon burning coals. She shrieked; and pitch darkness fell upon the temple, and all about it. "A little while," said the mournful voice of the goddess "and heaven had had another life. Oh Fear! what does thou not do! Oh may all but divine boy," continued she, "now plunged again into physical darkness, thou canst not do good so long as thou wouldst have done, but thou shalt have a life almost as long as the commonest souls of men, and a thousand times more useful and glorious. Thou must change away the rest of thy particles, as others do; and in the process of time, they may meet again under some nature worthy of thee, and give thee another chance for yearning into immortality; but at present, the pain is done; the pleasure must not arrive."

The fright they had undergone, slew the weak parents. Triptolemus, strong in body, cheerful to all in show, cheerful to himself in many things, retained nevertheless a certain melancholy from his recollections; but it did not hinder him from sowing joy wherever he went. It incited him but the more to do so. The success of others stood him instead of his own. Ceres gave him the first seeds of the corn that makes bread, and sent him in her chariot round the world to teach men how to use it. "I am not immortal myself," said he, "but let the good I do be so, and I shall yet die happy."

RETURN OF AUTUMN.

The autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over; the summer birds are gone or going; heavy rains have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, "hindering" ourselves, as people say, with enjoying the sight of Nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a pictured instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender. This reminds us that we began our first volume of the *INDICATOR* at the same season; and that it is now verging to a close. We hope and indeed believe, from what our readers both say and do, that they have been as much pleased with encountering its "shining morning face" every week, as we have been in sending it forth;—a great deal more so, we trust, occasionally. Half as much so will have done at some other times, when we have been in high spirits, and flattered ourselves that we made the school-boy urchin look handsome.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely-dying leaves, all the colours of heaven and earth which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our lordly palates have received from tart and desert.

Nature with the help of a very little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare, than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearness;—a discovery, we think, to which the tax-gather might easily help us. Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of a fashionable harbour, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spenser,—that ingenious and oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

Heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash-leaves under his arm by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west wind through his teeth genteelly, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish, infinite and cheap.
 Fruit, ditto—ditto.
 Nuts, ditto—ditto.
 Bread, ditto—taxed.
 Fresh airs, ditto—taxed if in doors—not out.
 Light, ditto—ditto.

Wine, in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well-fermented blood.

Cyder and Perry.

The Arbours of ivy, wild honey-suckle, arbutus, &c. all in flower.

Other flowers on table.

The anti-room, with a view into it, immense, with a sky-blue cupola, and hung round with with landscapes confessedly inimitable,

Towards the conclusion, a vocal concert among the trees.

At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced, that was admired by the "immortal Shakspeare!!!"

N. B. It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly admired Signor Mechanical Fello.

Ah, dear friend, as valued a one as thou art a poet,—John Keats,—we cannot, after all, find it in our hearts to be glad, now thou art gone away with the swallows to seek a kindlier clime. The rains began to fall heavily, the moment thou wast to go;—we do not say, poet-like, for thy departure. One tear in an honest eye is more precious to thy sight, than all the metaphorical weepings in the universe; and thou didst leave many starting to think how many months it would be till they saw thee again. And yet thou didst love metaphorical tears too, in their way; and couldst always liken every thing in nature to something great or small; and the rains that beat against thy cabin-window will set, we fear, thy over-working wits upon many comparisons that ought to be much more painful to others than thyself;—Heaven mend their envious and ignorant numskulls. But thou hast "a mighty soul in a little body;" and the kind cares of the former for all about thee shall no longer subject the latter to the chance of impressions which it scorns; and the soft skies of Italy shall breathe balm upon it; and thou shalt return with thy friend the nightingale,

and make all thy other friends as happy with thy voice as they are sorrowful to miss it. The little cage thou didst sometime share with us, looks as deficient without thee, as thy present one may do without us; but—farewell for awhile: thy heart is in our fields: and thou wilt soon be back to rejoin it.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LI.—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1820.

ON COMMENDATORY VERSES.

WE must inform the reader of a very particular sort of distress, to which we agreeable writers are subject. We mean the not knowing what to do with letters of approbation. During the first æra of our periodical flourishing, we used to sink them entirely, comforting ourselves in private with our magnanimity, and contrasting it with the greedy admission which some of our brethren gave to all panegyrical comers. We had not yet learnt, that correspondents have delicate feelings to be consulted, as well as editors. When this very benignant light was let in upon us, we had to consider the natures of our several correspondents, and to try and find out which of them wrote most sincerely, which would be hurt or otherwise by non-insertion, and which we ought to give way to, as a matter of right on their own parts, as well as of pleasure on ours. We found our scruples wonderfully apt to be done away in proportion to the intelligence and cordiality of the writer. Mere good-nature, with all our esteem for it, we could seldom admit, for obvious reasons; but good-nature and wit in unison, especially if joined with the knowledge of any generous action performed by the possessor, we always found irresistible to our modesty.

“In fact, the more honour it did you, Mr. Indicator, the more you were inclined to consult the delicacy of your correspondent?”

Just so.—Now if our faculties are any thing at all, they are social; and we have always been most pleased on these occasions, when we have received the approbation of those friends, whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off any thing that pleases us,—K. will like that:—There’s something for M. or R.:—C. will snap his finger and slap his knee-pan at this:—Here’s a crow to pick for H.—Here N. will shake his shoulders:—There B. ditto, his head:—Here S. will shriek with satisfaction:—L. will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does.—As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject

together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer, who of all other men, knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

Your easy Essays indicate a flow,
 Dear Friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek;
 And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe,
 That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
 Such observation, wit, and sense, are shewn,
 We think the days of Bickerstaff returned;
 And that a portion of that oil you own,
 In his undying midnight lamp which burned.
 I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
 Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
 But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
 The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.
 Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
 H—, your best title yet is INDICATOR.

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance, which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shewn to contemporary writers; and thence, by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons; for interest, for egotism, for fear: and for the same reasons they may be silent. But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius. Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical. Where it is glaringly deficient, the genius is deficient in proportion. And the defaulter feels as much, though he does not know it. He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own.

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority. It may imply that we think it worth having; but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have, that to relish any thing exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration, of it.

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author. We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun; and found the surprise affect us, not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What baulked us in Shakspeare, seemed to baulk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements, which make men misgardedly of their commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid. He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were

universally allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy; nor one who nursed a style or a theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence; nor one who should gaze himself blind to every thing else, in the complacency of his own shallowness. If it should be argued, that he who saw through human nature, was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did, was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the dry bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instanced the sonnet in the collection called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning

If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute enquirers considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticised it; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the *Lover's Complaint*. There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

But enquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems, before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudging author. They would have to undo all the modesty and kindness of his other writings. They would have to undo his universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to find bitterness in the sweet wisdom that runs throughout his dramatic works, and selfishness in the singular and exquisite generosity of sentiment that hallows his more personal productions. They would have to deform and to untune all that round, harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;" to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar*;" to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body; to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare. If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences in his sonnets of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible, that he would have thought his panegyrics wanted, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of Com-

* By Milton's nephew Philips in his *Theatrum Pretarum*. It is an epithet given in all the spirit which it attributes.

mentary Verses in the time of Shakspeare, was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness;—Ben Jonson. We mean not to detract an atom from the good-heartedness which we sincerely believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say, that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for this panegyric overplus in his illustrious friend. If so, it shews how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity; and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson rather than Shakspeare. It is to be recollected at the same time that Ben Jonson, in his age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied what may be called the town-chair of wit and scholarship; and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry of letters, than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegyrics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher, and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a most noble monument to both of them. The lines to Beaumont, in return for some which we have quoted in a former number, we must repeat. They are delightful for a certain involuntary but manly fondness, and for the candour with which he confesses the joy he received from such commendation.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse

That unto me dost such religion use

How I do fear myself, that am not worth

The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!

At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'd:

And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!

What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?

What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?

When even there, where most thou praisest me,

For writing better, I must envy thee.

Observe the good effect which the use of the word "religion" has here, though somewhat over classical and pedantic. A certain pedantry, in the best sense of the term, was natural to the author, and therefore throws a grace on his most natural moments.

There is great zeal and sincerity in Ben Jonson's lines to Fletcher on the ill success of his Faithful Shepherdess; but we have not room for them.

Beaumont's are still finer; and indeed furnish a very complete specimen of his wit and sense, as well as his sympathy with his friend. His indignation against the critics is more composed and contemptuous. His uppermost feeling is confidence in his friend's greatness. The reader may here see what has always been thought by men of genius,

of people who take the ipse dixits of the critics. After giving a fine sense of the irrepressible thirst of writing in a poet, he says,

Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith.
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like as he does in the fairest suit;
He as his mistress doth, and she by chance:
Nor want there those, who as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some if the wax-lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors clothes.
For this, these public things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perswaded to have hurld
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.

One of the finest pieces of commendatory verse is Sir Walter Raleigh's upon the great poem of Spenser. He calls it a Vision upon the Faery Queen.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen;
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's bier.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.

This is highly imaginative and picturesque. We fancy ourselves in one of the most beautiful places of Italian sepulture,—quiet and hushing,—looking upon a tomb of animated sculpture. It is the tomb of the renowned Laura. We feel the spirit of Petrarch present without being visible. The fair forms of Love and Virtue keep affectionate watch over the marble. All on a sudden, from out the dusk of the chapel door, the Faery Queen is beheld approaching the tomb. The soul of Petrarch is heard weeping;—a most intense imagination, which affects one like the collected tears and disappointment of living humanity. Oblivion lays him down on the tomb;

And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen.

The other marbles bleed at this: the ghosts of the dead groan; and the very spirit of Homer is felt to tremble. It is a very grand and high sonnet, worthy of the dominant spirit of the writer. One of its beauties however is its defect; if defect it be, and not rather a fine instance of the wilful. Comparisons between great reputations are dangerous, and are apt to be made too much at the expense of one of them, precisely because the author knows he is begging the question. Oblivion has laid him down neither on Laura's hearse nor the Faery Queen's; and Raleigh knew he never would. But he wished to make out a triumphant case for his friend, in the same spirit in which he pushed his sword into a Spanish settlement and carried all before him.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, beginning

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be so pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history does not know all their spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance, at a period when all canters and time-servers turned their backs upon him, and would have made the very knowledge of him, which they themselves had had the honour of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in one of Marvell's prose works, against one Parker, who succeeded in getting made a bishop. Parker seems to have thought that Marvell would have been afraid of acknowledging his old acquaintance; but so far from resembling the bishop in that or any other particular, he not only publicly proclaimed and gloried in the friendship of the overshadowed poet, but reminded Master Parker that he had once done the same.

We must be cautious how we go on quoting verses upon this agreeable subject; for they elbow one's prose out at a great rate. They sit in state, with a great vacancy on each side of them, like Henry the 8th in a picture of Holbein's. The wits who flourished after the time of the Stuarts were not behind the great poets of the age of Elizabeth in doing justice to their contemporaries. Dryden hailed the appearance of Congreve and Oldham. Congreve's merits were universally acknowledged, except by the critics. We need not refer to the works of Pope, Gay, Steele, Prior, &c. If Swift abused Dryden (who is said to have told him he would never be a poet), he also abused in a most unwarrantable and outrageous manner Sir Richard Steele, for whose *Tatler* he had written. His abuse was not a thing of literary jealousy, but of some personal or party spite. The union of all three was a quintessence of consciousness, reserved for the present times. But Swift's very fondness vented itself, like Bonaparte's, in slaps of the cheek. He was morbid, and liked to create himself cause for pity or regret. "The Dean was a strange man." According to Mrs. Pilkington's account, he used to give her a pretty hard thump now and then,

of course to see how amiably she took it. Upon the same principle, he tells us in the verses on his death that

Friend Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

This was to vex them, and make them prove his words false by complaining of their injustice. He himself once kept a letter unopened for some days, because he was afraid it would contain news of a friend's death. See how he makes his very coarseness and irritability contribute to a pauegyric :—

When Pope shall in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

We must finish our quotations with a part of some sprightly verses addressed to Garth on his Dispensary by a friend of the name of Codrington. Codrington was one of those happily tempered spirits, who united in high style the characters of the gentleman, the wit, and the man of business. He was in the best sense of the words, "a person of wit and honour about town,"

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword.

He was born in Barbadoes, where after residing some time in England, and serving with great gallantry as an officer in various parts of the world, he was appointed Governor-General of the Leward Islands. He resigned his government in the course of a few years, and died in the same place in the midst of his favourite studies. Among the variety of his accomplishments he did not omit even divinity, and was accounted a special master of metaphysics. His public life he had devoted to his country; his private he divided among his books and friends. If the verses before us are not so good as those of the old poets, they are as good in their way, are as sincere and cordial, and smack of the champagne on his table. We like them on many accounts, for we like the panegyrist, and have an old liking for his friend :—we like the taste they express in friendship and in beauty; and we like to fancy that our good-humoured ancestors in Barbadoes enjoyed the Governor's society, and relished their wine with these identical triplets.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;

Perhaps I know not what I like or damn;

I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;

Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,

Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,

Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,

Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;

But by some nameless power to give me joy.

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,

If with resistless fires my soul she warms;

With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in the ancient and middle ages as the present; but we hear a great deal more of the loves than the reverse; because genius survives and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honouring their favourites, by inscribing treatises with their names. It is thought a strange thing in Xenophon that he never once mentions Plato. The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are very affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; all of whom were fond of paying their tributes of admiration. Dante does the same to his contemporaries and predecessors. Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honoured, as they privately loved, each other. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. He has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have every thing in common, took as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends, as in every thing else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry the Fourth, of Louis the 14th, and of Louis the 15th,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c. not excepting Boileau, where he knew a writer,—all do honour in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him perhaps more than his due. Camoens had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else; but this was something.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. is informed, in answer to his welcome question, that a Title-page and Index to the First Volume of the INDICATOR will appear in the next Number.

We regret that we have mislaid some verses which were sent us from Lincoln's Inn, and which, if they were written by a young man, were of considerable promise. The signature, we think, was S.

We will take into due consideration the remonstrance offered against our types by J. W., who contrives to make his rebukes as pleasant as other men's praises.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LII.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1820.

UPON INDEXES.

INDEX making has been held to be the driest as well as lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves, we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. It is true, our index is made up out of our own work; and as Indicator, we may reasonably be supposed to point out our own good things with no great unwillingness. But we do not so much allude to the one before us, as to others. Had the thought struck us sooner, we might have turned the former into something really entertaining. As it is, we have been obliged to cut it down to fit in to our number, till it is worth little or nothing any way. But calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the Spectator, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the Pantheon or Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods, which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of Hs; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades, —. The poets would have been better, but then the names, though more fitting, were not so flattering; as for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, —. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the indexes to the Tatler and Spectator, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than himself. Our index seems the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs: but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humour in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing burgundy out of a cellar; so an Index, like the Tatler's, often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humour. For instance,

Bickerstaff, Mr. account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Caught writing nonsense, 47.

Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247.

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to ; as,

Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184—186. Found in a grave, 289.

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful ; as,

Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, *ibid.*

At another, he says perhaps more than he intended ; as,

Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19, Despised by her husband, *ibid.*

The Index to Cotton's Montaigne, probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus in Volume 2d,

Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

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Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

Monsters, are not so to God, 612.

Voluptuousness of the Cynicks, 418.

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the index to Sandys's Ovid ;

Diana, no virgin, scoff at by Lucian, p. 55.

Dwarves, an Italian Dwarf carried about in a parrot's cage, p. 113.

Eccho, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 58.

Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 63.

A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft, for which twentie-five Witches were executed, *ibid.*

But this subject, we find, will furnish ample materials for a separate article ; and therefore we stop here for the present. We have still a notion upon us, that because we have been making an index, we are bound to be very business-like and unamusing.

ERRATA.

Page 387. For "it is not knowledge that makes us *happy* as we grow up," read "it is not knowledge that makes us *unhappy*," &c.

There are many smaller errors scattered through the volume : which are owing to the hurry in which the Editor has often written, and are not to be laid to the account of the Printer. The Reader, if he thinks it worth while, will be good enough to correct them with his pen as he meets with them. They may be safely left in his hands. Should the Work be reprinted, the Editor will take care to see them altered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter of T. R. was extremely welcome and gratifying, on every account.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

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No. 5.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1820.

AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.—TABLE-WITS.—A BREAKFAST.

It is expected, we understand, that we shall begin our second volume with something very piquant. This is an awful announcement. To be called upon for a *bon-mot* is embarrassing. To be expected to be amusing for eight good octavo pages, is at least equal to calling upon a man for half an hour's much interesting chat, all on his own side. Then there is the sensation which singers have, when they are told that the company are "all attention."

Some persons, when they expect you to be witty, do not even reconcile the announcement by an implied compliment. They look upon it as all in the way of business. As a baker has his hot rolls by eight o'clock, so an author, they think, is to have his essays. Twopenny loaves are the trade of one; twopenny Indicators of the other. The same expense of the faculties is supposed to go to the making of either. The printer composes for his bread; so does the author. The cook melts down another animal's brains with great equanimity; the author, of course, likewise.

There is a school-book by the egregious John Amos Comenius, (who fixed the millennium for the year 1672) in which the learned author has unfortunately given too much countenance to this equal and indifferent notion of authorship, by the way in which he hath lumped together and analysed all sorts of trades, pursuits, productions, merriments, and disasters. As every thing which is saleable, is on a level with the above gentlemen, so every thing which has a Latin word for it, is equally important to the creator of the *Orbis Pictus*: for so the book is called.

He sees with equal eye, as construing all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The Tormenting of Malefactors, *Supplicia Malefactorum*, is no more to him than The Making of Honey, or *Mellificium*. Shipwreck, being *Naufragium*, he holds in no graver light than a Feast, which is *Convivium*; and the Feast is no merrier than the Shipwreck. He has woodcuts, with numerals against the figures; to which the letter-press re-

fers. In one of these his "Deformed and Monstrous People," cut as jaunty a figure as his Adam and Eve, and seem to pique themselves on their ancient titles of *Deformes et Monstrosi*. In another the Soul of Man is described by a bodily outline standing against a sheet. He is never moved but by some point of faith. Thus Godliness, he says, treads Reason under foot, that barking Dog, No. 6.—*Oblatrantem Canem*, 6. The translation, observe, is quite worthy of the original. Again:—

Woe to the mad
Wizards and Witches,
who give themselves to the Devil
(being enclosed in a Circle, 7.
calling upon him
with Charms)
they dally with him
and fall from God!
for they shall receive their re-
ward with him.

Væ *dementibus*
Magis et Lamiis,
qui Cacodæmoni se dedunt
(inclusi Circulo, 7.
eum advocantes
incantamentis)
cum eo colludunt
et a Deo deficiunt!
nam cum illo
mercedem accipient.

But of the Fall of Adam and Eve, he contents himself with this pithy account:—

These, being tempted
by the Devil under the shape
of a serpent, 3.
when they had eaten of the
fruit of the forbidden Tree, 4.
were condemned, (Five).
to misery and death,
with all their posterity,
and cast out of Paradise, 6.

Hi, seducti
a Diabolo sub specie
Serpentis, 3.
cum comederunt
de fructu vetitæ Arboris, 4.
damnati sunt, 5.
ad miseriam et mortem
cum omni posteritate sua,
et ejecti e Paradiso, 6.

Opposite to this, is the account of fish:—

Add Herrings, 7.
which are brought pickled,
and Place, 8. and Cod, 9.
which are brought dry;
and the sea-monsters, &c.

Adde Haleces, 7.
qui salsi,
et Passeres, 8. cum Asellis, 9.
qui adferuntur arefacti;
et monstra marina, &c.

Of a similar aspect of complacency is his account of the Last Judgment;

When the Godly and Elect, 4.
shall enter into life eternal,
into the place of Bliss,
and the new Jerusalem, 5.
But the wicked
and the damned, 6.
shall be thrust into Hell, (No. 8.)
with the Devils (Seven)
to be there tormented for ever.

Ubi pii (justi) et Electi, 4.
introibunt in vitam eternam,
in locum Beatitudinis,
et novam Hierosolymam, 5.
Impii vero
et damnati, 6.
cum Cacodæmonibus, 7.
in Gehennam, 8. detrudentur,
ibi cruciandi æternum.

The Shipwreck ends genteelly :

Some escape
either on a Plank, 7.
and by swimming,
or in a Boat, 8.
Part of the Wares,
with the DEAD FOLKS,
is carried out of the sea, 9.
upon the shores.

Quidam evadunt,
vel tabula, 7.
ac enatando,
vel Scapha, 8.
Pars Mercium
cum mortuis
à Mari, 9. in littora defertur.

So in The Tormenting of Malefactors, he speaks of torture in a parenthesis, and talks of pulling traitors in pieces in the style of a nota-bene. "They that have their life given them" appear to be still worse off.

Malefactors, 1.
are brought
from the Prison, 3.
(where they are wont to be
tortured) by Serjeants, 2.
Some before they are executed have their Tongues cut out, 11.
or have their Hand, 12.
cut off upon a Block, 13.
or are burnt with Pincers, 14.
They that have their Life given them,
are set on the pillory, 16.
are strapado'd, 17.
are set upon a Wooden Horse, 18.
have their ears cut off, 19.
are whipped with Rods, 20.
are branded,
are banished,
are condemned
to the Gallies,
or to perpetual Imprisonment.

Traitors are pulled in pieces
with four Horses.

Malefici, 1.
producuntur
è Carcere, 3.
(ubi torqueri solent)
per Lictores, 2.
Quidam antequam supplicio
afficiantur elinguantur, 11.
aut plectuntur Manu, 12.
super cippum, 13.
aut Forcipibus, 14. uruntur.
Vita donati
constringuntur Numellis, 16.
luxantur, 17.
imponuntur Equuleo, 18.
truncantur Auribus, 19.
cæduntur Virgis, 20.
stigmatè notantur,
relegantur,
damnantur
ad Triremes,
vel ad Carcerem perpetuam.

Perduelles discerpuntur
quadrigis.

The reader must regard this venerable work as a book taken up before breakfast; for as we are to be full of good things in our present number, we take a refuge very common to those who have no better, and invite him to discuss (a word, by the bye, of much-injured metaphorical common-place, which we hereby restore to its ingenuity) some rolls and ham with us. It is astonishing what good company a gentleman can make himself, by means of this kind. A breakfast may be eloquent: a dinner is sure to be so. The very decantering of his wine shall "discourse excellent music" for him. His good things are all of

the best, substantial, and intelligible. He is solid over his beef. His *jeu d'esprit* is a bottle of soda. "A little more of the sounds?"—"a little stewed lobster?"—"a leetle more lemon to the currie?"—"some stuffing?"—"more grouse?"—"let me recommend this blanc-manger—this cream-pancake—this custard with your tart—these brandy-apricots—these olives—a devil—hah! (smacking his lips) this is the old wine I told you of, sure enough:"—phrases of this kind, judiciously administered, shall outrival twice as many *bon-mots*. They shall produce a profound sensation,—an absolute severity of satisfaction. We have known a gentleman, remarkable for a certain festive taciturnity, sit at the head of his table; and by dint of these commendatory syllables, united to the reputation of knowing more than he said, make a wit feel doubtful of the merit of being facetious, and fearful how he interrupted so intense a conviviality.

And here, (before the rolls come up), we may notice a compromising kind of it, which would see fair play between ideas and no ideas, and might be imitated to advantage by those who would willingly say something and yet nothing. Polite Conversation, as detailed by Swift, has had its day; so that if the genteel have no new novel or scandal to discourse of, they will rather say nothing than not appear knowing or literary. The jokes about "my Lord Mayor's fool," and "none the better for seeing you," and "Prythee, Tom, how is it you can't see the wood for trees," have been superseded by the Periodical Publications. Now the wittock we speak of (to use a Scotch diminutive) is akin to punning, inasmuch as it plays upon words; so that at any rate some verbal knowledge is requisite for those who handle it; and herein the advantage proposed to the dining circles is evident. It is practised with great applause by a friend of ours, and may be called the Art of Translating a Language into Itself. Thus, to break signifying also to fracture, and fast being, in one sense, the same as rapid, the wag in question calls Breakfasting, Fracturing one's Rapid. Cold Mutton he translates into Frigid Sheep. Foreign Pickle is Peregrine Pickle. Some Bacon is a Piece of the Viscount St. Albans;—or in removing bacon for some other dish, he recommends you to put it

Nigh where the goodly Verulam stood of yore.

Greens are Verdants; and as Verd means Green, and Green means Inexperienced, and Ants has a sound like Aunts, he calls them, by a diffuser version, Inexperienced Sisters of one's Father. Pulling the Bell is Romping with the Beauty; and Bringing up the Urn, Educating the Sarcophagus. There is eminent authority for this kind of translation into other languages;—as the Latin conversion attributed to Dr. Johnson of a Tea-chest into the second person singular of the verb *Doceo*, to teach; and Hogarth's epistolary drawing, inviting a friend, in three Greek letters, to Eta Beta Pi. But our friend contrives to be learned, while adhering to his own language; and pours forth a profusion of synonymous trifling, which we, of all persons, shall certainly not quarrel with, seeing that he does it out of the delight of escaping from his studies, and feeling his kindred or his friends

about him. We were much pleased the other day, for his sake, in hearing of an eminent living philosopher of our acquaintance, who in the midst of his white locks still retains his love of verbal joking, and delights to help his young companions to a jest as well as some soup. He lets, in particular, his political spleen take breath by it. One dish, which he is fondest of cutting up, he calls after such and such a statesman. He shakes his head at another, and says there is too much High Church in it. To your *véal* he recommends a squeeze of the Judge.

An old schoolfellow of ours, with whom we used to breakfast in high glee and a study four feet square, possesses, almost beyond any man we ever met with, this talent of converting one idea into another, and being equally merry in his mirth and his gravity. We remember the irresistible effect, which his reception of a beating from the master used to have upon us all. His gesticulations of agony were so abrupt, varied, and extravagant, that the master and the boys used to be equally perplexed,—the latter how to keep themselves from laughing out loud, and the former whether to take it as something extremely wretched or contemptuous. Either expression was equally unusual in a school so well attuned as ours. He was found out at last, and compelled to take care of his jokes. His gravity, however, was under suspicion to the last. When the master was about to retire from his office, he received, for an exercise, a set of Latin verses from him, in which there was a pathetic adieu, apostrophizing him under the title of “*Reverende Magister*.” The old gentleman, not much accustomed to the melting mood at any time, or to the dry one often, turned round to him with a face of ludicrous gratitude, and said, “*Thank’ye, P.*” He used to perplex him also, as well as us all, by taking advantage of a permission we had of being facetious in verse-making, and giving up the most extravagant versions of English nursery-songs, such as *Jack and Gill*, and *When I was a bachelor*. Like all young wits who are scholars, he liked to give a ludicrous dignity to common-places by the gravity of a learned language. He kept his tea and sugar memorandums in Latin; used to call out for the boy who kept a door, under the title of *Janitor Aulæ*; and gave us a little pocket edition of *Buchanan*, which we have now by us, as a pledge and monument of his friendship,—“*pignus et monumentum*.” He said of a fellow-wag, who was accustomed to exaggerate, “When so and so relates a story, you must multiply by hundreds, divide by thousands, and make allowance in the quotient for oriental grandeur.” The same spirit accompanied him to college, where it is understood he might have got what classical honours he pleased, had not the gravity of his answers at examination been questionable. He then went into orders, and became remarkable for the dignity of his voice and manner in the pulpit, while he retained all the jocose part of his character among his friends. “What words” (literally) “have we not heard at the Mermaid?”—No man ever got up a little festive meeting with a more orthodox grace. If port was not liked by any one, he found a bottle of claret by his plate; and we shall always retain a grateful recollection of his olives. It is a fault sometimes found with wits, and justly, that their

animals spirits carry them away from a proper attentiveness to others. This never was his case. He had a handsome faculty, not only of being pleasant himself, but of extracting all that could be got out of others. To strangers he would sometimes be more disconcerting, like Swift; to whose face, by the way, he bore some resemblance, if the Dean's picture is like in Sharpe's edition of the Spectator. He turned round once upon a man in Holborn, and asked him with an air of zealous appeal, whether he had ever injured his wife and family; upon which the astonished passenger declaring he had not; "Then, Sir," said he, "I will thank you, another time, not to tread my shoe down at heel." There was a huge fellow one evening making a great noise in a coffee-house, about a prize ox he had seen. "I have heard of the carcase," says P. "The carcase;" cries the other, with a sort of triumph of knowledge:—"its alive, Sir; its alive; and live bodies are not called carcasses." "Good," says the other, looking at him, "but I presume they may deserve the name." He said this with so indifferent and yet so particular an air, that neither the man could be offended, nor the company refrain from laughing. At another time, being in the cider-cellar in Maiden-lane, and one of our party having said something in Latin, without the least intention of being overheard, a military gentleman, somewhat irritable with having more wine than wit, said out loud, that he did not conceive a public room a fit place to talk Latin in. We forget what our school-fellow said to this; but the consequence of his enlisting the company on our side with his jokes, that the captain proposed to give him his address. "Sir," says P. with great gravity, "you need not trouble yourself with a specimen: I never had any doubt of your being a man of address." "Sir," returned the captain more vehemently, his voice a little titubating with wine—"You will not—then—take my address?" "Oh, excuse me, Sir," replied the other, "I do take it infinitely; and all the rest of us take it." By this time, the amusement of the audience had much increased. "Sir!" repeated the officer, half rising from his seat, and tumbling a little towards him with pipe in hand and angry wonder in his eye,—“I say, Sir,—do you mean to say, Sir,—you know what I mean—I mean to say, Sir, I'll give you my address; that's what I mean.” “But, Sir,” retorted our inflexible companion, “you must allow me to say that your liberality is really superfluous; since to confess the truth, I really don't at all approve of your address.” At this, the tottering man, (who you might see by his face was good humoured enough, and worth being parried in this way by a gentleman) staggered up to his antagonist, and held out his hand to him, declaring he was one of the pleasantest fellows he ever met with in the whole course of his life, and nothing should induce him to quarrel with him.

We do not profess any practical science in meals. Those who do will despise us at once, when they hear that we prefer breakfast and tea to dinner, and that by breakfast we mean a very common one. But we know what belongs to a meal. There was a lay-schoolfellow of ours, who was always proposing to treat some of us at a tavern;

though he never did. He contented himself with casting up what he called "the damages." He used to cry out on a sudden, "It doesn't signify talking, but we will have that dinner I spoke of, this afternoon. Come now; I'm serious. Let us see: what will be the damages?" He would then take pen, ink, and paper, and fall to making out a grave list of fish, flesh, and tart; fill the exceeding wish to realize it, almost made dupes of our cloistered imaginations for the seventh time. The worst of it was, that he himself used to go home, and feast on what he had been speaking of; while we were rung up in the hall, and dined like the monks of La Trappe. We shall reverse the spirit of this vagary. Our breakfast will be upon paper, but our readers shall have more than we are in the habit of seeing on our table. Students are at once tempted to exceed, and obliged to be temperate. The exhaustion of their faculties excites them to indulge a morbid appetite; while the delicacy of stomach produced by that exhaustion, makes them cautious how they render it greater next time.

What shall we say then? For "it does not signify talking." We will have the breakfast he spoke of. And here it is, ready laid. Imprimis, tea and coffee; secondly, dry toast; thirdly, butter; fourthly, eggs; fifthly, ham; sixthly, something potted; seventhly, bread, salt, mustard, knives and forks, &c. One of the first things that belong to a breakfast is a good fire. There is a delightful mixture of the lively and the snug in coming down into one's breakfast-room of a cold morning, and seeing every thing prepared for us; a blazing grate, a clean table-cloth and tea-things, the newly-washed faces and combed heads of a set of good-humoured urchins, and the sole empty chair at its accustomed corner, ready for occupation. When we lived alone, we could not help reading at meals: and it is certainly a delicious thing to resume an entertaining book at a particularly interesting passage, with a hot cup of tea at one's elbow, and a piece of buttered toast in one's hand. The first look at the page, accompanied by a co-existent bite of the toast, comes under the head of intensities. But when in company, unless it is of a very private and pardoning description, it is of course not to be done, unless all read; and a general reading in company is a sort of understood talking. The most allowable perusal is that of a newspaper. It involves a common interest, and is in itself a very sufficing and matutine thing. But we have enlarged on the pleasure of a breakfast-paper elsewhere in an article entitled a Day by the Fire; which, by the way, will prevent us from indulging ourselves in other particulars appertaining to the present subject. We have it not by us, nor are we aware that we have mentioned what we are going to notice before: but we wish to observe, that ladies, always delightful, and not the least so in their undress, are apt to deprive themselves of some of their best morning beams by appearing with their hair in papers. We give notice, that essayists, and of course all people of taste, prefer a cap, if there must be any thing; but hair, a million times over. To see grapes in paper-bags is bad enough; but the rich locks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald in-

stead of being gracefully tendrilled and shadowed !—it is a capital offence,—a defiance to the love and admiration of the other sex,—a provocative to a paper war : and we here accordingly declare the said war on paper, not having any ladies at hand to carry it at once into their head-quarters. We must allow at the same time, that they are very shy of being seen in this condition, knowing well enough, how much of their strength, like Sampson's, lies in that gifted ornament. We have known a whole parlour of them fluttered off, like a dove-cote, at the sight of a friend coming up the garden.

But to return to our table. Ham is a good thing ; but it is apt to fever our sedentary notions. We prefer cracking the round end of an egg with the back of a silver-spoon,—not a horn-spoon, which is flimsy and inefficient. A judicious jerk of the former upon a good, fair, dome-like shell issuing out of the egg-cup, maketh a pretty result to the sensations. We cannot, in conscience, recommend hot buttered toast ; but it is a pleasing guilt. The best adventure to which it can give rise, is when you have modestly taken one of the outside pieces, and find your gentility rewarded by carrying off the whole of the crumb-part of the inner-one, the crust of which has been detached. Chocolate has a nutty taste, but is heavy. Coffee is heating, but has a fine serious flavour in it, if well done. You seem to taste the colour of it. We used to prefer it at all times ; but tea has become preferable to the meditative state of our digestion. How the Chinese came to invent it, as Sancho would say, we do not know ; but it is the most ingenious, humane, and poetical of their discoveries. It is their epic poem.

[We are compelled abruptly to finish “fracturing our rapid” for want of room.]

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busle curious eye:
Now this, now that, he fasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LIV.*—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1820.

OF DREAMS.

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavour to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal. We must own, that the effects of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either, as to dissatisfy us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs, by his ignorance of that *Primum Mobile*, which is the soul of every thing. In the mean time, while they go on with their laudable enquiries (for which we have a very sincere respect), it is our business to go on recommending a taste for results as well as causes, and turning every thing to account in this beautiful star of ours, the earth, whether body or soul. There is no reason why the most learned investigator of the most subtle mysteries should not enjoy his existence, and have his earthly dreams made as pleasant as possible: and for our parts we see nothing at present, either in body or soul, but a medium for a world of perceptions, the very unpleasantest of whose dreams are but warnings to us how we depart from the health and natural piety of the pleasant ones.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us, when the suspension of the will has been reduced

* The last INDICATOR was by mistake numbered I. It should have been LIII., according to the venerable continuous principle, in these cases made and provided. The reader will be good enough to alter it with his pen.

to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper ; and forth issue, pell mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been previously stored within the brain and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's drunken sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel : only they are far more wild, winged, and fantastic.

We were about to say, that being writers, we are of necessity dreamers ; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming. But extremes appear to meet on this as on other occasions ; at least as far as the meditative power is concerned ; for there is an excellent reasoner, now living, who telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the Arabian Nights, was answered, with great felicity, "Then you never dream :"—which, it turned out, was actually the case. Here the link is totally lost, that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand, and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dreamt ; which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten any thing that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker, and of a delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt but sparingly ; but then when he did, his dreams were fantastic though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories, we may add, that dreams, when they occur, are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months ; for during our two years' confinement in prison, we have a strong recollection that we did not dream more than twice of our chief subjects of reflection, the prison itself not excepted. The two dreams were both about the latter, and both the same. We fancied that we had slipped out of jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were much horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

It is certain enough however that dreams in general proceed from indigestion ; and it appears nearly as much so, that they are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred,
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood.
—When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red.
—Choler adust congeals the blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppressed we sink, in rivers drowned.

DRYDEN'S *Cook and the Fox from Chaucer.*

Again, in another passage which is worth quoting instead of the original, and affords a good terse specimen of the author's versification:—

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
 When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers and a court of kings;
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd;
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
 In short the farce of dreams is of a piece,
 Chimeras all; and more absurd or less.

It is probable, at the same time, that a trivial degree of indigestion will give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind; while on the other hand a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful creation in a dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep, as a tragedian "for that night only." The inspirations of veal in particular are accounted extremely Delphic: Italian pickles partake of the spirit of Dante; and a butter-boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian, which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy trees, and enormous mandragoras. The plain is also full of all sorts of somnolous plants; and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the river Lethe, called by others the Night-bringer, whose course is inaudible and like the flowing of oil. (Spenser's follower Browne has been here;

Where consort none other fowl
 Save the bat and sullen owl;
 Where flows Lethe without coil,
 Softly, like a stream of oil.

Inner Temple Mask.)

There are two gates to the city; one of horn, in which almost every thing that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night; and there are others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and

* Perhaps a misprint for

A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.

slender ; others distorted, humped, and monstrous ; others very proper and tall, with blooming, good-tempered faces. Others again have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity ; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service ; and who are followed by some of the others, that bring him good or bad news, generally false ; for the inhabitants of that city are for the most part a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing, and thinking another.—This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream !

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the general heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity, Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones ; which is judicious, for they are very common ; but unless Natalis Comes, who is not a very bright person, misrepresents him, he makes them of the melancholy class, which in general they are not.

In airy sanguine dreams aloft we bound.

Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant, than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race ; for besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life, and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it ; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasibility, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. “ One has only,” says he, “ just to give a little spring with one’s foot—so—and—oh its the easiest and most obvious thing in the world. I’ll always skim hereafter.” We once dreamt that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them ; and nothing could be more satisfactory and common-place on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a courtesy, hoped for friends and favours, &c. and then shewed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. “ Perhaps, Sir,” said she, “ you would like to try the room ;” upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits, now taking the height of it like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles like a swallow. “ Very pretty flying indeed,” said we, “ and very moderate.”

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic enough ; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of diaphragm ? Thus you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend

shall be your enemy; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised; or if surprised, are only so at something not at all surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once, is the most ordinary of common-places; but that, being a bull, he should have horns, is what astonishes you; and you are also amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a school-boy and a man; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion; talk faster in verse than prose; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall often have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition; and a head too much thrown back, give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The night-mare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons, merely for lying on their backs; which shews how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes it lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony rises at every step. You would protest against so malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length, you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a præternatural effort, awake.

Mr. Coleridge, whose sleeping imagination seems proportioned to his waking, has described a fearful dream of mental and bodily torture. As the beautiful poems of *Christabel*, &c. which accompany it, seem to have been too imaginative to be understood by the critics, and consequently have wanted the general attention which the town are pleased to give or otherwise according to the injunctions of those gentlemen, we shall indulge ourselves in extracting the whole of it. It is entitled the *Pains of Sleep*.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray
 With moving lips or bended knees;
 But silently, by slow degrees,
 My spirit I to love compose,
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
 With reverential resignation,
 No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
 Only a sense of supplication,
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, every where
 Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
 In anguish and in agony,
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And, whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless Will
 Still baffled, and yet burning still!
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.
 Fantastic passions! mad'ning brawl!
 And shame and terror over all!
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
 Which all confused I could not know,
 Whether I suffered, or I did:
 For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
 My own or others still the same,
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
 Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
 Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
 Distemper's worst calamity.
 The third night, when my own loud scream
 Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
 O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
 I wept as I had been a child;
 And having thus by tears subdued
 My anguish to a milder mood,
 Such punishments, I said, were due
 To natures deepliest stain'd with sin:
 For aye entempesting anew
 Th' unfathomable hell within
 The horror of their deeds to view,
 To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
 Such griefs with such men well agree,
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
 To be beloved is all I need,
 And whom I love, I love indeed.

This is the dream of a poet, and does not end with the question of a philosopher. We do not pretend to determine why we should have any pains at all. It is enough for us in our attempt to diminish them, that there are more pleasant than painful excitements in the world, and that many pains are the causes of pleasure. But what if these

pains are for the same end? What if all this heaping and war of agonies were owing to the author's having taken too little exercise, or eaten a heavier supper than ordinary?—But then the proportion! What proportion, it may be asked, is there between the sin of neglected exercise and such infernal visitations as these? We answer,—the proportion, not of the particular offence, but of the general consequences. We have before observed, but it cannot be repeated too often, that nature, charitable as any poet or philosopher can be upon the subject of merit and demerit, &c. seems to insist, beyond any thing else, upon our taking care of the mould in which she has cast us; or in other words, of that ground-work of all comfort, that box which contains the jewel of existence, our health. On turning to the preceding poem in the book, entitled *Kubla Khan*, we perceive that in his introduction to that pleasanter vision, the author speaks of the present one as the dream of pain and disease. *Kubla Khan*, which was meditated under the effects of opium, he calls “a psychological curiosity.” It is so; but it is also and still more a somatological or bodily one; for body will effect these things upon the mind, when the mind can do no such thing upon itself; and therefore the shortest, most useful, and most philosophical way of proceeding, is to treat the phænomenon in the manner most serviceable to the health and comfort of both. We subjoin the conclusion of *Kubla Khan*, as beginning with an exquisite piece of music, and ending with a most poetical phantasm:—

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice:
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware, Beware,
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank of the milk of Paradise.

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones perhaps still more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in the bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true,—what a delicious sensation is that! On the other hand, to dream of a friend, or a beloved relative restored to us,—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back out of the grave, and too painful to dwell

upon,—what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we wake. How true, and divested of all that is called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife,—

But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

We wonder that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind, is quite true to nature on such occasions, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion; a small canzone by Sanazzaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch, Sonnet 34, Vol. 2. Son. 79. lb. and the canzone beginning

Quando il soave mio lido conforto.

But we must be cautious how we even think of the poets on this most poetical subject, or we shall write three articles instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as they are too apt to be, like the young lady's in the Adventures of a Lap Dog, who blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, "My Lord, I am wholly your's," when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LV.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1820.

THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR*.

As Pluto was taking his rounds one day in the infernal regions, to see that all was right and miserable, he thought he observed a parcel of fellows, in a particularly hot corner, giggling and making merry. Upon looking more narrowly, his astonishment was confirmed: the rogues had discovered his presence, and changed the expression of their countenances to a most doleful and hypocritical sorrow.

Pluto sent for his chief overseers. "Gentlemen" said he, "here is a very extraordinary case," and related what he had seen. The overseers looked at each other in confusion, for in fact they had noticed some such phenomenon themselves, but had scarcely dared to think of it. They did not know what comfort might happen, if enjoyment was to be found even in Tartarus.

As the case however was not to be compromised, it was agreed, after much consultation, to examine the offenders apart. The examination took place after the ordinary forms of law; but nothing appeared to account for their behaviour. They protested, upon oath, that they had no secret about them for escaping pain. They were put to various torments described in Dante, and gave proofs of what they

* This is "the renowned tale of Belfagor," as Mr. Dunlop justly calls it. It came originally from a Latin Manuscript, and has been told by Giovanni Brevio an Italian novelist, by the famous Machiavelli, by Straparola, La Fontaine, and the old English dramatists. It is repeated here, with the usual differences practised on these occasions. We thought of introducing it with Ariosto's preface to a superfluous story in the Orlando;

Donne, e voi che le donne avete in pregio,
Per Dio, non date a questa istoria orecchia:

Ladies, and you who hold the ladies dear,
For God's sake, take no notice of this story:

But a moment's reflection told us, that our fair readers need not be hurt with a satire, which in order to see fair play between the two sexes, we have traced to its proper causes in both. We expect, on the contrary, that amiable women of all classes, and really good wives in particular, will shew a just partiality for it: and in this hope we bid them farewell till next week, when we mean to give a story unequivocally to their honour.

said: only the familiars observed, that in the midst of all their sufferings, there certainly was an irrepressible something about the mouth, which looked like self-congratulation.

A chief councillor was now directed to compare the examinations, and see if by narrow inspection he could make any thing out of them. He did so, for the space of three days and nights, and reported that he could discover nothing. The prisoners had offended on earth like other men,—loved a good deal too much, doubted the triple nature of Diana, thought hell unfair, &c. &c.: “but” said the lawyer, “I can find nothing which at all explains the enormity in question, unless it is (and here he put on the facetious smile, usual on such occasions) unless it is, my lords, that they have all been married.”

The court laughed at this sally; but one of Minos’s under-clerks begged leave, with great deference to offer himself to their lordships’ attention, having a few words to say which nothing but the urgency of the question could have compelled him to intrude upon their consideration. He said that the learned gentlemen had laughed, and that learned gentlemen might laugh; but that, with great submission, it was no laughing matter. The learned gentleman modestly supposed that he had uttered nothing but a common-place joke; and he would concede (if he might use the expression) to that learned gentleman’s modesty, that the joke was common-place; nay, emphatically so. But, “continued he, “let me ask your lordships, with all becoming humility, how such a very ungallant and unconjugal jest came to be common-place; and whether in the discovery of that secret, we might not discover the more important secret now before us.”

This address made a considerable sensation. The counsel, who had inspected the examinations, was the only one on whom it seemed to make no impression. He rejected with a dignified impatience the compliments paid to his modesty, and yet was proceeding to throw out some other sarcasms in a style equally condescending, when Minos, who had fallen into a study, said he had a proposition to make, which would settle the matter beyond all doubt or equivocation. It was this, that some ingenious devil should be selected and sent on earth, with injunctions to enter into the state of matrimony, and in due time come back and report the consequences. Rhadamanthus suggested, that the task should be assigned to one of the criminals, both on account of his previous knowledge, and as the best punishment that could be awarded to his offence. But the suggestion was over-ruled. The criminal, it was argued, however loth he might be to undergo the return to his wife, would not dare, even under all the circumstances, to affect a disinclination, conscious that the rest of the offenders would insist upon his becoming a sacrifice to the general welfare, and that he had the certainty of coming back to his old quarters. To keep such offenders upon earth always was impossible, or humanity must change its nature, and Pluto would lose subjects. Besides, marriage might be altered, and so make a heaven upon earth, and then the very damned would become blest; which was a thing too profane to be thought of.

Unfortunately, a new dilemma now occurred; for the story having got about, no devil was found hardy enough to undertake the adven-

ture. No, no, said they; we have a bad life enough of it here; and it has long been a good diabolical maxim, to let ill alone. Promises of as many enjoyments as possible were lavished in vain; wine, riches, rank, beauty, influence, knowledge, and ices every day. Some started at the ices; but on reflection, they agreed with the rest. The prisoners, they said, had had experience of all these, and yet they preferred the hell under the earth to their hell upon it. As a last temptation they were promised a considerable amendment of their condition upon returning, and at this they again hesitated, till Pluto unluckily offered to ratify the promise by his royal word: upon which they immediately shook their heads, and declined pursuing the question any further.

At length, a very daring, ambitious devil, of the name of Belphegor, said he would go. The whole infernal public were astonished; but they agreed that if it were possible for any devil to do such a thing, Belphegor was he. It was thought that he had a private commission from Proserpine, and that Pluto was not sorry to wink at the cause of his departure. He was a sprightly devil, who could play on the serpent, and wrote verses with a great deal of fire: accomplishments, which got him occasional admittance to Pluto's table. He would make experiments upon the flames about him; and was suspected of holding an heretical opinion upon the possibility of getting used to any thing.

The credit of his orthodoxy was not strengthened by his actually setting out. Pluto conferred on him the shape, in which a devil of his agreeable turn of mind would have appeared had he been a man. It was something betwixt the jovial and melancholy,—very amiable. He looked like one of the most agreeable gentlemen of the time. The public waited with some impatience for his appearance out of Proserpine's apartments, whither he had gone to kiss hands on leaving Pandæmonium. At last my gentleman comes forth. The spectators set up a shout, like that of a myriad of coal-heavers. Belphegor takes off his hat, with an air as if he had been used to it all his life; and it is observed universally, that if Belphegor is not happy in wedlock, there must be something worse than the devil in it.

It was settled, in order to do every thing fairly, 1st, That if our hero lit upon a wife more than usually wifely, she should die with reasonable celerity, and leave him another chance; 2dly, That he should not return to hell without orders, upon pain of some rare punishment; and 3dly, That he should emerge in England, as the place where marriage was held in the gravest repute. Accordingly, he made his appearance in the British metropolis, as a young gentleman of fortune; and soon found that an alliance with him would be regarded in a very estimable point of view.

After admiring the beauty of the women, which he thought nevertheless a little too cold-looking (a fancy at once odd and pardonable in a devil), the thing that most astonished him in this exemplary and very married nation, was to find, that the sarcasm of Pluto's counsel was as common here as elsewhere,—that nothing was of such ordinary oc-

currence as the ridicule of wedlock, sometimes bitter, sometimes merry, often between both. A grave and seemingly approving ear was lent in public when it was praised;—a panegyric on it in a sentimental comedy met with applause; but the applause was double, when another comedy abused it. Husbands and wives joked each other upon their bonds, with the air of people who break the force of a satirical truism by meeting it. In the shops were pictures of Before Marriage and After Marriage, the former exhibiting a lover helping his mistress over a stile, the latter the same gentleman walking on, and leaving the lady to get over by herself. Belphegor overheard a knot of persons one day disputing whether this was a caricature; but they all agreed that the spirit of it was like enough. “Generally like,” said one, “eh, Jack?” Jack seemed to be the melancholy wag of the party, and said, that the present company always excepted, he thought, for a general resemblance, it was particularly like.

These symptoms were not at all encouraging to our hero; so that having been told to do what others did, he availed himself of the letter of his instructions somewhat beyond the spirit of their intention, and amused himself as much as possible in the character of a bachelor. He dressed, dined, lounged in the coffee-houses, went to the theatres, visited in the most respectable circles, and was understood to be well acquainted with a description of ladies, whom nevertheless, it was not proper to mention. It was even supposed probable that he had furnished his quantum of maid-servants and others to that class of persons, and scattered a considerable portion of misery about town, without at all diminishing his respectability among the said circles; a phenomenon, which in so grave and reputable a nation he would have placed to the account of an error of charity, had he not observed, as we have just hinted, that if the most serious ladies shewed no contempt for himself, they evinced a good deal for the class whom he was thought likely to have increased. He also saw, that they would expect very different conduct from him, should one of them honour him with her hand; and that if he might like the worst, and deceive the very best of the sex now, it would go hard with him should he then desire to evince a grateful sense of the most admirable of women.

Captain Lovell however (for he had purchased a company under this name) had received a due portion of man’s nature with his shape; and he was induced to hasten the period of matrimony, partly by an express from Pluto, and partly by his falling in love with a young lady of reasonable beauty and accomplishments, who appeared to him as likely as any body “to render the married state happy,”—a phrase indeed which was often in the mouths of her parents.

The Captain married; and for three or four months was the happiest devil existing. He met with occasional instances of petulance and self-will; but these, he thought, were pardonable in one who made him so happy in the main; and he was resolved not to be the first to create a rupture. If the lady could not bear him out of her sight, it only proved the excess of her fondness; and if she began by degrees to bear it better, he was convinced that she did it solely for his comfort, by the sweetness with which she received the new dresses and trinkets he bestowed upon her to make amends.

You must know that Captain Lovell, being a devil, (as the ladies occasionally startled his ear by calling him) had acquired by dint of suffering what humanity often attains to by the same means. He hated monopoly, and loved to see fair play both in the distribution of pains and pleasures.—The first thing that gave him a seriously uneasy sensation about his wife, was to see so gentle a creature capable of scolding her servants. He remonstrated, and was scolded himself. The next night he stayed out longer than usual, and was welcomed home with a long lecture which perfectly stunned him. The words he could chiefly distinguish, all but one, were, creatures—honest wife—is this usage?—tender heart—plagues of servants—other women (with great stress on other)—my husband (with still greater stress on my)—duty—decency—lawful—usual fate—defy any body—religion—and chastity. The one word in particular was virtue; which she used in common for the last mentioned quality. He afterwards found that whenever she charged him with any vice, or was guilty of any herself, she had a special taste for repeating the same synonym. If he looked with fondness on any lady with a frank, good humoured face, his wife was sure to doubt the lady's "virtue," and to remind him of her own. If she exhibited any petty selfishness in eating and drinking, or laying out money, or exacting too much of others, and suspected that he observed it, she sighed at the fate which denied the least privilege or consolation to "virtue." If she was a little insincere with him, or pettish with others, and he reproved her for it (for he began now to reprove, on his own side), she delighted to tell him, with a very malignant aspect, that such petty fault would not be found with any body but a person of "virtue." If she was in the mood to be fond with him, and he had not quite got over her last peroration, she wept and said that love was no longer considered a duty; no longer a holy tie; no longer the reward of "virtue." He was one day so provoked by her harping upon this favourite word, that he turned on his heel, and exclaimed, with great gusto of utterance, "Damn virtue!" The lady sat down, pale, smiling, and satisfied. "Well!" she exclaimed; "if"—The Captain did not stay to hear the rest. He knew what that Well portended, too well.

Captain Lovell fell into conversation with his brother officers on the subject of this virtue. He had laid as much stress on it as any man, particularly as he had led a very gay life, and thought it very difficult to keep. But he now began to suspect, that the difficulty was no such great matter, if ladies made up for it with all these privileged vices;—that if it were, it put on a very unpleasant aspect, so managed;—and that at all events, the system deserved inquiry, which made so many virtuous men and women disagreeable, as well as respectable, so many vicious women pleasant and despised, and such numbers of both descriptions extremely miserable. He started the question at the mess, but the officers, though incorrigible profligates, were equally inexorable in their theories of virtue. If their wives and mistresses they said, were not faithful, they could shoot them through the head. "But," said Lovell, "suppose they become disagreeable." "Oh, damn it," said the Colonel, "there are plenty of agreeable

women, for that matter ;" upon which they all laughed, and toasted a favourite demirep. " But," returned Lovell, " is that fair in us ? Is it fair in us to make our wives disagreeable with our theories, to insist that they shall remain so for our credit forsooth, and then to leave them for those whom we teach them to despise ?"—The mess all stared at him, as widely as the port in their eyes would permit.—" Oh, pray go home, and instruct your's, Tom," said the Colonel: " you are much too profligate for us.—My compliments, however. And I say"—(hallooing after him) " remember,—in the event of a reformation,—I'm your man."

Lovell went home, much more ruffled than became a daemon of his vivacity ; but his earthy nature clogged him, and he began to wish himself heartily rid of it. He sat down opposite his wife, and though he had a grudge against Milton for what he called his trucklings about Pandæmonium, could not help repeating after him,

O shame to men ! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord hold, men only disagree.

The lady did not at all relish this apostrophe ; but she had been unexpectedly softened by his coming home so soon ; and asking him to read a little to her out of that " truly divine poet," she went to the book-case and took down a volume of him, intending (we must own) that he should shame himself with reading the conjugal loves of Adam and Eve. Unluckily, she happened to hit upon one of his prose instead of poetical works ; and what was more unlucky, the Captain, opening it at random, hit upon a passage in his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divore*, where in spite of his divinity, he says that personal infidelity in a woman is not so good a ground for separation as ill temper and other vices of antipathy, because she may still remain a very pleasing and even affectionate woman in the main, whereas the other vices totally cut up the happiness of a wedded life.—After sitting dumb with astonishment at hearing such a quotation from Milton (which the Captain maliciously shewed her, to convince her eyes) the lady ended a long and vehement dispute by charging him with wishing to corrupt her virtue, in order to furnish excuses for himself. There had been little peace before. There was now an uninterrupted cannonade of hard words. The gentleman was " the most wonderful, the most amazing, the very meanest of mankind for deliberately wishing to pander to his own dishonour :—she was astonished at him—she was overwhelmed ; she—in short, for the first time in her life, she wanted words." On the other hand, the lady was " the most provoking of women for eternally beginning the question, to indulge her own silly mistakes, cursed ill humours, spleen, vanity, envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

The Captain not having been used to this sort of torture in the other world, had much the worst of it. His wife could talk, though she said nothing. She also piqued herself more than ever upon her " virtue," whereas he had nothing to boast on that score. By degrees, he neglected his affairs, and grew melancholy and slovenly. His creditors came upon him ; but the lady would not go out of the house,

because she said he did it on purpose to get rid of her. At length he sold his commission, and absconded.

Our hero looked hard at every person he met in black, hoping that he brought him the summons to return to hell; but he was disappointed. He was therefore obliged to content himself with hiding from his creditors; for though he had lived so long in the infernal regions, he could not bear the idea of bailiffs and lock-up houses. One day, being hot pressed with the pursuit, he made known the earthly part of his history to a countryman. The peasant, in spite of his deaf wife's objections, who saw she knew but half the secret, concealed him faithfully; and the Captain in return, undertook to make his fortune. The rustic laughed at this. "Nay, nay, Muster Lovell," said he, "there's no making a zilk purse of zow's ear. I judge I beez better able to make fortunes nor you; and God he knows, I'm as poor as Job; and for that matter," added he, winking towards his wife, "as patient too; eh, Captain?" Belphegor (for so we shall again call him) did not much relish this sally, for obvious reasons; not to mention that his natural pride, as a devil, began to return upon him from a comparison with mortals. However he adhered to his promise. He therefore disclosed his real quality to the terrified countryman, whom he had much ado to encourage. A good deal of ale, and some toasts given to the church, (which made the man think him too good natured a devil, considering the tithes) succeeded in re-assuring him. Our hero undertook to go to the continent, and possess a German prince, whom the farmer was to follow and cure. The latter gave out, that in consequence of some experiments with dogs, he had found a marvellous remedy for disorders connected with phrensy; and as a previous step, Belphegor pitched himself into a censorious old lady in the village, who began talking of the farmer with such extraordinary fondness, that it was thought better to send for him in his new capacity. He came accordingly, and wrought a cure which was reckoned the more surprising, inasmuch as the old lady, from that day forward, became extremely charitable in her discourse. On the day of the cure, Belphegor crossed sea, and pitched himself into the German prince. His Majesty was taken with a very odd fancy. He was a huge, fat man, very profligate; and yet fell into long discourses on his exceeding thinness and integrity. Nothing relieved him so much as making him presents of shoes and gloves too small for him, measuring waists to see which was the larger, and making bold to say, that, if any thing, he was somewhat too slender and amiable for a man. He had already been seized with a notion, that his wife (a sort of harum-scarum, but excellent-hearted person) was not as genteel and virtuous as himself; and for this Belphegor had a pique against him, both on account of the mistake, and of the man's making it so ridiculous. He accordingly entered him in all his triumph, and rendered his behaviour so exceedingly fantastic and absurd, that his very courtiers were ready to die with laughter.

The rustic doctor, as he anticipated, was sent for. His fame had spread rapidly by means of the newspapers; and his second cure, being upon a prince's understanding, of course outdid in reputation his first. His method electrified the physicians. He merely ap-

preached the royal ear; whispered something in it which nobody heard; and the evil spirit departed. His words were these:—"Captain, I am come: remember your promise."—"I do," answered the spirit; "and to make you still richer, I shall go and possess the Czar of Muscovy, who undertakes to be a moral fop, and is my aversion." "Good," said the peasant, who was growing rich with prosperity; "but have a care, my dear Captain, that you don't tell'un any o' your theories, as you calls 'em, or you'll never get at 'un."

Now the reader must know, that our hero, besides the pride above-mentioned, had a vice in him more befitting in practice if not in theory, a good orthodox Christian; which was revenge. Besides, his temper had been embittered by his earthly sojourn. He therefore condescended to be piqued with the farmer's airs of superiority; he was also annoyed by the sight of a happiness which he could not taste; and he determined upon ruining the poor dolt. The Czar of Muscovy doated at such an extravagant rate, that the famous English doctor was sent for with all speed. He came, dressed in the extremity of the medical fashion, humming and hawing with great pomposity. Belphegor chuckled at the sight. The farmer whispered as usual; but what was his astonishment, when the Czar read him a grave lecture on his presumption? He entreated his dear Captain, his excellent Mr. Lovell, his kind good master, &c. &c. all to no purpose. Belphegor would not move, and the Czar went on, making both himself and the mock-doctor ridiculous. The poor peasant, whom despair rendered ingenious, remembered hearing from the village pulpit, that the devil could not abide the presence of a clergyman. He requested that four priests might be sent for. They were, and mass performed to boot, after the fashion of the Greek church; but Belphegor was inexorable. He even made the Czar fall a laughing, to his Majesty's own exceeding horror. The farmer was now giving himself up for lost, when a buffoon came bursting through the crowd, mimicking the poor doctor's manner so irresistibly, that the assembled thousands could not refrain from bursting into shouts of laughter and approbation. "What the devil's that?" said Belphegor. "Oh my dear Captain," answered the peasant, "there is your wife coming in search of you."—At these words, Belphegor, without waiting even to kick the Czar and the Doctor, leaped out of the royal person, and in the teeth of his instructions to the contrary, made the best of his way to hell.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LVI.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1820.

THE GENEROUS WOMEN.*

A GENTLEMAN of Tours, of the name of De Lorme, had a wife whom he had courted with extreme ardour, and whom he still loved as his chosen companion. She had perceived however, for some time past, that his gallantry towards her was more constrained than it used to be; and this surprised the lady. In truth, it might well do so; for she was still young and handsome, her accomplishments were many; and if any thing, the love on her own side was greater than ever.

It must be confessed at the same time, that she had not been aware of this last circumstance, till her husband's love had appeared to decline: it must be added, that she had for some time been accustomed to regard his tenderness as a matter of course; and it must be further acknowledged, that M. De Lorme had given grounds for this persuasion, both in the excess of his first ardour, and in his happy and delicate imitation of it when it began to cool. Our heroine in short, forgot that there was such a thing as imagination in love, or the necessity of being meritorious in the person beloved.

Still Madame De Lorme was far from being destitute of merit. She had even more virtue than she was aware of, but too secure in the conventional forms of it and in her own good opinion, her husband's altered behaviour began to turn her surprise into resentment. She insinuated his fickleness; and nobody likes insinuations. What is more, he did not deserve them. She took to being prouder, when she was too proud already. She wept at intervals, with the air of an ill-used person; and this contrasted but ill with the pride. At last, she mentioned her "virtue;" and this, as our readers know, is the devil.

* The ground-work of the following story is from the old French and Italian novelists, and has been turned to good account in his Albion's England by William Warner, the old poet mentioned several times in our first volume. Nothing can exceed the general cast of nature in his homely account. One of his touches of painting is extremely beautiful:—

He took her in his arms, as yet

So coyish to be kist,

As maids that know themselves beloved,

And yieldingly resist.

M. De Lorme had informed his wife that she might not be, perhaps, quite so perfect or amiable as she supposed; but this she regarded as a resentful speech, and her own resentment was heightened accordingly. She looked about her, to consider what could have induced him to spend less time with her, or to enjoy less the time that he did spend. He did not game: he did not drink: he was not fond of hunting: there was no lady with whom she could compare herself: and yet, from some instinct or other, she thought it must be a lady who had beguiled him: not so handsome or virtuous, she thought, as myself; but neither virtue, nor even beauty, can fix the men in these degenerate days. If Madame De Lorme had called her own virtue in question, she might have been nearer the mark; but she thought of every one's faults instead of her own.

These jealous enquiries helped to produce the catastrophe she dreaded. M. De Lorme, though full of natural sentiment, was not aware that the customs and exactions of his own sex had helped to spoil both women and men; and tired with canvassing a subject which he almost knew as ill how to handle as his lady, he was left open to the first impressions he should receive from a handsome and good tempered female. At that time, Henry the 4th was upon the throne. The example of the monarch had not tended to make the gallantry of his loving subjects more scrupulous. His virtues, at the same time, helped to divest it of hypocrisy, without letting it run into impudence. At least, this was the effect at a distance from him, where his example fell upon a soil worthy of him. What it was in the old and corrupt hot-bed of the court, it is not our business to enquire. The country lasses were certainly very amiable at that period; and M. De Lorme found them so.

There was a lively good-humoured girl on a farm which he had about eight miles from Tours, whose reputation was none of the austere; but who was so kind to the old, and so choice of her kisses to the young, that she enchanted the whole neighbourhood. She supported an old aunt and uncle with her industry; would help any body, when she had done her work, in field or dairy; and then led off the evening dance under the elms with a mixture of grace and good nature, which nobody would have dared to treat with disrespect, had he been inclined. You might hear her, early in the morning, singing

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,

with the spirits and sweetness of a lark. She made it a sort of chivalrous thing to obtain a kiss of her; always gave the best to the kindest and most courageous; was strangely coy to the lacqueys and other wise men of the world, who sometimes instructed the neighbourhood; but said that if Monsieur the Poet, Ronsard, ever came into those parts, she was afraid she should kiss him before he thought of it. In short, Fanchon had a born genius for the amiable; and by proper cultivation among the wits of those times, would have become a wit herself, and much less agreeable.

M. De Lorme visited his farm one day after a long absence, and was riding very thoughtfully into the hamlet, when he saw one of the pret-

tiest figures in the world before him, walking the same way with a milk-jug on its head, and singing under the lime-trees. His horse happened to give a snort; and Fanchon turning round (for it was she) dropped a curtesy, and then continued her way silently. "She looks too much in earnest," thought M. De Lorme, "to have seen me before she stopped singing.—You seem very happy, child," said he aloud, looking at her as he rode by her side. "Oh yes, Sir," said the girl, with an impulse she seemed to repress. She then dropped a more respectful curtesy, and began to loiter behind him. He loitered in his turn. "Are you all so happy, my dear?" asked the gentleman, who would have said a prettier thing, had her countenance struck him less. "Yes, Sir," replied she,—“I think so—most of us.” “And what is it, pray, that makes most of us so happy?” rejoined the horseman, repeating her words, for the sake of the air of sincerity with which she spoke them. “I beg your pardon, Sir,” answered the fair peasant, “but I am sure you must know.” She said this with much more gravity than archness; yet M. De Lorme somehow or other coloured. “I beg your pardon, Sir,” she repeated, apparently discovering that she ought to say more; “but I recollect Monsieur’s face, and my aunt says he makes every body happy as well as his tenants.”—Not exactly every body, thought M. De Lorme, nor myself neither. But the answer enlivened him. “If I make every body so happy, my fair one,” said he, “I think it is their business to make me so, is it not?” Fanchon perceived that he was talking gallantly: she had also heard that he was not so happy at home as he used to be; and what with her superiority to the common gallantry which there might be in this speech, her sympathy nevertheless with the sentiment of it, and her cordial respect for the Seigneur, she was confused in her turn. She said “Yes truly, Sir,” with a gravity which made him smile. “I will not distress you, my love,” said M. De Lorme, “but you have a fine face of your own, and I would beg one kiss of it, if it would not alter it.” At these words, he leaned from his horse; Fanchon let her face move towards him with the sweetest and gravest want of prudery in the world; she gave him even her lips instead of her cheek; and a better-hearted kiss on both sides had not been taken under a milk-jug, with the lime-trees over it, for many a day.

As soon as our gentleman got to his farm, he made enquiries respecting the fair peasant. “Oh Sir,” said the steward, smiling, “that is Mademoiselle Fanchon. She must be courted, I can tell you; as much as if she were a fine lady.” M. De Lorme, accustomed to the more sophisticated loves of Paris, was astonished to find, in the person of a country girl, such union, as he called it, of the modest and the liberal. Modesty, where it was to be found, was generally in the possession of wives, and by no means liberal in any thing. Liberality, on the other hand, was exclusively in the possession of the mistresses, and by no means modest.

M. De Lorme was told, among other anecdotes of Fanchon, that she was a great ballad-singer and early riser. The next morning, he found himself up very early, singing as he arranged the feather in his hat. He walked down the green lane, in love with every thing he saw;

and came to the residence of Fanchon's uncle and aunt. It was one of the thickest and most sylvan nests on the banks of the Loire. One window alone was seen looking out of the trees. The rest of the cottage seemed almost built up with green. The birds in the boughs overhead made a morning concert of the fullest and most sparkling description, but M. De Lorme did not hear Fanchon. "She is not up," said he to himself: "the jade is so pleasant, she gets a character given her for any thing. Perhaps some dream has detained her:—if it were only now about a well-looking gentleman on horseback"—M. De Lorme, as he thought this, had got into the inner part of the little homestead; and there he saw Fanchon, not singing, not doing any thing, but standing with her back towards him and her hand upon a churning-stick, thinking. "Her very boddice," thought he, "is worth all the dresses at court." A pang came over him as he remembered his wife playing the milk-maid once in this very neighbourhood; and he asked himself whether they might not still be happy and constant; but he had been disappointed so often, that her image began to look rather like a sour interference with his comfort, than a kindly appeal to his affection; and stepping softly onwards, he was about to tap Fanchon on the shoulder, when a feeling more respectful withheld him, and he contented himself with bidding her good morning. Our dairy-maid, colouring, turned quickly round, and returned his salutation, adding somewhat abruptly, but evidently without design, "I hope Madame is well." She followed it up instantly with as cordial a welcome as her inferiority of condition would allow her to give, and suffered herself to be more familiar than she might otherwise have been, out of a feeling that her thoughts on this occasion ought not to have spoken out loud. She had an instinct against pedantry of all sorts, and hated to seem interfering and didactic. Not that she knew a word about such words as didactic, which puzzled her sometimes in her friend Ronsard; but as we have before observed, Fanchon was a charmer by nature; and the early necessity of feeling and working for others had preserved her character, and bred thoughts in her deeper than she was aware of. If she ever wished to give pain, it was only when some proud or malignant pain had been given. Her propensity both to give and receive pleasure was so great, that she often said, if she married, she would love her husband, provided he would let her, better than any body on earth, would be his best companion, would die for him, would starve for him, would be torn to pieces for him, if necessary; but that husbands must have a care; for though not of their opinion in thinking it proper to scold others for what one did one's-self, she would not undertake to say that she should not feel a little bit grateful to those, who had the same charming qualities as the man of her heart.

It was the face, accustomed to be animated with these thoughts, that was now turned upon the kind lord of the manor. The kiss under the limes was repeated, and repeated again. M. De Lorme at once flattered and relieved her by saying, that all the accounts he heard of her were much to his taste; and Fanchon thought, that setting aside this, he deserved a kiss for every good thing he had done to the neighbour-

hood; which, to say the truth, would have made a very considerable series. The upshot was, that the steward above-mentioned, having been very petulant at finding his master come to the farm, and not a little sarcastic upon "Mademoiselle Fanchon," was removed to another estate, and the uncle and aunt put in care of La Grange. The steward, finding his master never came down, had usurped a good part of the house; but M. De Lorme insisted that his new housekeepers should share it with him; and if Fanchon's apartment was at a different corner from his, it befits the truth of our history to say, that the passage to it was not difficult, provided she chose to let it lie open; especially as the good people, after lecturing their niece a little sharply, as they would sometimes do, upon the over-vivacity of her abstract opinions, always slept very soundly. Fanchon fairly blushed now, and then, when they talked to her; and the lower they bowed and curtsied before M. De Lorme, she blushed the more; but as his respect for herself increased, his quiet indifference towards them seemed to do so likewise; and after the tribute of a flood of tears to the many unhappy hours in which she had formerly struggled against her ill opinion of those for whom she laboured, she agreed with him that such meanness ought not to distress her.

The steward, when removing his goods from La Grange, had taken care to lay his hands upon every item he could, so that M. De Lorme found his residence very barely provided. Fanchon however would not suffer him to furnish it as he wished. The goods for the housekeeper's side were of the plainest kind; and he could not persuade her, when she admitted him to a visit, that he had acquired a foolish love for certain kinds of tapestry and other bed-chamber ornaments. She even insisted (for she would get into strange subjects of conversation, such as mistresses, of all others, are supposed to avoid) that he only slept the pleasanter for it, when he was at home; and what is more, she thought as much; and would be froward with him, if he did not sleep there often. "How much virtue," thought he, "in my wife, is obscured, and turned into vice, by the single fault of intolerance; and how very like the virtue my wife wants, does vice—I believe they call it—look in this village-girl!"

One day, Fanchon received him with a particularly sparkling face. "Well," said she, "my dear M. De Lorme, they say that the ladies are fond of you; and fond they must be, to do things for you in secret." "How now, real one?" said M. De Lorme, for so he delighted to call her. "A cart," she resumed, "came this morning with a heap of good things for you, and the man knew nothing of the person that sent them, except that a lady gave him the order, and paid for it."—"What sort of a lady?"—"Oh now," cried Fanchon, "see the vain gratitude in his eyes! We must find her out for him! A lady in a veil." M. De Lorme went up stairs, and found the bedroom hung with a new piece of his favourite tapestry. It consisted of stories from the Provencal poets. There were also pictures of Joan of Arc, and of Agnes Sorel; a couple of noble arm chairs hung with crimson velvet; and a toilet, carved in silver with shepherds and shepherdesses, and containing every thing that a country beauty could de-

sire, of combs, bodkins, and laces. "And it is not for me only," said M. De Lorme, doubly delighted and perplexed. "I shall die till you can thank her for both of us," said Fanchon: "I mean" added she, lowering her voice, "till you can add my grateful respects, if you think she will like it." And the tears came in her eyes. M. De Lorme, whose popularity among the Parisian ladies, and his acquaintance with their manners both bad and good, rendered his vanity more than pardonable, considering the life he led betwixt Tours and La Grange, thought his fair farmer was growing jealous; but the way in which she exhibited this new passion, was so amiable, that he kissed the tears from her eyes with great affection, and said there was not a lady in the land, with whom Fanchon need be afraid of standing face to face.

The truth is, that during his absence, Fanchon, who never looked upon herself as destined to be his chief companion, and had heard much of the former qualities of his wife, was wondering whether he stopped longer than usual on account of a termination of their coldness, when a lady in a veil (the same, she had no doubt, who afterwards sent the goods) came unexpectedly into her sitting-room, and after accepting a chair, and holding a silence unaccountably long, asked her somewhat haughtily whether she was the steward's niece. Fanchon, though a little abashed, contrived to answer with her usual mixture of sweetness and respectfulness, that she was. The answer was followed, after a less silence, with another abrupt remark, though in a less haughty tone. "If this is your sitting-room," said the lady, "it is very plainly furnished for so—handsome a possessor." The tone of the concluding words was not at all sarcastic; yet Fanchon coloured. In fact, she guessed who was before her, or she might have thought proper to shew a greater self-possession. "Not plainer, Madam," she replied, "than I trust is becoming." The stranger seemed to doubt the sincerity of these words, for she added in a less gentle manner, "M. De Lorme (M. De Lorme, Mademoiselle, is an old friend, and I happen to be just now particularly interested in his comfort) M. De Lorme is happier, I am told, in this place than he is at home?" Now this was a little too hard of Madame de Lorme; for she, of course, it was. She had heard a great deal of Fanchon to her credit, and what she heard was corroborated, as far as it could be, by what she now saw; but whether she judged her insincere in her last answer, or whether that very corroboration gave her a passing wound that irritated her, we cannot say. Fanchon, thus pushed home, did not think of attacking in turn; but she forgot for a moment, that there was any body to be defended but herself; and said with an air of great simplicity, betwixt enthusiasm and exculpation, that M. De Lorme was so kind and forgiving, and did so much to make others happy, that every body must wish him to be happy, wherever he was. "And you contribute, of course," said the stranger, "all you can to make him so." She said this with the more pointedness, inasmuch as she was struck with the truth of the observation, and angry with herself for feeling the very anger. Fanchon turned very red, then pale, then blushed out in all the natural beauty of her truth and good

heartedness, and said, "Without meaning to enquire, Madam, what right you have to question me in this way, but supposing it to be the best and oldest right in the world, perhaps you will pardon me for hoping, that a friend of M. De Lorme will not be offended with me, when I say, that neither my wishes nor my endeavours for M. De Lorme's happiness have been confined to the neighbourhood in which I now have the honour of seeing you." The lady appeared greatly agitated at this. It was evident, through her veil, that the tears were pouring down her cheeks. "You seem ill, Madame," said Fanchon, in an altered tone, full of naïveté and humility:—"may I do anything for you?" She stood aloof, ready to approach, or to run any where. The stranger rose, went towards her herself, and pressed her hand in the most affectionate manner. "You cannot do more for me," said she, "than you have done. Only keep this visit a secret from M. De Lorme. I know it will pain you to do so, if he makes many enquiries; but it will be a kindness to all parties, and that seems to be your motto." She paused here a little, and resumed. "I told you truly when I said I was an old friend of M. De Lorme; and I will prove to you that I have that right in common with yourself by sending you a few things to adorn the apartment he likes best with." Fanchon made no scruples, as she might have done had she been less generous. She felt what was due to a generous woman. She kissed the stranger's hand, who lifted her veil a little, and kissed her on the mouth. "You are a charming creature," said the lady, "that is certain. We shall be friends, though you never see me again." "Ah, Madame," said Fanchon, "if we are friends, it is hard if you will not see me again. I could walk barefoot and alone to meet you, wherever you pleased." The lady put her finger on her lips, as if to remind her of the secret, and departed. It was about a week or two from this visit, that the tapestry came; and M. De Lorme after it.

Madame De Lorme, by dint of suffering, and reflection, and what helped her reflection not a little, the accounts that she heard of Fanchon,—not omitting an increasing though dispassionate delicacy of attention on the part of her husband,—was determined to encourage some very romantic resolutions she had formed, by going and judging for herself of the fair rustic. She anticipated, we must own, that her resolutions might possibly be somewhat dashed by what she saw; but how was she first angered, then softened, and then confirmed in them all, by what she actually beheld! A long darkness seemed melted from her eyes. The reader sees to what the tapestry led. But it was weeks, and even months first. Fanchon thought of putting the new furniture into M. De Lorme's own bed-chamber; but at sight of the toilet, she saw for which room it was intended; and she acted accordingly. As for M. De Lorme, whether it was owing to his being such a favourite with the ladies, or to the habitual notion of marriage which had grown upon him, we must leave the ladies to determine; but his wife was certainly the last woman, whom he thought of as the unknown lady. Perhaps he would not have guessed the truth as soon as he did, had he not been helped by the guesses of Fanchon; and they had both to ascertain the

matter, after all. What staggered him was, that on his first return home after the receipt of the tapestry, Madame De Lorme certainly appeared more reserved than usual; though he must confess that afterwards, there was a something in her conduct,—a patience, as it were,—a sort of—he might say—winning sweetness and dignity;—he did not quite know how to finish his description, especially as it appears to have baffled his behaviour, which was a thing on which he piqued himself. The upshot of the conversation was, that he set out for Tours that very day, and surprised the lady with an unexpected visit.

It was twilight; but Madame was still poring over a desk, writing. She left off at his entrance, and said with a tone of equal kindness and sincerity, “Dear M. De Lorme, is it you? Had you forgotten any thing, when you last went away.” “Yes, Manon,” said he. It was the first time for many months that he had called her Manon. She turned pale, and trembled. “I forgot,” continued he, “that one of the kindest of wives was treating me with all sorts of gentleness and good-humour, and that I was one of the most insensible of men.” “Not so,—Alain,” returned she, hesitating before she uttered the Christian name; “my forgetfulness began before yours.” “May I ask what you are writing here,” said M. De Lorme, taking up the paper as he spoke, and endeavouring to break the confusion by resorting to common-places. Madame De Lorme turned paler. A fine lady at Paris, whether “virtuous” or not, would have sworn that Madame had been about to have her “revéngé,” and that the manuscript was a billet-doux. It was the commencement of some verses on her husband’s birth-day, hoping that others would make him as happy as he and they deserved, though it was not in her own power. She was in his arms the next minute. What a long and dreary mistake vanished at the heaven of that caress!

“But Fanchon?” the reader may say. This is the very thing Madame De Lorme said about half an hour after that embrace. Fanchon, it was agreed, who had helped to make so much happiness, was never to be made unhappy, was never to be treated but as a friend and companion, was never to be spoken to, or spoken of, or spoken about, but as a delightful and noble-hearted creature, whom every body should make as happy as possible. We will not say how often M. De Lorme was at the farm afterwards, especially when Fanchon was married; but it is certain that he was not only there sometimes, but that Fanchon was as often at Tours; and Madame De Lorme and she have been seen laughing with all their might, on a summer’s day, to the great scandal of an old maiden lady, who thought they were laughing at her; which they certainly were not.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,

And takes survey with busie curious eye:

Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly

SPENSER.

No. LVII.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1820.

A HUMAN ANIMAL, AND THE OTHER EXTREME.

WE met the other day with the following description of an animal of quality in a Biographical Dictionary that was published in the year 1767, and which is one of the most amusing and spirited publications of the kind that we remember to have seen. The writer does not give his authority for this particular memoir, so that it was probably furnished from his own knowledge; but that the account is a true one, is evident. Indeed, with the exception of one or two eccentricities of prudence which rather lean to the side of an excess of instinct, it is but an individual description, referring to a numerous class of the same nature, that once flourished with horn and hound in this country, and specimens of which are no doubt to be found here and there still, especially towards the north*. The title we have put at the head of it is not quite correct and exclusive enough as a definition; since, properly speaking, we lords of the creation are all human animals; but the mere animal, or living and breathing faculty, is united in us more or less with intellect and sentiment; and of these refinements of the perception, few bipeds that have arrived at the dignity of a coat and boots have partaken so little as the noble squire before us. How far some of us, who take ourselves for very rational persons, do or do not go beyond him, we shall perhaps see in the course of our remarks.

"The Honourable William Hastings, a gentleman of a very singular character," says our informant, "lived in the year 1638, and by his quality was son, brother, and uncle, to the Earls of Huntington. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

"He was very low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair; his clothes green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds.

* Since writing this, we have found that our zoographical original is in Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire. See Gilpin's Forest Scenery, or Drake's Shakspeare and his Times.

“ His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen ; many fish ponds ; great store of wood and timber ; a bowling green in it, long, but narrow, and full of high ridges ; it being never levelled since it was plowed : they used round sand bowls ; and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one, built in a tree.

“ He kept all manner of sport hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger ; and hawks, long and short wing'd. He had all sorts of nets for fish ; he had a walk in the New Forest ; and in the manor of Christ Church : this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him ; who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed, to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters ; there being not a woman, in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of 40, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular ; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came.

“ There he found beef, pudding, and small beer, in great plenty ; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dusty shoes ; the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers ; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox skins of this and the last year's killing ; here and there a poll cat intermixed ; game-keepers and hunters' poles in great abundance.

“ The parlour was a great room as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed ; he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them.

“ The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room, full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end ; which was of constant use, twice a day, all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons : the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

“ The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and, on the other, the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like ; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry, which he took much care of, and fed himself. In the whole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

“ On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple pye, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at."

"His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with, "My pert eyes therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gillyflowers in his sack; and had always a tun glass without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary."

"He was well natured, but soon angry; calling his servants bastards and cuckoldly knaves; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore, he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

It is very clear, that this worthy personage was nothing more than a kind of beaver or badger in human shape. We imagine him haunting the neighbourhood in which he lived like a pet creature, who had acquired a certain Egyptian godship among the natives; now hunting for his fish, now for his flesh, now fawning after his uncouth fashion upon a pretty girl, and now snarling and contesting a point with his cats. We imagine him the animal principle personified; a symbol on horseback; a jolly dog sitting upright at dinner, like a hieroglyphic on a pedestal.

Buffon has a subtle answer to those who argue for the rationality of bees. He says, that the extreme order of their proceedings, and the undeviating apparent forethought with which they even anticipate and provide for a certain geometrical necessity in a part of the structure of their hives, are only additional proofs of the force of instinct. They have an instinct for the order, and an instinct for the anticipation; and they prove that it is not reason, by never striking out any thing new or different. The same thing is observable in our human animal. What would be reason or choice in another man, is justly to be set down in him to poverty of ideas. If Tasso had been asked the reason of his always wearing black, he would probably have surprised the enquirer by a series of quaint and deep observations on colour, and dignity, and melancholy, and the darkness of his fate; but if Petrarch or Boccaccio had discussed the matter with him, he might have changed it to purple. A lady, in the same manner, wears black, because it suits her complexion, or is elegant at all times, or because it is at once piquant and superior. But in spring, she may chuse to put on the colours of the season, and in summer to be gaudier with the butterfly. Our squire had an instinct towards the colour of green, because he saw it about him. He took it from what he lived in, like aameleon, and never changed it because he could live in no other sphere. We see,

that his green suit was never worth five pounds; and nothing, we dare say, could have induced him to let it mount up to that sum. He would have it grow upon him, if he could, like a green monkey. Thus again, with his bowling green. It was not penuriousness that hindered him from altering it, but he had no more idea of changing the place than the place itself. As change of habit is frightful to some men, from vivacity of affection or imagination, and the strangeness which they anticipate in the novelty, so he was never tempted out of a custom because he had no idea of any thing else. He would no more think of altering the place he burrowed in, than a tortoise or a wild rabbit. He was fere nature, — a regular beast of prey; though he mingled something of the generosity of the lion with the lurking of the fox and the mischievous sporting of the cat. He would let other animals feed with him, only warning them off occasionally with that switch of his instead of a claw. He had the same liberality of instinct towards the young of other creatures, as we see in the hen and the goat. He would take care of their eggs, if he had a mind; or furnish them with milk. His very body was badger-like. It was "very low, very strong, and very active;" and he had a coarse fell of hair. A good housewife might evidently call his house a kennel, without being abusive. What the ladies of the Huntingdon family thought, if ever they came to it, we do not know; but next to hearing such a fellow as Squire Western talk, must have been the horror of his human kindred in treading those menageries, his hall and parlour. They might turn the lines of Chaucer into an exclamation: —

What hawk is sitten on the perch above,
What hound is liggyn on the floor adown.

Then the marrow-bones, the noise, and, to a delicate ankle, the sense of danger! Conceive a timid stranger, not very welcome, obliged to pass through the great hall. The whole animal world is up. The well-mouthed hounds begin barking, the mastiff bays, the terriers snap, the hawks sidle and stare, the poultry gobble, the cats growl and up with their backs. At last, the Hastings makes his appearance, and laughs like a goblin.

Three things are specially observable in our hero: first, that his religion as well as literature was so entirely confined to faith, as to allow him to turn his household-chapel into a larder, and do any thing else he pleased, short of not ranking the Bible and Book of Martyrs with his other fixtures: — second, that he carried the prudential instinct above-mentioned, to a pitch very unusual in a country-squire, who can rarely refrain from making extremes meet with humanity in this instance: — and third, that his proneness to the animal part of love, never finding him in a condition to be so brutal, as drinking renders a gallant of this sort, left himself as well as others in sufficient good humour, not only to get him forgiven by the females, but to act kindly and be tolerated by the men. He was as temperate in his liquor as one of his cats, just drinking to quench his thirst, and leaving off when he had enough. This perhaps was partly owing to his rank, which did not render it necessary to his importance to be emulous with his bottle

among squires. As to some grave questions connected with the promiscuous nature of his amours, an animal so totally given up to his instincts as he was, both selfish and social, can hardly be held responsible upon such points; though they are worth the consideration of those, who in their old age undertake to be moral as well as profligate. If Mr. Hastings's notion was good and even useful, so far as it shewed the natural good-humour of that passion in human beings, where sickness or jealousy is out of the question, in every other respect it was as poor and paltry as can be. There was not a single idea in it beyond one of his hounds. It was entirely gross and superficial, without sentiment, without choice, without a thousand sensations of pleasure and the return of it, without the least perception of a beauty beyond the mere absence of age. The most idiotical scold in the village, under 40, was to him a desirable object. The most lovable woman in the world above it, was lost upon him. Such lovers do not even enjoy the charms they suppose. They do not see a twentieth part of its very external graces. They criticise beauty in the language of a horse-jockey; and the jockey or the horse himself knows just as much about it as they.

In short, to be candid on all sides with the very earthly memory of the Honourable Mr. William Hastings, we look upon a person of his description to be a very good specimen of the animal part of human nature, and chiefly on this account, that the animal preserves its health. There indeed it has something to say for itself; nor must we conceal our persuasion, that upon this ground alone, the Hastings must have had sensations in the course of his life, which many an intellectual person might envy. If his perceptions were of a vague sort, they must have been exquisitely clear and unalloyed. He must have had all the pleasure from the sunshine and the fresh air, that a healthy body without a mind in it can have; and we may guess from the days of childhood, what those feelings may resemble, in their pleasantness as well as vagueness. At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles; not better perhaps than he did at fifteen, but as well. At a hundred, he was truly an old boy, and no more thought of putting on spectacles than an eagle. Why should he? His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living. He had not baked it black and "heavy thick" over a fire, and dimmed the windows of his perception with the smoke.

But he wanted a soul to turn his perceptions to their proper account?—He did so. Let us then, who see more than he did, contrive so see fair play between body and mind. It is by observing the separate extremes of perfection, to which body and mind may arrive, in those who do not know to unite both, that we may learn how to produce a human being more enviable than either the healthiest of fox-hunters or the most unearthly of sages. It is remarkable, that the same ancient family, which among the variety and fineness of its productions, put forth this specimen of bodily humanity, edified the world not long after with as complete a specimen of the other half of human nature. Mr. William Hastings's soul seems to have come too late for

his body, and to have remained afterwards upon earth in the shape of his fair kinswoman, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. An account of her follows that of her animal kinsman, and is a most extraordinary contrast. This is the lady, who is celebrated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler*, under the name of *Aspasia*,—a title which must have startled her a little. But with the elegance of the panegyric she would have found it hard not to be pleased, notwithstanding her modesty. “These ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy, as the divine *Aspasia*. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence:—

There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too,

“In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of virtue, and adds to the severity of the last age all the freedom and ease of the present. The language and mien of a Court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainment. *Aspasia* is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reprobach. This character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her, only, by all that know her, but I dare say she will be the last to find it out.”—*TATLER*, No. 42, July 16, 1709.

This character was written when Lady Elizabeth was twenty-eight. She passed the rest of her life agreeably to it, relieving families, giving annuities, contributing to the maintenance of schools and university-scholars, and all the while behaving with extraordinary generosity to her kindred, and keeping up a noble establishment. Those whom such a description incites to know more of her, will find a good summary of her way of life in *Miss Hays's Female Biography*,—a work, by the way, which contrives to be at once deferential and liberal, and ought to be in the possession of all her intelligent countrywomen.

Miss Hays informs us, that the close of this excellent person's life was as suffering as it was patient. An accidental contusion in her bosom at an early period of life, had left the seeds of a cancer, which for many years she disregarded. About a year and a half before her death, she was obliged to undergo an amputation of the part affected; which she did with a noble and sweet fortitude, described in a very touching manner by another of her biographers. “Her ladyship,”

he tells us, "underwent this painful operation with surprising patience and resolution: she shewed no reluctance; no struggle or contention, or even any complaint did she make; only indeed, towards the end of the operation, she drew such a sigh, as any compassionate reader may, when he hears this." This is one of the truest and most pathetic things we ever remember to have read. Unfortunately, the amputation though it promised well for a time, did no good at last. The disorder returned with increased malignity, and after submitting to it with her usual patience, and exhorting her household and friends upon her death-bed in a high strain of enthusiasm, she expired on the 22d Decembor, 1739, in the 57th year of her age. "Her character in miniature," says the biographer just quoted, "is this. She was a lady of the exactest breeding, of fine intellectual endowments, filled with divine wisdom, renewed in the spirit of her mind, fired with the love of her creator, a friend to all the world, mortified in soul and body, and to every thing that is earthly, and a little lower than the angels." He has a mysterious anecdote of her in the course of his account: "The following remarkable circumstance happened to her in her youth. A young lady of less severity of manners than herself, invited her once to an entertainment over a romance, and very dear did she pay for it: what evil tinctures she took from it I cannot tell; but this I can, that the remembrance of it would now and then annoy her spirit down into declining life." Miss Hays concludes the memoir in the *Female Biography*, with informing us, that "she was fond of her pen, and frequently employed herself in writing; but, previous to her death, destroyed the greater part of her papers. Her fortune, beauty, and amiable qualities, procured her many solicitations to change her state, but she preferred, in a single and independent life, to be mistress of her actions, and the disposition of her income."

It seems pretty clear from all these accounts, that this noble-hearted woman, notwithstanding her beauty and sweet temper, was as imperfect a specimen of the comfortable in body, as her kinsman was in mind. We are far from meaning to prefer his state of existence. We confess indeed, that there are many we here read of, whom we would prefer being, to the most saintly of solitary spirits; but the mere reflection of the good which Lady Elizabeth did to others, would not allow us a moment's hesitation, if compelled to chuse between inhabiting her infirm tenement, and the jolly vacuity of Honourable William. At the same time, it is quite evident to us, that the fair saint neglected the earthly part of herself in a way neither as happy-making nor as pious as she took it for. Perhaps the example of her kinsman tended to assist this false idea of what is pleasing to heaven, and to make her a little too peremptory against herself; but what had not her lovers a right to say? For our parts, had we lived then, and been at all fitted to aspire to a return of her regard, we should have thought it a very unfair and intolerable thing of her, to go on doing the most exquisite and seducing actions in the world, and tell us that she wished to be mistress of her own time and generosities. So she might, and yet been generous to us too as well as to the charity-boys. But setting all this aside

(and the real secret of it is to be found perhaps in matters into which we cannot inquire), a proper attention to that beautiful form which her spirit inhabited might have done great good to herself. She not only lived nearly half a century less than her kinsman, and thus shortened a useful life; but the less healthy state of her blood rendered even a soul like her's liable to incursions of melancholy to the last moment of her existence. If it may be said that this stimulated her the more, to extract happiness out of the happiness of others, we do not deny that it may have done so; nor do we pretend to say, that this might not have been her best state of existence for herself and all of us, if we could inquire into matters hidden from our sight. But upon that principle, so might her relations. It is impossible to argue to any purpose upon these assumptions, which are only good for patience, not for action. William Hastings was all bodily comfort; Elizabeth Hastings was all mental grace. How far the liability of the former to gusts of passion, as well as his other circumstances of being, settled the balance with her necessity for being patient, it is impossible to say; but it is very easy to say, that nobody would like to undergo operations for a cancer, or to die at fifty-seven, when they could live healthily to a hundred.

What then is our conclusion? This:—that the proper point of humanity has between these two natures, though not at equal distances,—the greatest possible sum of happiness for mankind demanding, that great part of our pleasure should be founded in that of others. Those however who hold rigid theories of morality, and yet practise them not (which is much oftener the case with such theories than the reverse) must take care how they flatter themselves they at all resemble Lady Elizabeth Hastings. Their extreme difference with her kinsman is a mere cant, to which all the privileged selfishness and sensuality in the world give the lie,—all the pomps and vanities, all the hatreds, all the malignities, all the eatings and drinkings, such as William Hastings himself would have been ashamed of. In fact, their real instincts are generally as selfish as his, though in other shapes, and much less agreeable for every body. When cant lives as long a life as his, or as good a one as hers, it will be worth attending to. Till then, the best thing to advise is, neither to be canting, nor merely animal, nor over spiritual, but to endeavour to enjoy with the greatest possible distribution of happiness, all the faculties we receive from nature.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eyes
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LVIII.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1820.

SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE second of the following songs was intended for the third number of another little publication edited by the present writer, entitled the Literary Pocket-Book. But he had mislaid it; and when recovered, it was too late for the number in question, which will be published in the course of a few days. The first song has already appeared in that work; but the Editor has repeated it in the present, partly, he must own, because he has been somewhat overworked of late and would snatch a little repose; and partly, that the series of songs, with which he intends to indulge himself occasionally on this good old English subject, may be found complete in one and the same publication.

ROBIN HOOD, A CHILD.

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said
"It were a shame and a sin
For fear of getting a wet head
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn."

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
 And so he has grasped her gown;
 And now looking back, they have lost the view
 Of merry sweet Locksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
 And therewithal as bold;
 To say he was his mother's joy,
 It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
 Came smoothly clipped, and sleek,
 But ran into a curl somehow
 Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle too
 The noble Gamelyn bare,
 And often said, as his mother knew,
 That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
 Would twinkle at his sight,
 And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
 Between his locks so white:

For Robin already let him see
 He should beat his playmates all
 At wrestling, running, and archery;
 Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
 And would set the old helmets bobbing;
 If his uncle asked about the noise,
 'Twas "If you please, Sir, Robin."

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
 He'd come and sit at his knee,
 And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys;
 And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
 To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
 'Twas nothing there but sport and game,
 And holiday folks all:
 The servants never were to blame,
 Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
 And now they hear the rooks;
 And there it is,—the old abode,
 With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
 And they looked at one another;
 Says Robin "I'll knock, as I'm used to do,
 At uncle's window, mother."

And so he picked up some pebbles and ran,
 And jumping higher and higher,
 He reached the windows with *tan a ran tan*,
 And instead of the kind old white-haired man,
 There looked out a fat friar.

"How now," said the fat friar angrily,
 "What is this knocking so wild?"
 But when he saw young Robin's eye,
 He said "Go round, my child:

Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you all."
 He'll tell us all! thought Robin;
 And his mother and he went quietly,
 Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
 And tenderly said, "I fear
 You know not the good squire's no more,
 Even Gamelyn de Vere.

Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
 He changed but yesternight:"
 "Now make us way," the lady said,
 "To see that doleful sight."

"Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
 And has made us his holy heirs:"
 The lady stayed not for all he said,
 But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
 Weeping all the way,
 Until they came where the lord of that land
 Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look,
 With the lids over each eye-ball;
 And Robin and she wept as plenteously,
 As though he had left them all.

"I will return, Sir Abbot of Vere,
 I will return as is meet,
 And see my honoured brother dear
 Laid in his winding sheet."

And I will stay, for to go were a sin,
 For all a woman's tears,
 And see the noble Gamelyn
 Laid low with the De Veres."

The lady went with a sick heart out
 Into the kind fresh air,
 And told her Robin all about
 The abbot whom he saw there:

And how his uncle must have been
 Disturbed in his failing sense,
 To leave his wealth to these artful men
 At her's and Robin's expense.

Sad was the stately day for all
 But the Vere Abbey friars,
 When the coffin was stript of its hiding pall,
 Amidst the hushing choirs.

THE INDICATOR.

Sad was the earth-dropping "dust to dust,"
 And "our dear brother here departed;"
 The lady shook at them, as shake we must;
 And Robin he felt strange-hearted.

That self-same evening, nevertheless,
 They returned to Locksley town,
 The lady in a dumb distress,
 And Robin looking down.

They went, and went, and Robin took
 Long steps by his mother's side,
 Till she asked him with a sad sweet look
 What made him so thoughtful-eyed.

"I was thinking, mother," said little Robin,
 And with his own voice so true
 He spoke right out, "That if I was a king,
 I'd see what those friars do."

His mother stooped with a tear of joy,
 And she kissed him again and again,
 And said, "My own little Robin boy,
 Thou wilt be a King of Men!"

ROBIN HOOD'S FLIGHT.

Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now,
 Has been gone from her earthly home;
 And Robin has paid, he scarce knew how,
 A sum for a noble tomb.

The church-yard lies on a woody hill,
 But open to sun and air;
 It seems as if the heaven still
 Were looking and smiling there.

Often when Robin looked that way,
 He looked through a sweet thin tear;
 But he looked in a different manner, they say,
 Towards the Abbey of Vere.

He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
 He felt not for his pride;
 He had youth, and strength, and health,
 And enough for one beside.

But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek
 How it sunk away,
 And how she used to grow more weak
 And weary every day;

And how when trying a hymn, her voice
 At evening would expire,
 How unlike it was the arrogant noise
 Of the hard throats in the quire:

And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey-door
But kept them as they were:

And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down
With their trappings and things as fine as the king's,
Though they wore but a shaven crown.

And then bold Robin he thought of the king,
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in a year.

And thinking thus, as Robin stood
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in Gamelyn wood,
Of one who looked around.

"And what is Will doing," said Robin then,
"That he looks so fearful and wan?"
"Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man."

"A weary man," said Will Scarlet, "am I;
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fletchers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good.

"Here in this forest where I have been
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green
Have carried you about."

"And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me?
Why not to Robin, Will?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still;

"And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come,
While Robin can find in his pocket or bin
A penny or a crumb.

"Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile;
And kindle a fire for me."
And into the wood for half a mile,
He has vanished instantly.

Robin Hood with his cheek on fire,
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer, with one leap higher,
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean.

THE INDICATOR.

"Oh what hast thou done, dear master mine!
 What hast thou done for me?"
 "Roast it, Will, for excepting wine
 Thou shalt feast thee royally."

And Scarlet took and half roasted it,
 Blubbering with blinding tears,
 And ere he had eaten a second bit,
 A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
 And they listened and kept still,
 For Will was feeble and knelt by the meat;
 And Robin he stood by Will.

"Seize him, seize him!" the Abbot cried.
 With his fat voice through the trees;
 Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
 And Will jumped stout with his knees.

"Seize him, seize him!" and now they appear
 The Abbot and foresters three.
 "'Twas I," cried Will Scarlet, "that killed the deer."
 Says Robin, "Now let not a man come near,
 Or he's dead as dead can be."

But on they came, and with an embrace
 The first one the arrow met,
 And he came pitching forward and fell on his face,
 Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that Abbot vain,
 But "seize him!" still he cried,
 And as the second turned again,
 An arrow was in his side.

"Seize him, seize him still, I say,"
 Cried the Abbot in furious chafe,
 "Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
 Even priests will not be safe."

A fatal word! for as he sat
 Urging the sword to cut,
 An arrow stuck in his paunch so fat,
 As in a leathern butt,

As in a leathern butt of wine;
 Or dough, a household lump;
 Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
 Stuck that arrow with a dump.

"Truly," said Robin without fear,
 Smiling there as he stood,
 "Never was slain so fat a deer
 In good old Gamelyn wood.

"Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,"
 Said he that stood apart,
 "As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee out,
 Of the forest with all my heart.

"And I pray thee let me follow thee
Any where under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here with me,
Nor without thee can I."

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought;
And then into a leafy dell,
The three slain men they brought.

Ankle deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter-bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the tree;
The Abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill;

And Robin caught a sudden sight,
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sun-set bright;
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land
And the church-yard where it lay;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's,
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said with one of his pleasant smiles,
"Now shew us three men bolder."

And so they took their march away
As firm as if to fiddle,
To journey that night and all next day
With Robin Hood in the middle.

THIERBAULT, KING OF NAVARRE, TO HIS LOVE.

Las ! Si j'avois pouvoir d'oublier
 Sa beauté, son bien dire,
 Et son tres doux regarder,
 Finirois mon martyre.

Mais las ! mon cœur je n'en puis oter ;
 Et grand affolage
 M'est d'esperer ;
 Mais tel ésvage
 Donne courage
 A tout endurer.

Et puis comment oublier
 Sa beauté, son bien dire,
 Et son tres doux regarder ?
 Mieux aime mon martyre.

Ah ! could I but forget
 Her beauty, her sweet tone
 And talking, and that lovely look at one,
 My martyrdom, I think, were ended yet.

But ah ! I cannot tear myself apart :
 And great simplicity
 Is hope in me ;
 Only such thrall
 Gives one the heart
 To go through all.

And how could I forget
 Her beauty, her sweet tone
 And talking, and that lovely look at one ?
 My martyrdom's too sweet.

Our readers, for one of the reasons mentioned in the introduction to this number, will be good enough to excuse the shortness of it. In the next we shall expatiate in our usual longitude.

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THE INDICATOR.

There lie arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LIX.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1820.

APRIL.

RAPHAEL.—Raffaello Sanzio, the Prince of Painters, was born April 9th, (March 28th, O.S.) 1483, at Urbino in the States of the Church. His father was himself a painter, though an indifferent one; but it may be observed, that a talent which often manifests itself dimly in a parent, shines out with full lustre in the offspring. The germ has come to its flower; and an early familiarity with the art or science completes what inclination had begun. Raphael, while yet a boy, took leave of his parents with great fondness on both sides, to go under the care of Pietro Perugino, one of the earliest masters of modern art. Pietro's style was crude and monotonous, but he had a real talent for expression; and thus the finest part of his disciple's genius remained uninjured, perhaps was even prevented from deserting its simplicity. He afterwards introduced his old master by his side, in his famous picture of the School of Athens. On quitting Perugino, he began to design at Sienna; but was speedily called off by the fame of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo to Florence. Here, after improving his manner by the admiration of the works of those great men, he fell with equal zeal and patience to the study of the ancient sculptures; and what with these, and his own natural genius, succeeded in forming a style of united sweetness and power, which placed him on the throne of his art. A certain felicity attended him in all that he did. His genius was strictly what is called happy, that is to say, original, easy, and fertile. The age he lived in was a great one, for his own art as well as others, yet his fame was at its height in his life-time; and he lived to see his school support it. His disciples, one of whom was the famous Giulio Romano, were so attached to him, that they followed him about like a guard of honour. He had the pleasure of having Giulio Romano with him at his dinner-table every day, till he died. His mistress, the celebrated Fornarina, who was also his friend and companion to the last, and to whom he did not hesitate openly to leave the bulk of his property, has the reputation of having been as handsome as she was amiable. He himself was one of the most handsome, graceful, and good-tempered of

men. If his life was comparatively short, there is no knowing how much he may have crowded into it. It appears to have been full of pleasing images; and there was not one that presented itself to his mind, but what his hand could as easily transfer to the canvas. The very number of his works is not among the least of his wonders. In short, he was honoured and caressed by the powerful, enriched by the rich, admired and esteemed by the many, and had the love of the fair, and the friendship and panegyric of men of genius.—Raphael died, as he was born, on a Good Friday, in the year 1520, having just completed his 37th year. In those days, when the papal sceptre was in the hands of the Medici, men of genius were rewarded by church-dignities. Bibbiena, who began with a comedy, ended with being a cardinal: so did Bembo, who commenced with love and poetry: and the like honour, it is said, was intended for our painter. Others say, that Cardinal Bibbiena intended his niece for him,—an honour, which though more to his taste, he is said to have repeatedly put off, probably out of love for the companion of his heart. Perhaps the talk about the cardinal's hat was one of the best modes that could be found of avoiding the wife. He was so fond of *La bella Fornarina*, that the same story is related of him as of Sacchini the musician, who resembled him in the amatory part of his genius. When he painted the story of Cupid and Psyche on the walls of the Chigi palace, he was so perpetually going away and staying with his fair friend, that Chigi at last prevailed on him to let him shut them both up together in the rooms that were to be adorned. They were so; and Cupid and Psyche were painted, as it were, at the light of her eyes. His death is said to have been owing to the mistaken treatment of a nervous fever, the cause of which, delicate in his excesses, he scrupled to mention to the physician. But it is understood, that his intense sense of the beautiful devoured him. It is to be observed, that there was one deficiency in our painter's genius, which was remarkable, and the supply of which might have helped to balance the other part of his temperament. In all his works, he shews a singular absence of the love of rural nature. A tree or so is an absolute god-send. His want of a sylvan imagination even degenerates sometimes into meanness.—We know not what his friend Ariosto must have thought of his picture of Parnassus: but instead of any luxuriance of laurel-trees, which he might at least have suggested in the back ground, he has divided it into three uniform parts with three little patches of them, and the Castalian stream issues out of an absolute rain-spout. It is probable, from these and other considerations, that he led a very sedentary life, almost exclusively in the city of Rome, and thus rendered his system still more sensitive than it was by nature to the impression of flesh and blood. As a painter of humanity, in all its varieties of thought as well as beauty, he was never approached. Corregio apprehends as well, perhaps even better, a certain exquisite maternity and tenderness; but to these Raphael adds every other grace under heaven.—Michael Angelo impresses upon us a certain weight of reflection, amounting to the ponderous; but with all his undoubted greatness, he resorts too much to violence in his very repose. There is too much

affectation in him of force and muscle. He cannot sufficiently divest power of the physical; and mistakes Hercules for Jupiter. Raphael knows when to be violent too, and how to make violence intellectual; but still "as with a difference." In his Paul preaching at Athens, how admirably has he not contrived to shew the naturally fierce character of the saint, sublimated into a zeal for mankind! In the same picture, is a gross man of the world, a candid doubter, a sneering one, a stoic and his pupil, the latter making up for his want of the venerable and austere by muffling himself in his cloak, and an Epicurean and his pupil, a youth as harmonious in all his faculties as we might suppose Raphael to have been himself. His Christ in the boat is the very acme and tenderest top of all that is meek and sublimated in the character of Christian humility. Leonardo da Vinci's is fine; it is enthusiastic, prophetic, intellectually dominant. Michael Angelo's is as warlike as Christianity is apt to be. But Raphael's alone is what is understood by Christian perfection. It is powerful from the very negation of power. A sentiment sustains it, or it looks as moveable as the gentlest air on the water. To smite that cheek, seems as if it would be to shatter the benignity of the summer heavens, and to provoke the downfall of the universe. The translation of Raphael's works upon copper is more difficult than that of most painters, because he deals so much in delicacy of expression; yet he seems to have inspired the engravers. In his Siege of Rome, the Attila, without being a caricature, is a crowned animal; and the very trumpets, to which he has given dragon-mouths, seem ready to split with the expansion of their jaws and the violence of their outcry. Then turn to his more theological works or to his School of Athens, and you repose at the feet of all that is sage and quiet. You shall have a churchman piercing into the depth of a mystery, or a boy trying to solve a problem, with equal voluminousness of expression. You shall have a young canon blushing over his infidelity at a miracle, and opposite him a Pope kneeling in all the united complacency of his belief and his rank; on one side a number of eager faces pressing to get a sight of the phenomenon; on another, a set of high and dark faces of the finest times of Italy; on another, two boys officiating in surplices, whose young bodies seem palpable through the very folds of their drapery. Then go to the Madonnas and children, and almost wish to be a Catholic; and then again to the series of Cupid and Psyche, and rejoice like a bridegroom to run your course.

Illness again compels the Editor to make up his paper as well as he can. He would have his revenge upon it, if he could; and write upon an author's diseases; but he is forbidden. Robin Hood therefore must sing some of his carols for him to "his worthy masters and mistresses." A specimen is added, of the forthcoming number of the Literary Pocket-Book mentioned in his last; and the number concludes with a characteristic portrait which originally appeared in the EXAMINER, but which is fitter for its present situation;

ROBIN HOOD, AN OUTLAW.

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold
Under the greenwood tree ;
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air
Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men,
Who joined him laughing-eyed ;
They sent against him thirty more,
And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train,
That grew in Gamelyn wood,
Whether they came with these or not,
Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town
Would speak him an ill word ;
The friars raged ; but no man's tongue,
Nor even feature stirred :

Except among a very few
Who dined in the Abbey halls ;
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew
His true friends from his false.

There was Roger the monk, that used to make
All monkery his glee ;
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turned
His face but tenderly :

With one or two, they say, besides,
Lord ! that in this life's dream
Men should abandon one true thing
That would remain with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round ;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground :

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever ;
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never :

But we can say, I never will,
Friendship, fall off from thee ;
And, oh sound truth and old regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS LIVED IN THE WOODS.

Robin and his merry men
Lived just like the birds ;
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
And whistles and songs as words.

Up they were with the earliest sign
Of the sun's up-looking eye ;
But not an archer breakfasted
Till he twinkled from the sky.

All the morning they were wont
To fly their grey-goose quills
At butts, or wands, or trees, or twigs,
Till theirs was the skill of skills.

With swords too they played lustily,
And at quarter-staff;
Many a hit would have made some cry,
Which only made them laugh.

The horn was then their dinner-bell;
When like princes of the wood,
Under the glimmering summer trees,
Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and a little wine,
Except when the skies were rough;
Or when they had a feasting day;
For their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and joke, and song,
And Harry's harp went round;—
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
For pleasure of the sound.

Tingle, tangle! said the harp,
As they footed in and out:
Good lord! it was a sight to see
Their feathers float about;—

A pleasant sight, especially
If Margery was there;
Or little Ciss, or laughing Bess,
Or Moll with the clumps of hair;

Or any other merry lass
From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
A singing through the trees.

For all the country round about
Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
Than the acorns in the wood;

Nor ever would he suffer harm
To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
No fright to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unliked,
Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
Makes pale a woman's lip.

Only on the haughty rich,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy no doubt
(Which made the dish to curse)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And an abbot a pig in grain,
But a bishop was a baron of beef,
With cut and come again.

Never poor man came for help,
And went away denied;
Never woman for redress,
And went away wet-eyed.

Says Robin to the poor who came
 To ask of him relief,
 You do but get your goods again,
 That were altered by the thief;

There, ploughman, is a sheaf of your's
 Turned to yellow gold;
 And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
 'Twill wrap thee from the cold:

And you there, Wat of Lancashire,
 Who such a way have come,
 Get upon your land-tax, man,
 And ride it merrily home.

THE MAID-SERVANT

Must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times snug and neat and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty. There is something very warm and latent in the handkerchief,—something easy, vital, and genial. A woman in a high-bodied gown, made to fit her like a case, is by no means more modest, and is much less tempting. She looks like a figure at the head of a ship. We could almost see her chucked out of doors into a cart with as little remorse as a couple of sugar-loaves. The tucker is much better, as well as the handkerchief; and is to the other, what the young lady is to the servant. The one always reminds us of the Sparkler in Sir Richard Steele; the other of Fanny in Joseph Andrews.

But to return. The general furniture of her ordinary room the kitchen is not so much her own as her Master's and Mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster, and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Mrs. Behn's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass also in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—the box,—containing among other things

her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry Tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the Whole Nature of Dreams laid open, together with the Fortune Teller and the Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal; the Story of the Beautiful Zoa who was cast away on a desert island, shewing how, &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money, with the good Countess of Coventry on one of them riding naked on the horse; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other “a trifle from Margate;” and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed “miss.”

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make it's way: and exercise keeps her healthy and chearful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, “drat that butcher,” but immediately adds, “God forgive me.” The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humour for the day with “Come, pretty maids.”—Then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from it's roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses, as it were, his parcel into a tie,—for her, the cheesemonger weighs his butter with half a glance, cherishes it round about with his pattles, and dabs the little piece on it to make up, with a graceful jerk.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it “a bil o' dinner.” There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, “a cup o' tea;” but the old ones, and the washer-women beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the

other servants to hot-cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then;" or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open all the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visit of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow Maid-servant, to work; talks of her young Master or Mistress and Mr. Ivins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country, where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissars; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the Maid-servant's life in doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of money getters is a vegetable compared with them. The Maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play, or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient; or the munching of apples and gingerbread nuts which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is "Alexander the Great or the Rival Queens." Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away equally smitten with the rider and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous well-dressed people as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjurer's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, Sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LX.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1820.

For the same reason as last week, the present INDICATOR is chiefly made up of articles which appeared some time ago in the Examiner. That the Editor regrets being obliged to do this, will easily be believed; because it is only saying that he would rather be well than ill. But articles of this nature are better suited to a work like the present; some of them may be little known to most of his readers, perhaps forgotten at this distance of time by others; and at all events, as the main part of his merit (such as it is) consists in a spirit of sociality, they will treat him, during his sickness, with the toleration of friends.

Luckily, while he was writing this exordium, the letter arrived, which follows, and for which, on every account, he returns his best thanks to the fair author. As he could not kiss her hand for it, he very reverently kissed her hand-writing. It is well worth the earnest attention of his readers, both fair and brown. The Editor though not a friend to marriage, in the sum total of its present system, is, on that very account, one of the warmest friends in the world to the principles most calculated to make two good and generous hearts count each other their best and chiefest enjoyment through life. And he is sure his Correspondent thinks so; but it was necessary perhaps to say this, lest some others should make mistakes that are but too common on this most important and most ill-understood subject.

An aukward mistake occurred in the last INDICATOR, owing to the Editor's absence. The paragraph which stands at the end of the sketch of Raphael, should have been at the head of the paper; and it ought to have been mentioned that the sketch itself was taken from the Calendar of Birth-days in the work alluded to; which will account for its being headed April.

ON JEALOUSY IN MARRIAGE.

MR. INDICATOR,—I have read from its commencement the very pleasant little paper from which you derive this title, and always with great interest. It requires no uncommon degree of penetration, Sir, to discover that you are a general friend to our sex, nor is your regard less visible in your censure than in your panegyrics; yet notwithstanding this good disposition towards us, you are not it seems a friend to marriage. I am a married woman, and a happy one; yet, so far, at least, I acquiesce in your opinions, as to believe that by far the greater proportion of marriages are unhappy. The foundation for much of this misery is laid, I fear, in the early education of both sexes; but it is of woman only that I now wish to speak.

Will you allow me, Sir, to offer to your notice a maxim most carefully implanted in the minds of young women, (no doubt with the best intention, but) which my own experience has led me to consider as injudicious and mischievous in the extreme?

I was the eldest of two children, and was six years of age at the birth of my sister. I was not naturally jealous, and was highly delighted with this little baby; but the attention of my mother was now divided, and no opportunity was lost of reminding me that my sister had put my nose out of joint. When we were sent for into the parlour after dinner, the caresses naturally lavished upon the younger child, were always followed by some expression of compassion for me. "Poor little thing, she is jealous," and a peach, or an apple, or a cake, was given me to console me for the attention paid to my little sister. At first I was at a loss to comprehend what this could mean, but seeing that I was always rewarded for the imagined jealousy, I began to think it incumbent upon me to exhibit it; until gradually it became but too real, and the smallest praise or attention bestowed upon any other person, I felt as an injury done to myself, and resented accordingly.

Thus early was the foundation laid for future misery. I lost my mother while I was yet a child, and was placed under the care of an aunt who loved me better than anything else on earth. Perhaps few things had ever given this good lady more pleasure than my marriage with Mr. A. (now my husband); yet for several months preceding this event, she continually warned me with the most persevering earnestness, that I must not expect the same attentions from Frederic after marriage; that once a husband, he would cease to be a lover: that it was the way with all husbands, and I must not expect mine to be an exception. In the fullness of my affection, I could not believe that Frederic could ever change: I could not indeed believe it. Yet frequently this often repeated warning would strike like a sudden chill upon my heart. We were married; the first four months after our marriage we passed in the country, and during this time nothing interrupted our mutual happiness; but we had no sooner returned to town, and to society, than it began to be shaken. Frederic was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty; I was not unhandsome, but in our circle of friends there were several women who surpassed me in this respect. I considered the admiration of my husband as belonging exclusively to me; and consequently the smallest gallantry towards any other woman was offensive to me. I would then brood upon the dreadful warning my aunt had given me; "she was right," thought I, "already he has ceased to love me;" my own affection undiminished, I lost my spirits, and at last my temper.

Possessed with the idea, that he ceased to be a lover, I saw every thing in a false light. If a party of pleasure was proposed, including any female whom my husband in any degree admired, I found some excuse for absenting myself, if indeed I could not succeed in setting it aside altogether. So by degrees I withdrew myself almost entirely from society. In the same proportion as I became unsocial, my husband was driven by the change in me to seek society more agreeable, and our happiness was threatened with utter destruction. I had a friend many years older than myself, who appeared to be as happy with her husband as I had been the first four months after my marriage. I desired very much to know how she had worked this miracle, but I knew no way of introducing the conversation without conveying some suspicion of my own discontent. At last I ventured (hiding the anguish of my heart under a forced laugh) to observe to her, that her husband falsified the common maxim, for that he was as gallant as a lover, though it was said that all men

slighted their wives after the honeymoon. Perhaps the good lady suspected the true state of my mind; for although without appearing to apply it to myself, she answered me with more than usual earnestness of affection, "It is falsely said, with a husband like your's and mine, my dear; it must be a woman's own fault, if she be not every day happier than the last." My heart was too full to speak; but not to betray my feelings, I again forced a laugh. She continued in the same earnest tone as before: "My husband has always been my first consideration, upon every occasion great and small; and I have endeavoured as much as possible to associate myself with his ideas, either of pain or pleasure,—always as softening the one, as promoting the other. If he is in sorrow, he thinks of his wife, as one that will give him solace; if he takes a rural walk; he thinks of his wife, for she has been accustomed to enjoy such walks with him: if he goes without her to any place of public amusement, he thinks of his wife, for she usually accompanies him: if in her absence he enjoys a social evening with some friends, he wishes for his wife to enjoy it also, and thinks of the pleasure she will have in learning how happy he has been; nay, (added she, smiling), should he even steal a kiss of a pretty woman, he thinks of the confiding kiss with which his wife will stop his lips when he tells her of it."

I was surprised to hear her speak so lightly of a thing which to me appeared so serious; but her words made a deep impression on my mind. I reflected upon them; I acted upon them; and although my husband has in no degree altered his manners towards others, they have ceased to be offensive to me; and I have a full confidence in the assurance he gives me, that he never was so truly my lover as now,—that having been five years my husband, he can look upon me as his chief source of happiness, and the dearest treasure of his life.

I entreat you, Mr. Indicator, to shew the mischievous tendency of this false maxim, and to admonish brides that they cease to fear, and parents to teach, that a man once a husband ceases to a lover. A. A.

ON THE TALKING OF NONSENSE.

There is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense, in the bad sense of the word, like certain suspicious ladies, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation,—particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season; and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke.

These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it enquired into. They are perpetual beggars of the question. They are grave, not because they think, or feel the contrast of mirth, for then they would feel the mirth itself; but because gravity is their safest mode of behaviour. They must keep their minds sitting still, because they are incapable of a motion that is not awkward. They are waxen images among the living;—the deception is undone, if the others stir;—or hollow vessels covered up, which may be taken for full ones;—the collision of wit jars against them, and strikes out their hollowness.

In fact, the difference between nonsense not worth talking, and nonsense worth it, is simply this:—the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. This is remarkably

exemplified by Swift's *Polite Conversation*, in which the dialogue, though intended to be a tissue of the greatest nonsense in request with shallow merriment, is in reality full of ideas, and many of them very humorous; but then they are all common-place, and have been said so often, that the thing uppermost in your mind is the inability of the speakers to utter a sentence of their own;—they have no ideas at all. Many of the jokes and similes in that treatise are still the current coin of the shallow; though they are now pretty much confined to gossips of an inferior order, and the upper part of the lower classes.

On the other hand, the wildest rattling, as it is called, in which men of sense find entertainment, consists of nothing but a quick and original succession of ideas,—a finding, as it were, of something in nothing,—a rapid turning of the hearer's mind to some new face of thought and sparkling imagery. The man of shallow gravity, besides an uneasy half-consciousness that he has nothing of the sort about him, is too dull of perception to see the delicate links between one thought and another; and he takes that for a mere chaos of laughing jargon, in which finer apprehensions perceive as much delightful association, as men of musical taste do in the most tricksome harmonies and accompaniments of Mozart or Beethoven. Between such gravity and such mirth, there is as much difference as between the driest and dreariest psalmody, and that exquisite laughing trio,—*E voi ridete*,—which is sung in *Così Fan Tutte*. A quaker's coat and a garden are not more dissimilar;—nor a death-bell, and the birds after a sunny shower.

It is on such occasions indeed that we enjoy the perfection of what is agreeable in humanity,—the harmony of mind and body,—intellect, and animal spirits. Accordingly the greatest geniuses appear to have been proficient in this kind of nonsense, and to have delighted in dwelling upon it, and attributing it to their favourites. Virgil is no joker, but Homer is: and there is the same difference between their heroes, Æneas and Achilles, the latter of whom is also a player on the harp. Venus, the most delightful of the goddesses, is *philommeides*, the laughter-loving;—an epithet, by the bye, which might give a good hint to a number of very respectable ladies, “who love their lords,” but who are too apt to let ladies less respectable run away with them. Horace represents Pleasantry as fluttering about Venus in company with Cupid,—

Quem Jocus circumvolat, et Cupido;

and these are followed by Youth, the enjoyer of animal spirits, and by Mercury, the god of persuasion. There is the same difference between Tasso and Ariosto as between Virgil and Homer; that is to say, the latter proves his greater genius by a completer and more various hold on the feelings, and has not only a fresher spirit of Nature about him, but a truer, because a happier; for the want of this enjoyment is at once a defect and a deterioration. It is more or less a disease of the blood;—a falling off from the pure and uncontradicted blithesomeness of childhood; a hampering of the mind with the altered nerves;—dust gathered in the watch, and perplexing our passing hours.

It may be thought a begging of the question to mention Anacreon, since he made an absolute business of mirth and enjoyment, and sat down systematically to laugh as well as to drink. But on that very account, perhaps, his case is still more in point; and Plato, one of the gravest, but not the shallowest, of philosophers, gave him the title of

the Wise. The disciple of Socrates appears also to have been a great enjoyer of Aristophanes; and the divine Socrates himself was a wit and a joker.

But the divine Shakspeare;—the man to whom we go for every thing, and are sure to find it, grave, melancholy, or merry,—what said he to this exquisite kind of nonsense? Perhaps next to his passion for detecting nature, and over-informing it with poetry, he took delight in pursuing a joke; and the lowest scenes of his in this way say more to men whose faculties are fresh about them, and who prefer enjoyment to criticism, than the most doting of commentators can find out. They are instances of his animal spirits,—of his sociality,—of his passion for giving and receiving pleasure,—of his enjoyment of something wiser than wisdom.

The greatest favourites of Shakspeare are made to resemble himself in this particular, Hamlet, Mercutio, Touchstone, Jaques, Richard the Third, and Falstaff, “inimitable Falstaff,” are all men of wit and humour, modified according to their different temperaments or circumstances,—some from health and spirits, others from sociality, others from a contrast with their very melancholy. Indeed melancholy itself, with the profoundest intellects, will rarely be found to be any thing else than a sickly temperament, induced or otherwise, preying in its turn upon the disappointed expectation of pleasure,—upon the contradiction of hopes, which this world is not made to realize, though (let us never forget) it is made, as they themselves prove, to suggest. Some of Shakspeare’s characters, as Mercutio and Benedick, are almost entirely made up of wit and animal spirits; and delightful fellows they are; and ready, from their very taste, to perform the most serious and manly offices. Most of his women too have an abundance of natural vivacity. Desdemona herself is so pleasant of intercourse in every way, that upon the principle of the respectable mistakes above-mentioned, the Moor, when he grows jealous, is tempted to think it a proof of her want of honesty. But we must make Shakspeare speak for himself, or we shall not know how to be silent on this subject. What a description is that which he gives of a man of mirth,—of a mirth too, which he has expressly stated to be within the limit of what is becoming? It is in *Love’s Labour Lost*.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit’s expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

We have been led into these reflections, partly to introduce the conclusion of this article,—partly from being very fond of a joke ourselves, and so making our self-love as proud as possible,—and partly from having spent some most agreeable hours the other evening with a company, the members of which had all the right to be grave and disagreeable that rank and talent are supposed to confer, and yet from the very best sense or forgetfulness of both, were as lively and entertaining to each other as boys. Not one of them perhaps but had his cares,—one or two, of no ordinary description; but what then?

These are the moments, if we can take advantage of them, when sorrows are shared, even unconsciously ;—moments, when melancholy intermits her fever, and hope takes a leap into enjoyment ;—when the pilgrim of life, if he cannot lay aside his burden, forgets it in meeting his fellows about a fountain ; and soothes his weariness and his resolution with the sparkling sight, and the noise of the freshness.

To come to our anticlimax, for such we are afraid it must be called after all this grave sentiment and mention of authorities. The following dialogue is the substance of a joke (never meant for its present place) that was started the other day upon a late publication. The name of the book it is not necessary to mention, especially as it was pronounced to be one of the driest that had appeared for years. We cannot answer for the sentences being put to their proper speakers. The friends, whom we value most, happen to be great hunters in this way ; and the reader may look upon the thing as a specimen of a joke run down, or of the sort of nonsense above mentioned ; so that he will take due care how he professes not to relish it. We must also advertise him, that a proper quantity of giggling and laughter must be supposed to be interspersed, till towards the end it gradually becomes too great to go on with.

A. Did you ever see such a book ?

B. Never, in all my life. Its as dry as a chip.

A. As a chip ? A chip's a slice of orange to it.

B. Ay, or a wet sponge.

A. Or a cup in a currant tart.

B. Ah, ha ; so it is. You feel as if you were fingering a brick-bat.

A. It makes you feel dust in the eyes.

B. It is impossible to shed a tear over it. The lachrymal organs are dried up.

A. If you shut it hastily, it is like clapping together a pair of fresh-cleaned gloves.

B. Before you have got far in it, you get up to look at your tongue in a glass.

A. It absolutely makes you thirsty.

B. Yes :—if you take it up at breakfast, you drink four cups instead of two.

A. At page 30 you call for beer.

B. They say it made a Reviewer take to drinking.

A. They have it lying on the table at inns to make you drink double. The landlord says “ A new book, Sir,” and goes out to order two neguses.

B. It dries up every thing so, it has ruined the draining business.

A. There is an Act of Parliament to forbid people's passing a vintner's with it in their pockets.

B. The Dutch subscribed for it to serve them instead of dykes.

THE OLD LADY.

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room ; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet for fear

of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence;—in the other is a miscellaneous assortment consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days, she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantle-piece also are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware, the man perhaps in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess:—the woman, holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes in order to shew the trimness of her ancles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds,—linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners,—a heap of pocket-books for a series of years,—and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered sattin shoes with enormous heels. The stock of letters are always under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room, is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground,—a folding or other screen with Chinese figures, their round little-eyed meek faces perking sideways;—a stuffed bird perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her);—a portrait of her husband over the mantle-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat;—and opposite him, on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below in their proper colours, the whole concluding with an A B C and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be “her work, Jan. 14, 1762.” The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the Spectator and Guardian, the Turkish Spy, a Bible and Prayer-book, Young’s Night-Thoughts, with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe’s Devout Exercises of the Heart, Mrs. Glasse’s Cookery, and perhaps Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa. John Bunclie is in the closet among the pickles and pre-

serves.—The clock is on the landing-place between the two room-doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows also should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may sometimes see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella turning up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays; and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant, in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lanthorn.

Her opinions are not many, nor new. She thinks the Clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sort of housewifery: and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c. and sometimes goes through the church-yard where her other children and her husband lie buried, serious but not melancholy. She has had three great æras in her life,—her marriage,—her having been at court to see the King and Queen and Royal Family,—and a compliment on her figure she once received in passing from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If any thing takes her at a distance from home, it is still the Court; but she seldom stirs even for that. The last time but one that she went was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg: and she has lately been, most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision, she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a sort of transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and Daughter of England.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXI.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1820.

BAD TEMPER, MEANNESS, AND OTHER DISORDERS.*

THERE is one of the most obvious and commonest analogies, to which we do not pay sufficient attention, though its language is perpetually in our mouths.—We mean that between mind and body. In speaking of these dissimilar but at the same time inseparable and sympathizing moieties of our nature, we borrow from each of them, and apply to both indiscriminately, a set of phrases and epithets, which if we reflected upon what we talked, would be of infinite service to us in the treatment of ourselves; but it is the fate of good phrases, as well as good things, to share the odium of common-place in proportion as their utility and popular use have borne testimony to their merits; and the common language of society, made up of all sorts of profound inferences and combinations, would present to a being of a superior nature, a curious instance of a whole race of rational animals talking like philosophers and thinking like fools. Every one is familiar with the epithets which mind furnishes to body, and body furnishes to mind. Such and such a person is said to have a strong intellect,—his mind is well informed, that is, well shaped or fashioned,—his apprehension has a fine tact or touch,—he is a man of taste, a man of sound thinking, a man of parts:—then, at the same time, his figure is graceful, his gestures are easy and unaffected, he has an intelligent eye, a lively smile, a decided but amiable countenance. Donne, who suffers no such analogies to escape him, handles this sympathy of mind and body with great elegance, and carries it just as far as it will bear—a great piece of moderation with him. Speaking of a lovely female, he says,—

Her pure and eloquent blood
Shone in her skin, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, *her body thought*.

* From a paper of the Editor's in a Magazine published in 1811, called the *Reflector*.

Accordingly if the person above-mentioned falls sick, if his smile becomes less lively, and his countenance less animated,—if the body in short loses its accustomed powers,—the remedy is immediately suggested by the mind;—we must go up to the cause of the disorder; in doing away the cause we do away the effect; and this is the common maxim of physicians. But here the analogy ceases, or rather the practical application of it. In spite of our common phrases of strong mind and weak mind, of sound mind and diseased mind, people forget that the principle of bodily cure is equally that of mental. It is true, they acknowledge it in their common talk, but it is without thinking. Their philosophers have made a maxim of it, but their philosophers themselves have neglected it; and while every body looks to the cause of his bodily ailments, or calls in the physician, or thanks his friend for giving him advice upon it, the commonest mental infirmity is suffered to increase without notice; the clergyman, who is the constituted doctor on these occasions, would think you mad to apply to him on the subject; and the friend who should advise you to think seriously of the cause of it, would stand a good chance of being turned out of the house. A person, for instance, has a tooth-ache or a head-ache, and he immediately begins to consider how he came by it: he says to himself, “I have been sitting in a draught,” or “I was up too late last night,” or “I have been drinking too much.” Accordingly it is probable that he finds out the real cause of his complaint, and is enabled to avoid it in future: or should he fail to discover it himself, his physician or his friend may do it for him. But let the same man get the temper, or be seized with a fit of envy, or fall into a habit of stinginess,—all of them maladies of an alarming nature and a thousand times more tormenting than head-aches or tooth-aches,—and instead of searching into the cause of the disease, he is sure to begin glossing it over to himself and encouraging its continuance: the spiritual physician does not think of interfering; and friends, who have been officious or honest enough on such occasions to give advice, have generally given it so badly or found it so badly received, that the disorder has grown worse than ever. To probe the wound is in general only to make the patient worse. Tell him that his head-ache is owing to drinking wine, and he will agree with you; but tell him he is ill-tempered because somebody broke his wine-glass, and his sullenness changes into anger. “Ill-tempered!” he will exclaim:—“I ill-tempered! Come, that’s excessively ridiculous. Never was man of a better temper than myself; but the fact is, it is on account of my good temper that I am so treated.” So saying, he becomes twenty times worse, calls his wife “cursedly obedient,” kicks a dog for being lazy whom he has taught to lie on a cushion,—slaps his child for doing something which he suffers it to do every other hour of its life; and woe betide the servant or the dependent who happens to be in his reach for the rest of the day. The envious man, in like manner, takes every possible means of persuading himself that in holding up every body as a fool, coxcomb, or knave, he is only justifiably severe or nobly contemptuous: he feels the torment of his disorder; he has no comfort in what gives pleasure to other people; the

sunshine of other faces makes him sick ; and yet instead of looking into the cause of his mental soreness, he takes pains to make it worse in proportion as it galls him, and presents as lamentable a spectacle as an invalid who should sit pounding his own bruises or thumping his aching head. The miser's folly we have been accustomed from our infancy to hear compared to a dropsical thirst, which increases at every draught ; but let us look at the more familiar instance of what is called stinginess, or a habit of mean economy, that is to say, an economy disproportionate to the necessity, and betraying itself as much by what it freely offers as by what it niggardly withholds. Those who are guilty of this vice lead a desperate life, especially if they see any company. No people take so much pains to deceive themselves and others, and no people succeed worse. You know them instantly by their anxious parsimony in great things and their still more anxious liberality in little. Such persons will practise all sorts of manœuvres to hinder you from drinking wine at dinner, and beg you to fall heartily on the bread and butter at tea. If there is the least excuse in the season, they will have no fruit for the desert, and be the first to lament the deficiency, or to cry out, with an air of sudden recollection, " Bless me, I might have preserved some fruit, if I had thought of it." If there is no such excuse in the season, they heap the table with bad apples and pears, and take a great deal of trouble to assure you that there are no better to be had. If they must surprise you with something decent or seasonable, they are careful to have as small a quantity as possible ; and whether accustomed or not to deny themselves good things in private, they contrive to make a merit of eating none of the salmon or the green peas, and forcing upon your plate the remaining spoonful. But at other times, nothing shocks them so much as the not having enough : to spare what is homely, they think, must betray them at once ; and therefore, with lively denunciations against people who serve up small dishes, and ardent entreaties that you will do them the favour of shewing a good appetite, they set before you the hugest and coarsest meats, complain all the time that you eat nothing, and finish the dinner with a pie that seems made for a set of paviors, and that almost requires pickaxes to get at the fruit. We say nothing of their more private anxieties—of their sidelong vigilance upon butter and sugar, their fortifications of pantry and coal-cellar, their lectures upon humility in general, and the shameful waste in particular, the figures which they and their family cut on ordinary occasions, or the blaze which the wife and daughters make in company, contrasted with the ragged elbows and sullen visages of those who are left at home. It is sufficient, that they are always exposing themselves to contempt, always making it worse with their excuses, and always on thorns from their anxiety to deceive or their mortified consciousness of not deceiving. And all, for what ? What is the cause of this fatal disorder, which cuts up their comfort by the roots, and which they can never be brought to remedy, much less to avow ? It is the salvation of a few shillings, which no more makes up for the satisfaction and the respectability which they lose by keeping them, than laying by their

hats or gowns could make up for the colds which they would catch, or the ridiculous figure they would cut in the streets. Besides, it is ten to one that the shillings are not saved after all, for though bad meals may not be so heartily eaten as good, yet the saving plan in clothes, furniture, &c. which seduces them to what are called cheap shops, is found to be the most wasteful in the end; and the use of bad provisions, bad wine, bad butter, &c. is most probably revenged by a doctor's bill, which carries away all the shillings so painfully scraped off the table. Here, then, is a disorder as easily remedied as it is painful to themselves and disgusting to others; but give them a hint of its existence—insinuate the least necessity of a cure,—and you only rouse the obstinacy of a self-love, which from the sufferings it persists to endure, might rather be called self-hatred. Yet supposing for an instant, that a doctor might be called in to mental as well as corporeal maladies, how entirely would he act, in the former cases, upon the principle of remedy in the latter! To the ill-tempered person he would say, “Sir, your mind is subject to continual fever: we must do our endeavours to make you cooler, and to this end, I must insist that you keep yourself quiet. Avoid much meat, which fills your head with vapours, and much wine, which sets your blood in a riot; and when your system is brought down a little, and you get rid of this tendency to delirium, you will no longer turn pale at sight of an ill-roasted joint, or red at every joke that is aimed at you, or grow sullen at kindness, or become enraged at one that treads on your toe, or be fretful all day for having cut yourself while shaving, or wreak your revenge upon objects that cannot resist you, or suffer a pin, a hair, an inuendo, to make you wretched for a week to come, or in short, drive away all your friends from your infirmity, lest they should catch the contagion, or suffer all sorts of annoyances when you expose yourself.” To the envious person he would say, “Sir or Madam, your perceptions are all disordered, you are troubled with a spleen, which turns every thing you hear, see, and feel, to a monster, or at least to something which you try to persuade yourself is a monster. Seek the society of your friends, enter heartily into their amusements, and when you hear one of them say a good thing, or play a good tune, or receive a good compliment, try all you can to enjoy it as well as the rest. They will be surprised; they will become as social with you as with others; and instead of calling their faces ugly, their gestures fantastic, and their heads empty, you will find them very well-looking, decent, and sensible people; or, if their qualities should not amount to so much, you will at least not be disgusted with their manners, or impatient at their ignorance; and above all, you will no longer be subject to that unhappy trick of fancying that in proportion as your acquaintance appear respectable, you, who are their companion, must seem ridiculous. Thus we shall remove your disorder by going up to its cause; your blood, which is inclined to become stagnant, will circulate freely from your heart; and you will shortly get rid of this intolerable oppression, which is neither more nor less than a waking nightmare.”—To the stingy person, the

advice would be short and simple :—"My good friend, your heart's blood is too poor ; you must live better ; I do not mean richly, which is badly ; but always have the best of what is necessary, and instead of laying by a few shillings to be wasted on the apothecary, or to purchase of yourself endless anxieties, throw them at the head of this imaginary necessity which haunts you, and which is a mere bugbear that destroys your comfort, and frightens away your friends." As to sheer avarice, it is, we fear, an incurable disease : the mortification has taken place ; the heart is ossified ; and a general rheumatism, locking up the faculties, prevents the wretched sufferer from administering even to the common sustenance of his nature. But if there is any crisis in such a malady, at which the mental physician could interpose, he would say, "Miserable being, shake off your lethargy and look about you. To what a state have you reduced yourself ! Your feelings have no play ; you have no taste for a sound judgment ; the eye of your conscience never closes. Nothing can save you but a recurrence to the grand and simple remedies which Nature and Reason furnish to the unvitiated. Your heart must be set free ; it is too much confined in that narrow bosom : it wants air and exercise ; it must walk abroad among the beauties of creation, where every thing breathes a glorious enlargement, and where you may regain your spirits for comfort and your appetite for benevolence."

But it is needless to expatiate on the obstructions which mental patients always present to their own cure with a madness so pertinacious. They will not only deny their disease altogether, but will swear they have not a symptom of it, though every thought, look, and action declare to the contrary. They are like vain persons with shoes too tight for their feet, who though galled at every step, and rendered ridiculous in every movement, would rather die on the spot than own themselves uncomfortable. Accordingly they carry about their infirmities with a gravity so inflexible, that were we not convinced of their sufferings, their appearance would be altogether ludicrous, especially if we personified the figures they cut by the supposition of a similar behaviour under bodily afflictions. For instance, the man of bad temper may be regarded as one with a whitlow at the end of every finger, which smarts with agony at the slightest touch, and which he nevertheless persists in keeping sore. The envious man is one who in the height of a fever is to be satisfied with nothing less than running his head against his neighbour's wall, or hanging himself upon a pear-tree that looks over it, or getting his best friend to beat him about the head and shoulders. The ladies under this affliction resemble those superannuated gallants, who whenever they see a white hand, imagine they feel it smacking their faces or scratching their eyes, and fall into an agony of admiration at every beauty that comes across them,—with this difference however, that the flames and racks, of which the latter talk so ridiculously, are felt in all their misery by the former, and the agony above-mentioned does really constitute the torment of their lives. A person with mean habits of saving, who is continually pinching and shuffling, is as stupid as one who should cherish an affection of the

skin, perpetually irritating to himself and disgusting to others: but the confirmed miser is a man positively vain of his wen, and not only so, but anxious to increase it by all possible means to an intolerable burden.

We forbear to follow up the analogy beyond these common and every day maladies, which every body may compare. It is sufficient to know that there is not a single one of them, the cure of which is out of our power, if we set ourselves earnestly to look for its origin; but such is the fatality of human folly, and so resolute are rational beings to keep themselves wretched, that they hug disease to their hearts when they would shudder at a chilblain or a cut finger. And yet if people would really think of this origin,—if they would really exercise their reflection upon the causes of the chagrins, the anxieties, the mortifications, the tears, and the agonies that are continually arising from the pettiest and most despicable things, it is hardly possible but that many of them would alter upon self-inspection, even were there nothing more to induce them than a sense of the ridiculous.

Meditating on this subject the other evening, at that still and delightful hour, when it is just too dark to read but too light to have candles, we got into one of our usual reveries, and fancied ourselves a kind of mental doctor above-mentioned, who from being overwhelmed with practice had stolen an hour's slumber after dinner. In the midst of our enjoyment, we thought that a footman came abruptly in to call us to his master, who had been in a dismal way, he told us, ever since the preceding morning,—refusing every kind of solace, and giving symptoms of what was apprehended to be insanity. We asked the footman what he had seen of the disorder; and, while getting ready to go, received the following account: "Sir," said he, "I have always thought that my master was not quite right; but for these two days he has been worse than ever. Such snapping, and snarling, and kicking this thing and kicking t'other, for all the world as if he had been bit! This morning, I only went to give him his shoes, which never can be polished enough to suit him, and he kicked his slippers off in my face, and asked me whether I meant to ruin him in blacking? At dinner yesterday he said that the sweet wine was vinegar; broke one of the tumblers and kicked the dog under the table for it; swore that the mistress meant to provoke him because she helped him to all the nicest bits at table; and smacked my young lady's cheek for going out of the room, which he said was flying in his face. Afterwards he grew a little quiet, but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! Sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Thinks I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal and went about like a ghost." We were glad to learn that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since we should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to its cause, as would have been the case with a longer duration. We proceeded as fast as possible to the

house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles; he was aware that we understood his malady; and guessing our object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying ourselves from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, we were pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through its various excitements. He was at that moment labouring under a threat of disinheriting his son. We accordingly traced the disorder from the disinheriting to a hat-box belonging to the young gentleman, which happened to have fallen in his way; from the hat-box to a snuff-box which he had let fall after dinner; from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in his chair; from the dozing in his chair to an enormous meal during which he had abused all that he swallowed; from the enormous meal to a speech made by his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture so much upon a dish that had disagreed with him; from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant who stood near, and who appeared to him to be laughing in his sleeve: from the servant, after a number of petty turns and stumbling blocks too numerous for detail, to the well-blacked shoes; from the well-blacked shoes to a hasty mouthful of hot tea; from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting up late; from getting up late, which it seems he did half from sleepiness and half from being ashamed to shew his face, to restlessness and peevishness all night; from restlessness and peevishness all night to a hearty supper, which he abused as usual; from the hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his wife:—here we lost scent for a time, for as the footman had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant during the stay of his company; but we found the link again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left the room, as the footman related;—from the gentleness of his daughter, who we found was very like her mother, we proceeded with our tracing to the good things to which his wife had helped him at dinner; from the good things to which his wife helped him at dinner, to a glass which he broke in the middle of it; from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves, arising from a refusal which he had just given an old friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him; from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and patience of his family all the morning; from the tears and patience of his family to a long lecture which he had been giving them on their want of attachment to him; from the long lecture he had been giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast; from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private, mysterious lecture given to his wife before he came down stairs; and, at last from the private lecture, we came to the grand secret of all,—to the fountain of this Nile of tears,—to the immediate cause of all the taunts, trials, and miseries which a whole family had been suffering for two long days, and which nobody but ourselves dared to mention to the unhappy being.—It was A PIN!—Our hero had taken up the comb to his head, when a pin which had unluckily found its way between the teeth and hung at a right angle from it by the head, gave him a light scratch on the pericranium. “Zounds!” exclaimed the gentleman, turning red. “Bless

us!" ejaculated the lady, turning pale;—and then the said lecture ensued, which put an end to two whole days of good-humour on his part, and an equal holiday of comfort on that of his household.

How a cure is to be brought about in diseases of this kind, we have not room to shew here; but it is a work of much time and patience. The close of our dream in 1811 was clearly in the wrong; for we fancied ourselves effecting it on the spot. All we can say at present is, that the doctor must take care he does not want curing himself; and that the great art towards the patient, as we heard a friend say of peevish children, consists in reconciling him, not so much to others, as to himself.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1820.

It has been a great relief to us during our illness (from which, we trust, we are now recovering) to find that the re-publication of some former pieces from other periodical works has not been disapproved. Being still compelled to make up our numbers in this way, we have the pleasure of supplying the greater part of the present one with some Table-Talk, with which a friend entertained us on a similar occasion a few years ago in the Examiner. To the reader who happens not to be acquainted with them they will be acceptable for very obvious reasons: those who remember them, will be glad to read them again; and as for ourselves, besides the other reasons for being gratified, we feel particular satisfaction in recalling to the author's memory as well as our own, some genuine morsels of writing which he appears to have forgotten.—What follows, of our own, is from the work mentioned in our last; and the merry letter, in conclusion, is from an acquaintance, whose intimacy with the wits of antiquity does not hinder him from cracking jokes for us sickly moderns. His jokes, in every respect, were never more in season.

BOOKS WITH ONE IDEA IN THEM.

Dull poetry is to me far more oppressive than the same quantity of dullness in prose. The act of attending to the metre is perfectly painful where there is nothing to repay one in the thought. Of heavy prose I can swallow a good dose. I do not know that I was ever deterred from reading through a book which I had begun, supposing the subject to be to my mind, except Patrick's Pilgrim. The freezing, appalling, petrifying dullness of that book is quite astounding. Yet is there one lively image in the preface, which an author in the present day might comfort himself by applying to his reviewers: "If the writer of these pages shall chance to meet with any that shall only

study to cavil and pick a quarrel with him, he is prepared beforehand to take no notice of it, nor to be more troubled at their incivility, than a devout hermit is at the ugly faces which the creatures who something resemble men make at him as he is walking through the deserts." An amusing catalogue might be made of books which contain but one good passage. They would be a sort of single speech Hamiltons; if Balaam's palfrey might not be thought a more apt counterpart to them. Killigrew's play of the Parson's Wedding, which in length of massy dullness exceeds many books, is remarkable for one little spark of liveliness. The languishing fine lady of the piece exclaims most characteristically, upon coming in tired with walking: "I am glad I am come home, for I am e'en as weary with this walking. For God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could never find it." Charron on Wisdom, a cumbrous piece of formality, which Pope's eulogium lately betrayed me into the perusal of, has one splendid passage; page 138, (I think) English translation. It contrasts the open honours with which we invest the sword, as the means of putting man out of the world, with the concealing and retiring circumstances that accompany his introduction into it. It is a piece of gorgeous and happy eloquence.—What could Pope mean by that line,—“sage Montaigne, or more sage Charron?” Montaigne is an immense treasure-house of observation, anticipating all the discoveries of succeeding essayists. You cannot dip in him without being struck with the aphorism, that there is nothing new under the sun. All the writers on common life since him have done nothing but echo him. You cannot open him without detecting a Spectator, or starting a Rambler; besides that his own character pervades the whole, and binds it sweetly together. Charron is a mere piece of formality; scholastic dry bones, without sinew or living flesh.

GRAY'S BARD.

The beard of Gray's Bard, “streaming like a meteor,” had always struck me as an injudicious imitation of the Satanic ensign in the *Paradise Lost*, which

full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind:

till the other day I met with a passage in Heywood's old play, *The Four Prentices of London*, which it is difficult to imagine not to be the origin of the similitude in both poets. The line in *Italics Gray*, has almost verbatim adopted—

In Sion towers hangs his victorious flag,
Blowing defiance this way; and it shews
Like a red meteor in the troubled air,
Or like a blazing comet that fortells
The fall of princes.

All here is noble, and as it should be. The comparison enlarges the thing compared without stretching it upon a violent rack, till it bursts with ridiculous explosion. The application of such gorgeous imagery to an old man's beard is of a piece with the Bardolfian bombast: "see you these meteors, these exhalations?" or the raptures of an Oriental lover, who should compare his mistress's nose to a watch-tower or a steeple. The presageful nature of the meteor, which makes so fine an adjunct of the simile in Heywood, Milton has judiciously omitted, as less proper to his purpose; but he seems not to have overlooked the beauty of it, by his introducing the superstition in a succeeding book—

like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

PLAY-HOUSE MEMORANDA.

I once sat in the Pit of Drury-lane Theatre next to a blind man, who, I afterwards learned, was a street musician, well known about London. The play was Richard the Third, and it was curious to observe the interest which he took in every successive scene, so far more lively than could be perceived in any of the company around him. At those pathetic interviews between the Queen and Duchess of York, after the murder of the children, his eyes (or rather the places where eyes should have been) gushed out tears in torrents, and he sat entranced in attention, while every one about him was fittering, partly at him, and partly at the grotesque figures and wretched action of the women, who had been selected by managerial taste to personate those royal mourners. Having no drawback of sight to impair his sensibilities, he simply attended to the scene, and received its unsophisticated impression. So much the rather her celestial light shone inward. I was pleased with an observation which he made, when I asked him how he liked Kemble, who played Richard. I should have thought (said he) that that man had been reading something out of a book, if I had not known that I was in a play-house.

I was once amused in a different way by a knot of country people who had come to see a play at that same Theatre. They seemed perfectly inattentive to all the best performers for the first act or two, though the piece was admirably played, but kept poring in the play-bill, and were evidently watching for the appearance of one, who was

to be the source of supreme delight to them that night. At length the expected actor arrived, who happened to be in possession of a very insignificant part, not much above a mule. I saw their faint attempt at raising a clap on his appearance, and their disappointment at not being seconded by the audience in general. I saw them try to admire and to find out something very wonderful in him, and wondering all the while at the moderate sensation he produced. I saw their pleasure and their interest subside at last into flat mortification, when the riddle was at once unfolded by my recollecting that this performer bore the same name with an actor, then in the acme of his celebrity, at Covent-Garden, but who lately finished his theatrical and mortal career on the other side the Atlantic. They had come to see Mr. C—, but had come to the wrong house.

Is it a stale remark to say, that I have constantly found the interest excited at a play-house to bear an exact inverse proportion to the price paid for admission. Formerly, when my sight and hearing were more perfect, and my purse a little less so, I was a frequenter of the upper gallery in the old Theatres. The eager attention, the breathless listening, the anxiety not to lose a word, the quick anticipation of the significance of the scene, (every sense kept as it were upon a sharp look out), which are exhibited by the occupiers of those higher and now almost out-of-sight regions (who, going seldom to a play, cannot afford to lose any thing by inattention), suffer some little diminution, as you descend to the lower or two-shilling ranks; but still the joy is lively and unallayed, save by some little incursion of manners, the expression of it is expected to abate somewhat of its natural liveliness. The oaken plaudits of the trunk-maker would here be considered as going a little beyond the line.—In the pit first begins that accursed critical faculty, which, making a man the judge of his own pleasures, too often constitutes him the executioner of his own and others! You may see the jealousy of being unduly pleased, the suspicion of being taken in to admire; in short, the vile critical spirit, creeping and diffusing itself, and spreading from the wrinkled brows and cloudy eyes of the front row sages and newspaper reporters (its proper residence), till it infects and clouds over the thoughtless, vacant countenance, of John Bull, tradesmen, and clerks of counting-houses, who, but for that approximation, would have been contented to have grinned without rule, and to have been pleased without asking why. The sitting next a critic is contagious. Still now and then, a genuine spectator is to be found among them, a shopkeeper and his family, whose honest titillations of mirth, and generous chucklings of applause, cannot wait or be at leisure to take the cue from the sour judging faces about them. Haply they never dreamed that there were such animals in nature as critics or reviewers; even the idea of an author may be a speculation they never entered into; but they take the mirth they find as a pure effusion of the actor-folks, set there on purpose to make them fun. I love the unenquiring gratitude of such spectators. As for the Boxes, I never can understand what brings the people there. I see such frigid indifference, such unconcerned spectatorship, such impenetra-

bility to pleasure or its contrary, such being in the house and yet not of it, certainly they come far nearer the nature of the Gods, upon the system of Lucretius at least, than those honest, hearty, well-pleased, unindifferent mortals above, who, from time immemorial, have had that name, upon no other ground than situation, assigned them.

Take the play-house altogether, there is a less sum of enjoyment than used to be. Formerly you might see something like the effect of novelty upon a citizen, his wife and daughters; in the Pit; their curiosity upon every new face that entered upon the stage. The talk of how they got in at the door, and how they were crowded upon some former occasion, made a topic till the curtain drew up. People go too often now-a-days to make their ingress or egress of consequence. Children of seven years of age will talk as familiarly of the performers, aye and as knowingly (according to the received opinion) as grown persons; more than the grown persons in my time. Oh when shall I forget first seeing a play, at the age of five or six? It was Artaxerxes. Who played, or who sang in it, I know not. Such low ideas as actors' names, or actors' merits, never entered my head. The mystery of delight was not cut open and dissipated for me by those who took me there. It was Artaxerxes and Arbaces and Mandane that I saw, not Mr. Beard, or Mr. Leoni, or Mrs. Kennedy. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams. I was in Persia for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion in the Temple almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. I was, with Uriel, in the body of the sun.—What should I have gained by knowing (as I should have done, had I been born thirty years later) that that solar representation was a mere painted scene, that had neither fire nor light in itself, and that the royal phantoms, which passed in review before me, were but such common mortals as I could see every day out of my father's window? We crush the faculty of delight and wonder in children, by explaining every thing. We take them to the source of the Nile, and shew them the scanty runnings, instead of letting the beginnings of that sevenfold stream remain in impenetrable darkness, a mysterious question of wonderment and delight to ages.

THE TRUE ENJOYMENT OF SPLENDOUR,

A CHINESE APOLOGUE.

Doubtless, saith the illustrious Me, he that gaineth much possession hath need of the wrists of Hong and the seriousness of Shan-Fee, since palaces are not built with a teaspoon, nor are to be kept by one who runneth after butterflies. But above all it is necessary that he who

carrieth a great burden, whether of gold or silver, should hold his head as lowly as is necessary, lest on lifting it on high he bring his treasure to nought, and lose with the spectators the glory of true gravity, which is meekness.

Quo, who was the son of Quee, who was the son of Quee-Fong, who was the five hundred and fiftieth in lineal descent from the ever-to-be-remembered Fing, chief minister of the Emperor Yau, one day walked out into the streets of Pekin in all the lustre of his rank. Quo, besides the greatness of his birth and the multitude of his accomplishments, was a courtier of the first order, and his pigtail was proportionate to his merits, for it hung down to the ground and kissed the dust as it went with its bunch of artificial roses. Ten huge and sparkling rings, which encrusted his hands with diamonds, and almost rivalled the sun that struck on them, led the ravished eyes of the beholders to the more precious enormity of his nails, which were each an inch long, and by proper nibbing might have taught the barbarians of the West to look with just scorn on their many-writing machines. But even these were nothing to the precious stones that covered him from head to foot. His bonnet, in which a peacock's feather was stuck in a most engaging manner, was surmounted by a sapphire of at least the size of a pigeon's egg; his shoulders and sides sustained a real burden of treasure; and as he was one of the handsomest men at court, being exceedingly corpulent, and indeed, as his flatterers gave out, hardly able to walk, it may be imagined that he proceeded at no undignified pace. He would have ridden in his sedan, had he been lighter of body, but so much unaffected corpulence was not to be concealed, and he went on foot that nobody might suspect him of pretending to a dignity he did not possess. Behind him, three servants attended, clad in the most gorgeous silks; the middle one held his umbrella over his head; he on the right bore a fan of ivory, whereon were carved the exploits of Whay-Quang; and he on the left sustained a purple bag on each arm, one containing opium and Areca-nut, the other the ravishing preparation of Gin-Seng, which possesses the Five Relishes. All the servants looked the same way as their master, that is to say, straight forward, with their eyes majestically half-shut, only they cried every now and then with a loud voice,—“Vanish from before the illustrious Quo, favourite of the mighty Brother of the Sun and Moon.”

Though the favourite looked neither to the right nor to the left, he could not but perceive the great homage that was paid him as well by the faces as the voices of the multitude. But one person, a Bonze, seemed transported beyond all the rest with an enthusiasm of admiration, and followed at a respectful distance from his side, bowing to the earth at every ten paces and exclaiming, “Thanks to my lord for his jewels!” After repeating this for about six times, he increased the expressions of his gratitude, and said, “Thanks to my illustrious lord from his poor servant for his glorious jewels,”—and then again, “Thanks to my illustrious lord, whose eye knoweth not degradation, from his poor servant, who is not fit to exist before him, for his jewels that make the rays of the sun look like ink.” In short, the man's

gratitude was so great, and its language delivered in phrases so choice, that Quo could contain his curiosity no longer, and turning aside, demanded to know his meaning: "I have not given you the jewels," said the favourite, "and why should you thank me for them?"

"Refulgent Quo!" answered the Bonze, again bowing to the earth, "what you say is as true as the five maxims of Fo, who was born without a father:—but your slave repeats his thanks, and is indeed infinitely obliged. You must know, O dazzling son of Quee, that of all my sect I have perhaps the greatest taste for enjoying myself. Seeing my lord therefore go by, I could not but be transported at having so great a pleasure, and said to myself, 'The great Quo is very kind to me and my fellow-citizens: he has taken infinite labour to acquire his magnificence; he takes still greater pains to preserve it, and all the while, I, who am lying under a shed, enjoy it for nothing.'"

A hundred years after, when the Emperor Whang heard this story, he diminished the expenditure of his household one half, and ordered the dead Bonze to be raised to the rank of a Colao.

ON THE TALKING OF NONSENSE.

MR. INDICATOR,—What! and do you really mean to say that this, at page 62, No. 60, is "a specimen of a joke run down?" For "run down," read "wound up." There are limits to human wisdom, but none to folly. Hercules might come to a stand still, but our merry friend with the bauble was never heard to exclaim ne plus ultra. After reading your pleasant article in our coterie the other evening, we took down "the book" you allude to, (it gets into most libraries of any size), and it quickly inspired us with the following dry jokes:—

A. Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum,—Post-habui—seria ludo. Allons. I know an infant who, on merely seeing it, was cured of water in the head.

B. A dropsical gentleman given over by his physicians was never tapped again, after he had read it.

A. Carry a copy under your arm, and you need no umbrella.

B. A number were sent over to Ireland, just at the time they had almost abandoned the idea of reclaiming bogs.

C. A friend of mine on the coast has recovered ninety acres of land from the sea, by possessing a copy. He calls it his Copyhold land.

A. Southey tells me, that Kehama had one in his pocket when he walked into the ocean, and it divided.

B. When I travel, I always take it to read in bed; and though I never use a warming pan, I never had the rheumatism in my life.

A. It must be a very ancient work, for we owe to it the origin of the terms "dry study," "dry reading," &c.

C. It is not generally known, but the conjurer rubs himself with it, before he dips his arm in boiling water.

B. Some one swearing, Kissed it in jest, which brought on the complaint of parched lips. Feeling this, he threw it down, and trampling on it, was laid up with chilblains.

C. It is an excellent substitute in bathing for an oil-skin cap.

A. It is said to be very superior in efficacy to a devil'd-biscuit.

D. It is found in most libraries, which occasions such an accumulation of dust in those places.

B. A nurse, who took it up by accident, was obliged to wean the child directly.

D. A widow that I know, after burying her husband, retired to her closet, and having read a page, never shed another tear. This may be considered its greatest miracle!

C. Its author, who is said to have run mad during the dog-days, wrote it on the sands of Africa, from whence it was brought to this quarter of the globe by means of the Sirocco. "Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius," is, as you now see, a mighty foolish maxim; and, as a foolish bit of Latin makes a very appropriate conclusion to the English that precedes it,

" *Vivas in amore jocisque—*
Vive vale.*"

* *

* Live and preserve your health for other folks,
And don't forget to love, and crack your jokes.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXIII.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1820.

THE author of the *Table-Talk* in our last has obliged us with the following pungent morsels of Sir Thomas More,—devils, we may call them. Brantome, noticing the oaths of some eminent Christian man-slayers, and informing us that “the good man, Monsieur de la Roche du Maine, swore by ‘God’s head full of relics,’” adds in a parenthesis,—“Where the devil did he get that?”—“Ou diable avoit-il trouvé celui-là?” We may apply this vivacious mode of questioning, with a more critical propriety, to these eminent Christian opposers of reformation, past, present, and to come, and ask them, where the devil they get a notion that they are on the side of charity? It is possible to hate for the sake of a loving theory; but it is a dangerous piece of self-flattery, and more likely to spring up in hating than loving minds. If it partakes of the reverent privileges of sorrow in those who are unsuccessful or oppressed, it is odious in those who are flourishing, and we are afraid is nothing but sheer dogmatism and tyranny even in men as great as Sir Thomas More.

We return our thanks to C. W. for the amusement as well as assistance which his pursuit of the dry joke has afforded us. It is very pleasant, circumstantial, and outrageous. We have particular satisfaction in drinking his health after it, especially if he has been an invalid like ourselves, as from his signature we are inclined to suspect. We hope to resume our work in a week or two.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Of the writings of this distinguished character little is remembered at present beyond his *Eutopia*, and some Epigrams. But there is extant a massive folio of his Theological Works in English, partly Practical Divinity, but for the greater part Polemis, against the grand Lutheran Heresy, just then beginning to flower. From these I many

years ago made some extracts, rejecting only the antiquated orthography, (they being intended only for my own amusement) except in some instances of proper names, &c. I send them you as I find them, thinking that some of your readers may consider them as curious. The first is from a Tract against Tyndale, called the *Confutation of Tyndale's Answer*.* The author of *Religio Medici* somewhere says, "his conscience would give him the lye, if she should say that he absolutely detested or hated any essence *but the Devil*." Whether Browne was not out in his metaphysics, when he supposed himself capable of hating, that is, *entertaining a personal aversion to*, a being so abstracted, or such a Concrete of all irreconcilable abstractions rather, as usually passes for the meaning of that name, I contend not; but that the same hatred in kind, which he professed against our great spiritual enemy, was in downright earnest cultivated and defended by More against that portentous phenomenon in those times, a *Heretic*, from his speeches against Luther and Tyndale cannot for a moment be doubted. His account of poor Hytton which follows (a reformed priest of the day) is penned with a wit and malice hyper-satanic. It is infinitely diverting in the midst of its diabolism, if it be not rather, what Coleridge calls,

Too wicked for a smile, too foolish for a tear.

— "now to the intent that ye may somewhat see what good Christian faith Sir Thomas Hytton was of, this new saint of Tindale's canonization, in whose burning Tindale so gaily glorieth, and which hath his holiday so now appointed to him, that St. Polycarpus must give him place in the Calendar, I shall somewhat show you what wholesome heresies this holy martyr held. First ye shall understand, that he was a priest, and falling to Luther's sect, and after that to the sect of Friar Huskin and Zwinglius, cast off matins and mass, and all divine service, and so became an apostle, sent to and fro, between our English heretics beyond the sea, and such as were here at home. Now happed it so, that after he had visited here his holy congregations in divers corners and lusk's lanes, and comforted them in the Lord to stand stiff with the devil in their errors and heresies, as he was going back again at Gravesend, God considering the great labour that he had taken already, and determining to bring his business to his well-deserved end, gave him suddenly such a favour and so great a grace in the visage, that every man that beheld him took him for a thief. For whereas there had been certain linen clothes pilfered away that were hanging on an hedge, and Sir Thomas Hitton was walking not far off suspiciously in the meditation of his heresies: the people doubting that the beggarly knave had stolen the clouts, fell in question with him and searched him, and so found they certain letters secretly conveyed in his coat, written from evangelical brethren here unto the evangelical heretics beyond the sea. And upon those letters founden, he was with his letters brought before the most Rev. Father in God the Archbishop of Canterbury, and

* To some foregone Tract of More's, of which I have lost the title.

afterward as well by his Lordship as by the Rev. Father the Bishop of Rochester examined, and after for his abominable heresies delivered to the secular hands and burned."

What follows (from the same Tract) is *mildened* a little by the introduction of the name of Erasmus, More's intimate friend; though by the sting in the rear of it, it is easy to see, that it was to a little temporising only, and to some thin politic partitions from these Reformers, that Erasmus owed his exemption from the bitter anathemas More had in store for them. The *love* almost make the *hate* more shocking by the contrast!

—"Then he (Tyndale) asketh me why I have not contended with Erasmus, whom he calleth my darling, of all this long while, for translating of this word *ecclesia* into this word *congregationis*. And then he cometh forth with his feat proper taunt, that I favour him of likelihood for making of his Book of MORIA in my house. There had he hit me, lo! save for lack of a little salt. I have not contended with Erasmus my darling, because I found no such malicious intent with Erasmus my darling, as I find with Tyndale. For had I found with Erasmus my darling the shrewd intent and purpose, that I find in Tyndale, Erasmus my darling should be no more my darling. But I find in Erasmus my darling, that he detesteth and abhorreth the errors and heresies, that Tyndale plainly teacheth and abideth by, and therefore Erasmus my darling shall be my dear darling still. And surely if Tyndale had either never taught them, or yet had the grace to revoke them, then should Tyndale be my dear darling too. But while he holdeth such heresies still, I cannot take for my darling him that the devil taketh for his darling."

The next extract is from a "Dialogue concerning Heresies," and has always struck me as a master-piece of eloquent logic, and something in the manner of Burke, when he is stripping a sophism *sophistically*; as he treats Paine, and others *passim*.

—"And not to be of the foolish mind that Luther is, which wished in a sermon of his, that he had in his hand all the pieces of the holy cross, and saith that, if he so had, he would throw them there as never sun should shine on them. And for what worshipful reason would the wretch do such villainy to the cross of Christ? because, as he saith, that there is so much gold now bestowed about the garnishing of the pieces of the cross, that there is none left for poor folk. Is not this an high reason? as though all the gold, that is now bestowed about the pieces of the holy cross, would not have failed to have been given to poor men, if they had not been bestowed about the garnishing of the cross. And as though there were nothing lost, but that is bestowed about Christ's cross. Take all the gold, that is spent about all the pieces of Christ's cross through Christendom (albeit many a good Christen prince, and other goodly people, hath honourably garnished many pieces thereof), yet, if all the gold were gathered together, it would appear a poor portion, in comparison of the gold that is be-

stowed upon cups. What speak we of cups? in which the gold, albeit that it be not given to poor men, yet is it saved, and may be given in alms when men will, *which they never will*; how small a portion, ween we, were the gold about all the pieces of Christ's cross, if it were compared with the gold that is *quite cast away* about the gilding of knives, swords, spurs, arras, and painted clothes: and (as though these things could not consume gold fast enough) the gilding of posts, and whole roofs, not only in palaces of princes and great prelates, but also many right mean men's houses. And yet, among all these things, could Luther spy no gold that *grievously glittered in his bleared eyes*, but only about the cross of Christ.—For that gold, if it were thence, the wise man weeneth, it would be strait given to poor men, and that where he daily see'th, that such as have their purse full of gold, give to the poor not one piece thereof; but, if they give ought, they ransack the bottom among all the gold, to seek out here an halfpenny, or in his country a brass penny whereof four make a farthing: *such goodly causes find they, that pretend holiness for the colour of their cloaked heresies.*"

I subjoin from the same "Dialogue" More's cunning defence of Miracles done at Saints' shrines, on Pilgrimages, &c. all which he defends, as he was bound by holy church to do, most stoutly. The manner of it is arch and surprising, and the narration infinitely naive; the matter is the old fallacy of confounding miracles (things happening out of nature) with natural things, the grounds of which we cannot explain. In this sense every thing is a miracle, and nothing is.

—"And first if men should tell you, that they saw before an image of the crucifix a dead man raised to life, ye would much marvel thereof, and so might ye well; yet could I tell you somewhat that I have seen myself, that methinketh as great marvel, but I have no lust to tell you, because that ye be so circumspect and ware in belief of any miracles, that ye would not believe it for me, but mistrust me for it.

"Nay, Sir, (quod he), in good faith, if a thing seemed to me never so unlikely, yet if ye would earnestly say that yourself have seen it, I neither would nor could mistrust it.

"Well (quod I) then ye make me the bolder to tell ye. And yet will I tell you nothing, but that I would, if need were, find you good witness to prove it.

"It shall not need, Sir, (quod he), but I beseech you let me hear it.

"Forsooth (quod I) because we speak of a man raised from death to life. There was in the parish of St. Stephen's in Walbrook, in London, where I dwelled before I come to Chelsith, a man and a woman, which are yet quick and quething, and young were they both. The eldest I am sure passed not twenty-four. It happed them, as doth among folk, the one to cast the mind to the other. And after many lets, for the maiden's mother was much against it, at last they came together, and were married in St. Stephen's church, which is not greatly famous for many miracles, but yet yearly on St. Stephen's day it is somewhat sought unto and visited with folk's devotion. But now short tale to make, this young woman (as manner is in brides ye wot

well) was at night brought to bed with honest women. And then after that went the bridegroom to bed, and every body went their ways, and left them twain there alone. And the same night, yet abide let me not lie, now on faith to say the truth I am not very sure of the time, but surely as it appeared afterward, it was of likelihood the same night, or some other time soon after, except it happened a little before.

“No force for the time (quod he).

“Truth (quod I) and as for the matter, all the parish will testify for truth, the woman was known for so honest. But for the conclusion, the seed of them twained turned in the woman’s body, first into blood, and after into shape of manchild. And then waxed quick, and she great therewith. And was within the year delivered of a fair boy, and forsooth it was not then (for I saw it myself) passing the length of a foot. And I am sure he is grown now an inch longer than I.

“How long is it ago? (quod he).

“By my faith (quod I) about twenty-one years.

“Tush! (quod he), this is a worthy miracle!

“In good faith, (quod I) never wist I that any man could tell that he had any other beginning. And methinketh that this is as great a miracle as the raising of a dead man.”

Diabolical Possession was a rag of the the old abomination, which this Contunder of Heresies thought himself obliged no less to wrap tightly about the loins of his faith, than any of the *splendiores panni* of the old red Harlot. But (read with allowance for the belief of the times) the narrative will be found affecting, particularly in what relates to the parents of the damsel, “rich, and sore abashed.”

——“Amongst which (*true miracles*) I durst boldly tell you for one, the wonderful work of God, that was within these few years wrought, in the house of a right worshipful knight, Sir Roger Wentworth, upon divers of his children, and especially one of his daughters, a very fair young gentlewoman of twelve years of age, in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil, her mind alienated and raving with despising and blasphemy of God, and hatred of all hallowed things, with knowledge and perceiving of the hallowed from the unhallowed, all were she nothing warned thereof. And after that moved in her own mind, and monished by the will of God, to go to our Lady of Ippiswitche. In the way of which pilgrimage, she prophesied and told many things done and said at the same time in other places, which were proved true, and many things said, lying in her trance, of such wisdom and learning, that right cunning men highly marvelled to hear of so young an unlearned maiden, when herself wist not what she said, such things uttered and spoken, as well learned men might have missed with a long study, and finally being brought and laid before the Image of our Blessed Lady, was there in the sight of many worshipful people so grievously tormented, and in face, eyen, look, and countenance, so griesly changed, and her mouth drawn aside, and her eyen laid out upon her cheeks, that it was a terrible sight to behold. And after many marvellous things at the same time shewed upon divers per-

sons by the devil upon God's sufferance, as well all the remnant as the maiden herself, in the presence of all the company, restored to their good state perfectly cured and suddenly. And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of feigning, no possibility of counterfeiting, no simpleness in the seers, her father and mother right honourable and rich, *sore abashed to see such chances in their children*, the witnesses great number, and many of great worship, wisdom, and good experience, the maid herself too young to feign, and the end of the matter virtuous, the virgin so moved in her mind with the miracle, that she forthwith for aught her father could do, forsook the world, and profest religion in a very good and godly company at the Mynoresse, where she hath lived well and gracious ever since."

I shall trouble you with one Excerpt more, from a "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation;" because the style of it is solemn and weighty; and because it was written by More in his last imprisonment in the Tower, preparatory to his sentence. After witnessing his treatment of Sir John Hytton, and his brethren, we shall be inclined to mitigate some of our remorse, that More should have suffered death himself *for conscience sake*. The reader will not do this passage justice, if he do not read it as part of a sermon; and as putting himself into the feelings of an auditory of More's Creed and Times.

—"But some men now when this calling of God [any tribulation] causeth them to be sad, they be loth to leave their sinful lusts that hang in their hearts, and specially if they have any such kind of living, as they must needs leave off, or fall deeper in sin: or if they have done so many great wrongs, that they have many 'mends to make, that must (if they follow God) 'minish much their money, then are these folks (alas) woefully bewrapped, for God pricketh upon them of his great goodness still, and the grief of this great pang pincheth them at the heart, and of wickedness they wry away, and fro this tribulation they turn to their flesh for help, and labour to shake off this thought, and then they mend their pillow, and lay their head softer, and assay to sleep; and when that will not be, then they find a talk awhile with them that lie by them. If that cannot be neither, then they lie and long for day, and then get them forth about their worldly wretchedness, the matter of their prosperity, the self-same sinful things with which they displease God most, and at length with many times using this manner, God utterly casteth them off. And then they set nought neither by God nor devil. * * * But alas! when death cometh, then cometh again their sorrow, then will no soft bed serve, nor no company make him merry, then must he leave his outward worship and comfort of his glory, and lie panting in his bed as if he were on a pine-bank, then cometh his fear of his evil life and his dreadful death. Then cometh the torment, his cumbered conscience and fear of his heavy judgment. Then the devil draweth him to despair with imagination of hell, and suffereth him not then to take it for a fable. And yet if he do, then findeth it the wretch no fable. * * * Some have I seen even in their last

sickness set up in their death-bed underpropped with pillows, take their play-fellows to them, and comfort themselves with cards, and this they said did ease them well to put fantasies out of their heads; and what fantasies trow you? such as I told you right now of, their own lewd life and peril of their soul, of heaven and of hell that irked them to think of, and therefore cast it out with cards' play as long as ever they might, till the pure pangs of death pulled their heart fro their play, and put them in the case they could not reckon their game. And then left them the gameners, and slily slunk away, and long was it not ere they galped up the ghost. And what game they came then to, that God knoweth and not I. I pray God it were good, but I fear it very sore."

THE "DRY BOOK."

A. A bibliomaniac, who possessed it in his library, discovered that it gave his house the dry rot.

B. A man who carried it about him for one day was afflicted with a dry cough till his death.

A. The trustees of a road in Wales have their toll-tickets printed on the waste sheets of it; the London hackney-coachmen go down there, drive once through the gates, take a ticket, and are always dry in wet weather.

B. A friend of mine who lived in a damp house, careful of the consequences of a charcoal chaffing-dish, kept one in his bed-room, and waked in the morning in a high-fever, from the drowth it occasioned.

A. A gardener wrapt a water-melon in a waste sheet of it, and, on cutting it up, found it as dusty as a dry poppy-head.

B. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it, instead of slates, and it answers the end.

A. A hatter makes water-proof hats by pasting an inch of it in the inside.

B. A bunch of grapes was bagged in it, and in half an hour they became dried raisins.

A. They dry grasses and winter-fodder for cattle, by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

B. If you place a leaf of it in the heart of a hay-rick, it never fires from damp.

A. A cow that was milked by a man who had heard its title-page read never yielded milk afterwards.

B. I knew a laundress who bought the last edition of it, and sold her drying-ground immediately.

A. A spiteful critic took a review of it to Sadler's Wells, and they were obliged to postpone the water-piece usual at that theatre.

B. If you take it to sea, the ship never leaks : the ship-caulkers are starving in consequence.

A. If a mariner has breath enough to repeat a paragraph of it, when he falls overboard, he cannot drown.

B. Tradition says, that Richard, Duke of Gloster, leaned his elbow on it, and his arm became dry and withered.

A. Ladies who are shocked at that robustious indication of good health, a moist palm, touch it once, and their hands become dry as a mummy's.

B. A star-gazer fell into a deep well with the work in his pocket ; it saved his life from drowning, though he died in three weeks of starvation, after eating his boots, because he could neither get out, nor digest one of its arguments.

A. I know an author of a very prolific brain who fell asleep with his head resting on it, and he has had a dry brain ever since.

B. It is said to be the book that gave poor Petrarch his death ; he was found dead in his study, his head leaning over it.

A. Now we will change the subject. The vice of wit is, that it too frequently runs into a forgetfulness of the best feelings of the human heart. The death of a man who was "a fine and deep poet, an excellent scholar, a real lover, a fast friend, a patriot, a gentleman, and an honest man," is no subject for a jest.

C. W.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he drifting round about doth sle,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPANISH.

No. LXIV.—WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1820.

THE Editor had hoped to indulge himself this Christmas in some articles respecting the season and its enjoyment ; but he has still found himself too unwell. Perhaps instead of the following, it would have been better to re-publish some papers he wrote on that subject in the *Examiner* ; but this he did not think of till too late. He would have discontinued the INDICATOR at once during the period of his illness, had he not believed that the readers would prefer his piecing the chain in this manner, especially as his cherry-stone workmanship has been helped out with materials more valuable. Two or three sunshiny days will, he trusts, set his veins and his pen and ink flowing again. In the mean time, he cannot but congratulate the town on the very leafy, and truly holiday-like aspect, which it has put on this present Christmas ; and is willing to flatter himself, that his recommendations to that effect for some years past may not have been without their share in producing it.

It is hardly necessary to observe of the following articles, that they do not involve *all* lawyers, or *all* eaters and drinkers who exceed. Lawyers have certainly a great tendency to degenerate ; but the exceptions, (of which we have lately had some admirable specimens) only do some of them the more honour : and excess at table, though not of the most excessive or ungraceful kind, sometimes originates in mere morbidity and exhaustion. And with respect to religious bigots we allude, on this, as on all other occasions where we undertake to censure them, to those only who become such out of selfishness rather than timidity.

HISTORIA PRÆTER-NATURALIS,

SIVE

HENRICULI FUSCI LIBELLUS AUREUS

ANIMALIA HUMANÆ SPECIES DEGENERIORA TRACTANS.

ACCEDIT HOMINIS IPSIUS DESCRIPTIO, VIRI FEMINÆQUE.

THE PRÆTER-NATURAL HISTORY

OF THE MOST DEGENERATE ANIMALS OF THE HUMAN RACE,

BRIEFLY BUT ELEGANTLY SET FORTH,

BY HARRY BROWN.

Londini Westmon. Hamps. Maryl. Var. Jac. Comitum. Soc. Tab. Rotund. Equit.
 Natur. Vindic. Ruricol. Cosmopol. Exam. Polit. Nihilom. Liter. Humanior. Profess.
 Necn. Philos. Imo. Eti. Poe.

To which is added, by the same Author,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TRUE HUMAN BEING, MALE AND FEMALE.

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

In the absence of my learned and illustrious friend, the author of the following chapters (whom I may truly say I respect and love as my own self,) I have been commissioned by him to lay them before the public; which I accordingly do, with a satisfaction far beyond mere Editorship. Should they afterwards be collected into the shape of a book, as doubtless they will, I know it to be the intention of my friend to write a more particular preface of his own; so that I abstain from saying much to that effect, or from availing myself of the numberless things, equally pleasant and profitable, which I have heard him utter on the subject,—both in town and country,—in serious moments and in merry.—I shall only make four brief remarks;—First, that the desirableness of such a work will be obvious at first sight to the readers of Natural History; Second, that there has been an universal and as it were prophetic glimpse of it in the minds of men, as evinced by various phrases in common use, such as “What an animal Y. or Z. is.”—“What a beast W. makes of himself!” &c. &c.;—Third, that the author in his descriptions of the various animals never has in view any particular or pet beast, (which might offend the fanciers of such things,) his studies of them having been very general and philosophic;—and Fourth and last, that it is not within the scope of his work to take notice of the many exceptions to his descriptions in general, particularly of such as have only a slight degeneracy from the original human stock. Of the mode of reclaiming the whole variety, I shall leave the author to speak without further insinuation; merely premising, that he has long been meditating on the subject with various living philosophers, and that this is the great object of all his studies, whether reading Buffon, or Bacon, or Plato, or Shakspeare, or Montaigne, or the face of nature or the heart of man.

And so, gentle reader, peruse and profit.

No. I.—THE BICAUD, OR TWO-TAILED GABBLER.*

‘Ο Νομικός, in Greek.

Jurisconsultus,—Jurisperitus, in Latin.

L'Avvocato, in Italian.

L'Avocat, in French.

The Advocate, Counsellor, or Barrister, in English.

Latin summary:—*Jurisconsultus*, sive *Bicaudis Garrulus*, animal omnino singulare; vultu pallido, calloso, tristi, attamen procaci; tergore nigro, fluxo, anguino, quod exiit sponte sua; mirabiliori autem *cesarie*, alba, pulverulenta, intorta quasi calamistro, bicaudi, quam simul expeditusque deponit.—Ingreditur, potiusve sedet, gregatim: et incidens in folia quædam papyri pertenuia, Anglice dicta *Bank-Notes* sive *Fees*, celat in perula instanter, exultatque in pedes posteriores, garritque gesticulaturque modo simiæ candatæ. †

This is a very singular animal, chiefly remarkable for its having two tails at the back of its head, and for its being moved by the touch of certain thin leaves of the Papyrus, or Paper-tree, to get up on its hind legs, and utter a long discordant gabble. Its skin is black, hangs loosely about it, and can be cast by the animal at pleasure like that of a snake. What is still more extraordinary, it has this faculty also with regard to its two tails and the pallid hairy kind of rug to which they are attached. The rug resembles the natural peruke of certain monkies, or rather the curled rug which is left on the hind quarters of a dog. When it casts its outer skin, it generally appears in a closer one of the same colour; and some of the older *Bicauds*, when they cast their rug, and two tails, produce another tail from beneath like a pig's. But this latter species is going out. The face is generally pale; and like some of the larger tribe of monkies, thoughtful and melancholy. A pert character is nevertheless usually observable in it, and even a hardness and want of feeling; though when young, and before its two tails are grown, or occasionally some time afterwards, it is often a sprightly creature. We have known some, who have little resemblance however to the rest of the species, exhibit a lively emotion at hearing music and poetry, and even at the sight of sculpture; and these will also roam about the fields with a mixed gravity and vivacity, like colts come to years of discretion.

* As the author's manuscripts are not yet arranged, it is very probable that the animals will not come in the order in which I have happened to place them. At all events, the Bicaud is not to be taken as the leading degeneracy, it being neither best nor worst among the Anthropomorphites.—I take this opportunity of mentioning, that an edition of the work will most likely appear at a future day with the plates usual in these histories, which will add much to the liveliness of the impression.

† The Counsellor, Bicaud, or Two-Tailed Gabbler, a creature altogether singular. Its countenance is at once pale, callous, melancholy, and pert: its skin black, hanging down, and put off at will like a snake's. It has a still more remarkable head of hair, white, powdered, curled as if with irons, and double-tailed; which it removes at the same time and with greater ease. The Bicauds go, or rather sit in flocks; and whenever one of them alights upon certain flimsy pieces of paper, called Bank-notes, he hides them with great expedition in a pouch he has, and then getting up upon his hind-legs, gabbles and gesticulates like a monkey.

The *Bicaud* farther resembles the monkey in being gregarious. Young and old assemble in different places every morning, before two or three aged ones, whose shins are bordered with ermine, and whose tails have grown to a size like those of African sheep, and hang forward on each side their faces. The whole sight is very ridiculous, and resembles the well-known phenomenon of a council of crows. Some unfortunate animals when they have caught trespassing on their premises are brought in, as if to be judged; and one *Two-Tailed Gabbler* gets up at a time on his hind-legs, and appears to reason on the subject, making strange grins and gesticulations. Sometimes he seems to laugh; sometimes he raises his eye-brows, as if in astonishment; sometimes tosses his skin and two tails about in all the heat and flutter of an angry fine lady; and every now and then he turns over certain thicker leaves of the papyrus, of which there is always great plenty on the spot. All this looks as if something really were meant; but it has been well ascertained, by innumerable and anxious experiments, that the *Bicaud* who gets up to gabble is influenced not by any interest in behalf of the culprit, or of reason, but by his having secretly touched some of those thin leaves previously mentioned, which he immediately conveys into a pouch on his right side, and the possession of which puts him into a sort of transport. All the rest who have not been so lucky remain sitting as gravely as possible, except when nothing appears to be going forward: at which time they are as noisy and apparently as mischievous as a forest of monkies, or a school in the master's absence, chattering and mowing at each other the whole time, the younger especially.

It is observed of this cunning and melancholy animal, that there is none which it is so difficult to get beyond the usual instinct, or what may be called habit and precedent of its species. It is also bolder and more like a man, when it casts its outer skin; but the moment the latter is resumed, relapses into its characteristic timidity, especially in presence of the old ones, at whose slightest muttering it suspends its gabble, ducking, and bowing, and drawing the air through its teeth, with an infinite gravity of deference. It seems to attach itself naturally to the rich and great; and like most creatures of the anthropomorphite race, will sit at table, eat heartily, and drink more so, particularly wine, of which it is very fond. It is also extremely amorous, though after a coarse fashion; and we have known it dangerous for women to go near some of the very oldest. The latter, when observed, put on aspects so prodigiously grave and devout, that the one whose skin in advanced age is marked with certain golden stripes, has been facetiously called *Keeper of the King's Conscience*.

No. 2.—THE CESOPHAGUS, OR GLUTTON.

In Greek, *Αυτοληκυθος*, (dripping-pan); — *Λαφικτης*, (MAN OF PREY); — *Λιχνος*, (licker of plates or fingers).

In Latin, *Gulo* (Gullet); — *Helluo* (Clearer).

In Italian *Ghiotto* (same as the Greek *Αυτοληκνυθος*);—*Pacchione* (Great Packer);—*Arlotto* (the name of a jolly Priest);—*Lurcone* (same as the Latin *Lurco*);—*Mangione* (Great Feeder);—*Crapolone* (Lat. & Gr. *Surfeiter*—Sufferer from Stuffing).

In French, *Glouton* (Lat. & Gr. Swallower);—*Gourmand* (Strangler).

In English, the *Glutton*, *Gormandizer*, *Greedygut*, *Bellygod*, &c.

Latin Summary.—*Æsophagus* sive *Gulo*, animal sedum ac vere belluinum, immane, prædans, sese saginaus, ventri prorsus deditum: imo equidem, deditum ut servus; venter enim Neronicus in medio dominatur, aliisque membris tumidis insolentur accrescens eminensque, extat valde tumidior. Horribilem humanam similitudinem retinet, perinde ac omnis Anthropomorphita. Nihilominus abdomen plerumque porcinum habet, crura elephantina, vultum quasi *Tricheci Rosmari* sive *Walrus*, at reliquam molem honesto sermone tacendam. Avide intrat in carnaria et piscatoria macella, et seligit dapes; quas propa cupiditate et quadam ponderosa alacritate, inter suspiria grunnitusque ingurgitat. Raro longævum est, sæpe ægrotans, semper nisi inter prædandum subtriste. Graviter dormit, somnians ut canis, sed non ludibunda; namque cibo somnoque sepultum Ephialtes equitans vexat, cruciamenta anguillarum et astacorum suffocante horrore ulciscens.*

There is another animal called the *Glutton*, with which the one before us must not be confounded. The former lives in solitudes like a plain unaffected beast, and neither counterfeits nor seems intended for any thing better than what it is. It is no more to be considered degenerate than a mere sponge, or absorbing vessel, or a whirlpool in the sea, or a mill for grinding, or the jackals and vultures which clear their native districts from offal. It would be doing it an injustice therefore to confound it with the latter, which is a regular human degeneracy, retaining a likeness of the original stock, and shewing itself unblushingly in cities and in open day-light.

The *Æsophagus* or Anthropomorphite *Glutton* is a creature principally found in the civilized parts of the world, where it is produced by the same causes which give rise to prize oxen and the pampered varieties of the dog. Its external likeness to the original stock is mortifyingly strong, especially as mere indolence will produce something like the same appearance in the man and woman. But the difference is easily discoverable. The *Glutton*'s look is altogether painful and flustered, as well as unwieldy. It has a body of unhealthy grossness, large jaws, eyes sunk in fat, and is subject to panting and a half-choked utterance. The mouth and other features are not always so

* The *Æsophagus* or *Glutton* is a foul and truly beastly animal, huge, prædatory, stuffing, and altogether given up to its belly: yes, given up like a slave; for that Nero-like part of him lords it in the centre, and insolently aggrandizing and protruding itself beyond the rest of his bloated limbs, looks forth with a supereminent rotundity. Like other Anthropomorphites, it retains a horrible likeness to the human shape: but for the most part its stomach is like a hog's, its legs like an elephant's, and its countenance like the *Tricheci Rosmaris* or *Walrus*. The rest of it is not fit to be spoken of. It gets greedily into butchers' shops and fishmongers', and chooses its own food; which with a prone eagerness and a certain ponderous alacrity, it deglutates and as it were, engulfs, amidst sighs and groans. It is seldom long-lived, often ailing, and always rather melancholy than otherwise except at meals. Its sleep is heavy; and it dreams like the dog, only not about any thing sportful; for while it lies buried in sleep and food, it is ridden to its great torment by the Night-mare; who thus, with a suffocating horror, revenges the sufferings of eels and lobsters.

large as might be expected from its habits. We have seen Gluttons with features so small as to look like the little knobs left in the middle of a pane of glass in an alehouse window; but the cheeks and jaw-bones are pretty sure to take a considerable sweep; and the maxillary muscles, especially when in action, are thick and protruding. The forehead is generally small, narrow, and retreating, the outline of the face gradually swelling downwards like a jelly-bag. With the exception of tusks, the animals which they most resemble, upon the whole, particularly when in a state of repose, are the *Walruses*, *Morses*, or *Rosmari*, which lie in gigantic huddles upon the ice-fields on the northern coasts, and to whom Spenser alludes in his fearful list of sea-animals,—

And greedy Rosmarins with visages deform.*

This creature sits upright, being easily supported by its size like a double feather-bed; but it is fondest of a state of repose, especially after meals, when it will sometimes with great pleasure allow its keepers to let it blood.† I abstain from mentioning other more loathsome remedies, which it has in common with the sick dog. When it walks on its hind legs, it has a ridiculous waddle; and in summer time, may be seen drying its head as it goes with a white or coloured vegetable substance, which it keeps in its side pouch for that purpose. All the male Anthropomorphite animals in Europe have a side pouch. After a full repast, the male will pant and grunt, and the female utter feeble cries like the *Sloth*. The latter also, at that time, is easily moved to tears. Like most human degeneracies, the sexes have little affection for each other, retaining enough of their original instinct to prefer men and women. The latter however as instinctively avoid them, shuddering as much at the bare idea of their caresses, as the women in Africa do at the odious ambition of the Ourang-Outang.

The Glutton seldom retains any thing more of its original human nature than suffices to feed its selfish appetites. But in this kind of foresight, it is eminent and profound. The instinct of gain is the last which forsakes the Anthropomorphites. We should rather say, it distinguishes most of them, and one species in particular, as we shall have occasion to shew. The Glutton is apt to partake very strongly of this appetite, and in many instances does not attain to its complete degeneracy, till it has wherewithal to get the requisite brutifications without further trouble. Our readers have heard of the dog, whose master used to give him a penny every day to buy a tart with. The Glutton will scrape pence together for years by every petty artifice, merely that when it begins buying its tarts and meats, it may leave the task of scraping to the younger Gluttons its cubs, and so repose itself in its sty for life. All the trouble it takes is to chuse its own food;

* The figure of this animal in the English translation of Buffon is unusually bad. There are better ones in Cooke's Voyages. But the curious reader may see them painted to the life in the admirable panorama of Spitzbergen, now being exhibited in Leicester-square.

† See one of them undergoing this operation in Hogarth's Election Dinner.

for which purpose it may be often seen coming into the butchers' and fishmongers' shops, walking in the most ungainly manner upon its hind legs, and making signs and grunts indicative of its liking or disliking the eatables. It will stop in this manner for half an hour together, pawing and smelling them, and giving the shopman to understand how many pence it will or will not part with; for its great perversion of instinct consists in accumulation; and it is generally, though not always, as loth to let go any of the ore it has scraped into its pouch, as it is eager to cram dainties down its maw. We are sorry we are obliged to dwell on such matters; but the utility as well as truth of our history compels us. This property of haunting the markets the Glutton has in common with the Jackal; and if it does not snap at passengers' legs, as the latter will do when it is feasting with its companions at night-time in the squares of Alexandria, it will look at one of its own species who carries off a favourite bit, with eyes as if it could eat both. It is at once disgusting and painful to see how the creature will linger about these places. Sometimes it will walk in a restless and eager manner all about the market; sometimes take a dying lobster in its paw, and weigh it to feel whether it is heavy and fleshy; sometimes stop and look at a particular jowl or joint, like a dog watching a barrow of horse-flesh, jerking its eyes about and licking its lips as the seller happens to move it hither and thither. It is often very cruel, and prefers animals which have been killed under circumstances of barbarity, such as crimped cod, eels flayed alive, lobsters that have been boiled alive, and pigs that have been whipped to death. It is impossible nevertheless, sometimes, to help being amused with the female, who will fidget with a mincing and affected air of aversion down an avenue of the bleeding carcasses of sheep; and then reject, with a toss of her nose, a fish that has not been cut asunder when living.

To see these animals eat is a sight painful to the curious observer. The least thing they do is to lick their own paws. They champ, they grind, they deglute, they pant, they gobble, they stare. Their cheeks are flushed with toil and fever. In the larger ones, the veins of the temples swell up, the muscles of the jaws are in fearful action, the forehead reeks with moisture. They mark out particular bits for their prey, and envy those that carry them off. And here we must observe, that we do not confound this disgusting animal with a milder degeneracy called the Epicure. The Epicure sometimes is almost abstemious; and properly speaking, is only remarkable for its anxious choice of dainties, which though a mean is not a gluttonous passion. But the Glutton on the other hand generally includes the love of dainties in its wider appetite; and though it will not reject coarser viands, will eat the finer ones the most voraciously. It will get, if possible, the first, best, and most of every thing in season, and eat it all to itself. We have repeatedly seen one of them gorge a favourite dish, with exclusive and jealous watchfulness, like a growling cat; and toss, at sullen intervals, bits of coarser food to its parent and young, with an almost human consciousness of being in the wrong.

It will easily be imagined that such a creature must be subject to numerous diseases. Among the principal are head-achs, and heart-burns, gastric tumours, hepatitis, plethora, inflammations of all sorts, gout, cholic, and apoplexy. These render it liable also to great peevishness, fits of anger, horrible dreams; and in the female, as we have before hinted, hysterical passions and burly floods of tears, which the inexperienced spectator too often commiserates.

The human beings particularly liable to degenerate into the animal called the *Glutton*, are priests, citizens, tyrants, and pampered women. Priests are subject to it, partly from a sedentary and unspeculative life, and partly because being in a marked manner denied other sensualities, they the more pronely give into what is left them. The citizen is apt to fall into it, because he has been taught no better notion of enjoyment, and because his dinner tempts him to make an excessive set-off against the hunger and thirst of his shopkeeping. The tyrant (poor wretch!) gets the disease, out of pure impotence of self-will. He cannot deny it to himself, more than any thing else. And it is the same, in proportion with the pampered woman. A flourishing, stirring tradeswoman, especially one that is, "the better horse," is liable with her daily gains and her hot cozy suppers, to settle into this more degenerate transformation. So is a jolly old widow who cannot in decency have any more husbands. The wife of Bath, we would lay any wager, took the metamorphosis as kindly as cheese after pye. But she would no longer seem as agreeable. Her health and good looks would go, and her temper get worse. Even the lowest and coarsest aspects of sympathy have something redeeming in them. It is pure self-revolving selfishness that "embases and embrutes."

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXV.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3d, 1821.

THE Editor will resume his chat with his readers next week. The present paper is partly made up of some further extracts from his former writings, partly of a happy, seasonable article on holiday-children from a Correspondent, who will accept his best thanks. To the first article the same caution is applicable, as was given to its predecessors in our last. It is not *all* bigots in religion that are alluded to; but only those that become such out of hard-heartedness rather than timidity. The interval between a sturdy Fire-Threatener and a sickly one is the same as between a brute selfishness and a frightened humanity.

PRÆTER-NATURAL HISTORY.

No. 3.—THE FIRE-THREATENER, STAR-GAZING HOWLER, FIELD-PREACHER, OR BÊTE DE CHAUVIN.

Latin Summary.—*Igniminar*, sive *Bestia Calvinisticus* aut *Methodicus*; animal, ut breviter dicam, terribilissimum. Corpus rigidum est, frons planipilus, cervix dura, appetitus penitus sordidi, aspectus porci-vulpi-auratus. Avidè cælum tnetur, avidius autem carnem, avidissime nummum. Agit concionatorem, more *Simiæ Beelzebub* LINNÆI, alias *Cercopitheci Predicantis*, alias *Howling Baboon*; vidensque ignem aut incendium, minaciter indicat viatoribus qui congressum Calvinisticum fugiunt, et horridissimo rictu risuque spem annuit deflagrationis eorum.*

* The Fire-Threatener, Bête de Chauvin, or Methodist; an animal of the very foulest description. Its body is stiff, its forehead flat-haired, its neck and shoulders indurated, its appetites profoundly selfish, its aspect partaking of the hog, fox, and bull. It casts greedy looks at heaven, greedier at a good dinner, greediest of all at money. Like the Beelzebub Ape of Linnæus, alias the Preacher-Monkey, alias the Howling Baboon, it is fond of playing the clergyman; and at the sight of a fire of any kind, points it out in a threatening manner to such passengers as refuse to join its congregation; indicating, with horrible nods, and laughter, its hope of seeing them burning.

All the Anthropomorphites, or animals in the likeness of man, have a nearer resemblance in their manners and appearance to monkeys, than to any other of the brute creation :—with this difference, that their degenerate tendency usually carries them beyond the monkey nature, into that of other beasts, whose dispositions they unite with it. Thus the *Bicaud* or *Barrister*, besides grinning and gesticulating like the common monkey, chatters and hides money like the magpie. Many of the *Gluttons*, who are still fonder of hiding money, chatter very little; but they all grunt as well as eat like the hog. The creature before us grins, and gesticulates, and delights in the sight of mischief, like the monkey; chatters and hides money like the magpie; eats in general like the hog; and is also as howling as the baboon, and as cruel and pensive-looking as the cat.

This animal has in general a coarse rusty black skin, a poll with coarse flat short hair, dirty paws, a nasal cry, and a sullen and selfish expression of face, occasionally opening into a horrible hypocritical grin. You doubt whether it is going to smile or bite. It will bay the sky, as a dog does the moon; and if any one makes signs to know where its stock is (for it is extremely fond of hiding money), it has the remarkable habit of pointing upwards towards the same place, as if its treasure lay there. Dogs have dreams, and many animals a sort of foresight. There is reason to believe that the Fire-Threatener does actually retain a notion of the immortality of the soul, common to the original human stock; a perception, that would be wonderful in so despicable a brute, did not vanity and selfishness sometimes jump to the same conclusions as a nobler aspiration. The confused notions of another world in the mind of the Fire-Threatener have evidently as little humanity as possible. During thunder and lightning, or other awful aspects of the sky, it will grovel in the dust, or hang up its entreating paws like a begging dog; but when the weather is serene, and the sun and the flowers sparkle, and all creation looks fair, it seems to turn with contempt from the lovely face of things, as who should say, "What a miserable world!" It exhibits the same aspect when a human being is buried, and the weeping relations are looking up to heaven with tears of hope; but at the burial of one of the Fire-Threateners (for they cover their dead like some other beasts) they point upwards, and groan, and howl, which is their way of expressing both misery and satisfaction. They also exhibit the cruelty and vindictiveness of their natures, by pointing to a fire whenever they see one, and then making signs and grins to those who avoid them, expressive of satisfaction at the fancy of seeing them in it; a piece of courtesy which they generally conclude by turning up the whites of their eyes, and making other gestures, indicative of transport, apparently at the thought of being out of it themselves. From all this it is pretty clear, that if they have really a notion of such a thing as heaven, they fancy it must be exclusively peopled with Fire-Threateners; and as Fontenelle said that even man made God in his own likeness, it is to be supposed that the Fire-Threateners make him in theirs. What a hell of a paradise!

There are several varieties of this creature, all equally disagreeable in their natures, though not in their personal habits. The female, in most instances, seems to pique herself on her placidity, in proportion to the cruelties of which she may happen to be an eye-witness. These are the most disgusting specimens of the whole race. The most curious variety, however, is one which has so remarkable a resemblance to a species of monkey recorded in Natural History, that the description of the latter will serve for that of the former. The monkey we allude to is called the Preacher-Monkey, as the Fire-Threatener is often called the Field-Preacher. Instead of fields, however, to which it seems to have a natural antipathy, the Preacher Fire-Threatener now chatters and howls in regular imitations of pulpits, or selects a spot where cross-roads unite, and stands like a great baboon, making mouths, and gestures, and outcries at the astonished passengers. Idle boys sometimes gather round and plague it; but nothing can induce it to finish its wretched harangue till it pleases; and at every pull of the hair or counter-grin in the face, it puts on an aspect half patient-half malignant, as much as to say, "You will have a good clawing by and by."

The voice of the Preacher-Monkey, says Buffon, "resounds like a drum, and is heard at a great distance." Marcgrave relates, (Hist. Brasil, p. 226.) "that every morning and evening the Ouarines (Preacher-Monkeys) assemble in the woods; that one of them takes a more elevated station, and gives a signal with his hand for the others to sit around and listen to him; that, when he perceives them to be all seated, he begins a discourse in a tone so loud and rapid as to be heard at a great distance; and a person would be led to think that the whole were crying together; that all the rest, however, keep the most profound silence; that, when he stops, he gives a signal with his hand for the others to reply; that, in an instant the whole cry together, till he commands silence by another signal, which they obey in a moment; that the first resumes his discourses or song; and that, after hearing him attentively for a considerable time, the assembly breaks up."

This proceeding, which Marcgrave says he has often witnessed, Buffon with a scepticism becoming his inquiries, is inclined to regard as exaggerated; but he had never seen the Field-Preacher, which we all know to exist. Is not the likeness curious? Some African nations think that apes and monkeys are nothing but degenerate men, who pretend to be dumb that they may not be set to work. It requires no great stretch of probability to conclude the Preacher-Monkey to be another species of Field-Preacher, with notions of theology and divinity, equally brutal and unintelligible. The same people are said to worship the devil out of fear,—that is to say, in other words, to make the Supreme Being a devil,—a Dæmonism or *Diabololatry*, which looks very like the terrified homage of the Field-Preacher. The *Ouarine* or *Preacher-Monkey* is called by Linnaeus the *Beelzebub*.

Fear and selfishness, but chiefly the latter, are the predisposing qualities to this lamentable degeneracy. Those in whom fear is carried to excess, rather fancy themselves than become such. It is a disease like that of *Licanthropy*, in which men were said to fancy themselves

wolves; and is only an excess of the morbid tendency, which inclines hypochondriacs and other people of bad digestion to think they are dying or dead, or turned into something, or too tall to go under a bridge without stooping, or too large for the room, or liable to be toasted and buttered, &c. These fancies are removable by the natural remedies of exercise, temperance, and sociality; but an excess of physical weakness, either suffered to increase by the individual, or made hereditary by his thoughtless progenitors, will sometimes carry the finest-minded human being away, till he takes himself for a Fire-Threatener, especially if he gets among the animals themselves. He may then die or lose his senses out of sheer horror; upon which all the real beasts shall set up a howl of mixed lamentation and triumph, as if he really had been one of their breed.

HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

MR. INDICATOR,—One of the most pleasing sights at this festive season is the group of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous chubby faces present themselves to our notice. In the streets, at the panorama, or playhouse, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchin whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view.

I am more delighted in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenuous countenances at these Christmas shows, than at the sights themselves.

From the first joyous huzza, and loud blown horns which announce their arrival, to the faint attempts at similar mirth on their return, I am interested in these youngsters.

Observe the line of chaises with their swarm-like loads hurrying to tender and exulting parents, the sickly to be cherished, the strong to be amused; in a few mornings you shall see them, new clothes, warm gloves, gathering around their mother at every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, hoop, top, or marbles; mark her kind smile at their extacies; her prudent shake of the head at their multitudinous demands; her gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her in; her patience with their whims and clamour while they turn and toss over the play-things, as now a sword, and now a hoop is their choice, and like their elders the possession of *one* bauble does but make them sigh for another.

View the fond father, his pet little girl by the hand, his boys walking before on whom his proud eye rests, while ambitious views float o'er his mind for them, and make him but half attentive to their repeated inquiries; while at the Museum or Picture Gallery, his explanations are interrupted by the rapture of discovering that his children are already well acquainted with the different subjects exhibited.

Stretching half over the boxes at the theatre, adorned by maternal love, see their enraptured faces now turned to the galleries wondering at their height and at the number of regularly placed heads contained in them, now directed towards the green cloud which is so lingeringly kept between them and their promised bliss. The half-peeled orange laid aside when the play begins; their anxiety for that which they understand; their honest laughter which runs through the house like a merry peal of sweet bells; the fear of the little girl lest they should discover the person hid behind the screen; the exultation of the boy when the hero conquers.

But oh the rapture when the pantomime commences! Ready to leap out of the box, they joy in the mischief of the clown, laugh at the thwacks he gets for his meddling, and feel no small portion of contempt for his ignorance in not knowing that hot water will scald and gun powder explode; while with head aside to give fresh energy to the strokes, they ring their little palms against each other in testimony of exuberant delight.

Who can behold them without reflecting on the many passions that now lie dormant in their bosoms, to be in a few years agitating themselves and the world. Here the coquet begins to appear in the attention paid to a lace frock or kid gloves for the first time displayed, or the domestic tyrant in the selfish boy, who snatches the largest cake, or thrusts his younger brother and sister from the best place.

At no season of the year are their holidays so replete with pleasures; the expected Christmas-box from grand-papa and grand-mamma; plum-pudding and snap-dragon, with blindman's-buff and forfeits; perhaps to witness a juvenile play rehearsed and ranted; galantée-show and drawing for twelfth-cake; besides Christmas-gambols in abundance, new and old.

Even the poor charity-boy at this season feels a transient glow of cheerfulness, as with pale blue face, frost-nipped hands, and ungreased, from door to door he timidly displays the unblotted scutcheon of his graphic talents, and feels that the pence bestowed are his own, and that for once in his life he may taste the often desired tart, or spin a top which no one can snatch from him in capricious tyranny.

I know not whether it be the dotage of age coming over me, but when I see or think of these little beings, I feel as a child again, my heart warms to them, I enter into their joys and sorrows, their pastimes and their thousand imaginings; and fancy I could fly a kite or wield a bat with the best of them; nor is any thing more refreshing to me after much intercourse with the heartlessness and affectation of the world, than the society of intelligent and amiable children.

Desiring to be kindly remembered to your little folk, Mr. Indicator, (if you have any) and wishing them and you abundance of fun and pastime this Christmas, I remain, your sincere well-wisher,

AN OLD BOY.

A SYLVAN SURPRISE.

Time and place give every thing its propriety. Strolling one day in Twickenham meadows, I was struck with the appearance of something dusky on upon the grass, which my eye could not immediately reduce into a shape. Going nearer, I discovered the cause of the phenomenon. In the midst of the most rural scene in the world, the day glorious over head, the wave of Father Thames rippling deliciously by him, lay outstretched at his ease upon Nature's verdant carpet—a chimney-sweeper :—

A spot like which
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.

There is no reason in nature why a chimney-sweeper should not indulge a taste for rural objects, but somehow the ideas were discordant. It struck me like an inartificial discord in music. It was a combination of *urbs in rure*, which my experience had not prepared me to anticipate.

AN AMERICAN WAR FOR HELEN.

I have in my possession a curious volume of Latin verses, which I believe to be unique. It is entitled *Alexandri Fultoni Scoti Epigrammatum libri quinque*. It purports to be printed at Perth, and bears date 1679. By the appellation which the author gives himself in the preface, *hypodidasculus*, I suppose him to have been usher at some school. It is no uncommon thing now a days for persons concerned in academies to affect a literary reputation in the way of their trade. The "master of a seminary for a limited number of pupils at Islington" lately put forth an edition of that scarce tract, *the Elegy in a Country Church-yard* (to use his own words), with notes and headlines !—But to our author. These epigrams of Alexander Fulton, Scotchman, have little remarkable in them besides extreme dulness and insipidity ; but there is one, which, by its being marshalled in the front of the volume, seems to have been the darling of its parent, and for its exquisite flatness, and the surprising stroke of an anachronism with which it is pointed, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. It is addressed, like many of the others, to a fair one :—

AD MIRIAM SUAM AUTOREM.

Moxerunt bella olim Helena decor, atque venustas

Europæ inter frugiferamque Asiam.

Tam bona, quam tunc, tam prudens, sin illa fuisset,

Ad lites essent Africa et America !

Which, in humble imitation of mine author's peculiar poverty of stile, I have ventured thus to render into English :—

THE AUTHOR TO HIS MOGGY.

For love's illustrious cause, and Helen's charms,
 All Europe and all Asia rush'd to arms.
 Had she with these thy polish'd sense combin'd,
 All Afric and America had join'd!

The happy idea of an American war undertaken in the cause of beauty ought certainly to recommend the author's memory to the countrymen of Madison and Jefferson; and the bold anticipation of the discovery of that Continent in the time of the Trojan War is a flight beyond the Sibyll's books.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Some days before the fatal stroke should be given, Master Keys [a conspirator] being at Tichmersh, in Northamptonshire, at the house of Mr. Gilbert Pickering, his brother-in-law, (but of a different religion, as a true Protestant) suddenly whipped out his sword, and in merriement made many offers therewith at the heads, necks, and sides, of many gentlemen and gentlewomen then in the company. This then was taken as a mere frolic, and for the present passed accordingly; but afterwards, when the treason was discovered, such as remembered his gestures, thought thereby he did act what he intended to do (if the plot had took effect) hack and hew, kill and slay, all eminent persons of a different religion from themselves.—*Fuller's Church History.*

BURNING OF HERETICS.

Indeed such burning of heretics much startled common people, pitying all in pain, and prone to asperse justice itself with cruelty, because of the novelty and hideousness of the punishment. And the purblind eyes of vulgar judgments looked only at what was next to them (the suffering itself) which they beheld with compassion, not minding the demerit of the guilt which deserved the same. Besides, such being unable to distinguish betwixt constancy and obstinacy, were ready to entertain good thoughts even of the opinions of those heretics, who sealed them so manfully with their blood. Wherefore King James [the first] politickly preferred, that heretics hereafter,* thus

* Positively one is at a loss which to admire most in this passage; the tender mercies of the King, or the regretful look which this old Divine seems to have cast back upon the extinguished fires of Smithfield. Through all the coyness of the confession, and the little more than hints which he broaches on this delicate subject, it is easy to discover, that those smothered brands had left as strong a relish and savor of fire in his nostrils, as the odour of the old fleshpots did upon the palates of the rebellious manna-sick Jews. He would fain be blowing up the dead coals again, though he offers at it reluctantly, and lights the pyre (as the ancients did in their funeral rites) with averted eyes. Yet Fuller appears to have been a humane kind-hearted man (where heretics were not concerned); and could see the enormity of "hacking and hewing" "killing and slaying" persons of an "opposite faith," when that faith was his own.

condemned, should silently and privately waste themselves away in the prison, rather than to grace them, and amuse others, with the solemnity of a public execution, which in popular judgments usurped the honour of a persecution.—*Fuller's Church History.*

SONG

SUGGESTED BY THE FIRST FOUR LINES OF THE VENETIAN AIR, BEGINNING
"SE MONECA TI FAI."

If you become a nun, dear,

A friar I will be;

In any cell you run, dear,

Pray look behind for me.

The rose, of course, turns pale too;

The doves all take the veil too;

The blind will see the shew:

What! you become a nun, my dear?

I'll not believe it, no.

If you become a nun, dear,

The bishop Love will be;

The Cupids every one, dear,

Will chaunt "We trust in thee:"

The incense will go sighing,

The candles fall a dying,

The water turn to wine;

What! you go take the vows, my dear!

You may—but they'll be mine.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXVI.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1821.

AGAINST FANTASTICAL SCRUPLENESS.

"Play thou the good fellow I seek none to misdeem;
Disdain not the honest, though merry they seem;
For oftentimes seen, no more very a knave,
Than he that doth counterfeit most to be grave."

Tusser's Five Hundred Good Points of Husbandry.

I am an old man, Mr. Indicator, and, what is worse, an old-fashioned one, and fond of old times; as Mr. Hardcastle says, "I like every thing that is old—old friends, old wines, old books;" and as I have no old wife to love, I like old customs when they are kindly ones; and, by the way, I like my old friend Goldsmith's comedy as well as any one that has been written since. To let you into a secret, I liked Quick as well in Tony, as Mr. B——r or Mr. L——n, who have played that character latterly. I cannot say as much for Bulkeley's Miss Hardcastle: I think Jordan and Duncan are her equals both as women and actresses; but that may be only a foolish fondness I have for the sex, which inclines me to think well of them all. But this is digressive, and altogether from the purpose. It is my opinion, Mr. Indicator, that you likewise are fond of old customs, since, if my memory do not fail me (which may be the case at my age), you, or some one of your name, wrote in praise of, and recommending the revival of several neglected ancient usages practised by our forefathers. I remember now it was in the *Examiner*; but as my man Robin is not in the way to reach down the volume (for I bind the *Examiners* yearly), I cannot refer to the date. It was probably some ancient person of your house, who, like myself, knew and rejoiced in the Christmas practices some fifty or sixty years back: but be that as it may, I was much pleased with these papers; and several of my friends admired them also, and practised them in part, substituting a round game for whist, increasing the number of youthful visitors at their parties, and

occasionally allowing the young people a dance: but still, Mr. Indicator, it was nothing like the olden times, when every heart in the house was exhilarated by kindness and festivity. It was in vain they directly or indirectly told me that mine was merely the fastidiousness of age, which thinks nothing of the present day at all comparable to that, which having occurred while hope and pleasure were strong and new with us, is for that reason remembered with fond regret. I felt there was something wanting—something of the cordiality, the ease of former times, when every one, content to appear in his own station, was freed from the painful endeavour of *shewing off* as a superior person, either in riches, knowledge, or polite etiquette; which said *shewing off* generally spoils the society of the present day. If an old man like myself, for instance, visits in a large respectable family, he is eternally teased with well-meant excuses from the lady of the house for giving him nothing but a plain dinner, although that is precisely what he likes, and which he knows to be fittest for a large family, who cannot be fed upon French dishes and nicknacks. Then, if you ask your old friend's child to get you a glass of wine, or a piece of bread, at dinner, you are thought little better than a vulgarian, and your request, instead of being cheerfully complied with, and drawing from the pleased old man, in return, a gallant wish, or good-humoured chuck of the chin, is forwarded to the servant with a haughty—"Robert, don't you see Mr. So and So wants bread!" You are likewise expected to be deeply read in ancient and modern literature (at least as far as Reviews go), and a critic of course, upon authors, players, &c. &c.—the merits of whom every one can discuss with infinite ease and promptitude, who has read the fashionable novels: as to an old story, or an anecdote of one's youth, it is considered past endurance in all polite companies. But the greatest dread of all persons of the present day, is to commit themselves in any way that might be deemed *vulgar*, under which name most of the Christmas games and pastimes are stigmatised and abolished. Now, Mr. Indicator, I should not heed this affectation in persons, who, having sprung from a low origin by the mere weight of a purse, set up for *Gentry*, and *stylish* people—those who with Goldsmith's bear-leader "hates every thing as is low;" but for persons who are well educated, and of an honest, kindly parentage, to indulge in this vanity, I am really ashamed of them: and this brings me to the grievance which caused me to trouble you with so long a letter, for they will mind what you say, because it appears in a *modern* publication; whereas if I quote from the *Spectator* or *Tatler*, I am reminded that these are writers whose notions are gone by, that manners have changed as well as fashions, and that it would be as ridiculous to copy the usages of those times, as it would be to appear at the Opera in a wig like Sir Richard Steele's, or in a petticoat such as the one under which he sat in judgment, as described in the paper No. 116 of the *Tatler*. This provokes me more than any thing, because the cases are not parallel; and the sophisticating rogues are sure to have the laugh all on their side of the question. The young men rub up their well-looking unpowdered heads, and the

girls glance with conscious exultation at their fine shapes, no longer concealed by whalebone fences,—for there's no denying that the present dress is infinitely more becoming to a pretty woman, although the trimness of the waist in 1765, and the snowy tucker, had its attractions. But I am eternally wandering, and not to tire you, my only resource is to plunge at once into the subject of my particular complaint. You must know then, I am intimate with a very amiable family, who, before monied men were preferred to small landholders, held a higher rank in society than they do now, but who are still rich enough to enjoy all the domestic comforts of rational independence. Well, Sir, I generally pass a few days with my old friend and his family every Christmas, and in the evening, installed in an arm chair by the chimney-corner, my friend and I discourse of friends and beauties faded from all but our memories, though I have the advantage over him in that respect, as my heart palpitated for half the reigning toasts before he had quitted school. While the younger children gather round me, place their little stool for my feet, and if I nod in my chair, the rogues will sometimes play me sly tricks; and little Fanny, who knows she is a favourite, will climb on my knee, and wake me with a soft kiss, entreating me to tell the story about Robin Hood, or of the children whom the redbreast “painfully did cover o’er with leaves:”—this, to my mind, Mr. Indicator, is to be delightfully situated. Sir, there is nothing like it for an old man; and should you live to my age, I trust you may think so too. Then, Sir, on these occasions I love to set the elder boys and girls at some innocent fun or cheerful pastime, and as there was no music to which they could dance the other night, I proposed blindman’s-buff, or a game at forfeits, demanding at the same time where was the old ensignia of Christmas, the misletoe; accusing the girls with having neglected the ancient British custom of paying tribute under its peal-blossomed boughs—but I was stopped short by a “Dear Sir, it is so vulgar, no one suffers it now but in the kitchen.” The mother assured me that she herself had never thought any harm of the bough, but that several very genteel families of her acquaintance had assured her it was very unbecoming, and that forfeits were fit for none but country hoydens and old-fashioned folk; but that she always had one in the kitchen, for the sake of keeping up old customs.

Now, Mr. Indicator, do you pray inform them, that they are doing great injustice to this druidical symbol; that the fashion of decorating with it the parlour or drawing-room is not so vulgar as their would-be-fine friends insinuate, but is of high and grave origin; that the girls disliking forfeits and their consequences is all a pretence, for youth will be youth still. You might likewise hint to mothers, that if the kitchen is the only place where misletoe is to be allowed, their sons, and even their husbands, may be found there oftener than may be agreeable to these *over-delicate* matrons. It is far from my intention to quarrel with any real refinement in female conduct, but for heaven’s sake let us not have the cant of Puritanism among us again, destroying that which is innocent and gay, and substituting hypocrisy and gross-

ness in its stead. If parents will not countenance the innocent pastimes of their offspring, rendering home dull and distasteful, depend upon it the young people will seek amusements elsewhere, probably of a more dangerous tendency. Now do, Mr. Indicator, use your powerful influence with your readers, and prevent any future cause of complaint on this subject from your friend and admirer,

Brompton, Jan. 5, 1821.

FRANK EVERGREEN.

"FUIMUS TROES. THE TRUE TROJANS."

*Being a Story of the Britains' valour at the Romans' first Invasion." Printed 1633.
Author unknown.*

Intermixed with a great deal of false thought and affected pathos, this old play abounds in passages of unequivocal beauty and enthusiasm. Its opening scene, or prologue, spoken by Mercury, has a fine line which Pope appears to have been not insensible to:—

As in the vaults of this big-bellied earth
Are dungeons, whips, and chains, for wicked ghosts;
So fair Elysian fields, where spotless souls
Do bathe themselves in bliss. Among the rest,
Two pleasant groves by two sorts are possess'd.
One by true lovers crown'd with myrtle boughs,
Who hand in hand sing paeans of their joy;
Brave soldiers hold the second, clad in steel,
Whose glittering arms brighten those gloomy shades
In lieu of starry lights*.

Those splendid lines in *Comus*, "Beauty is Nature's brag," &c. are clearly traceable to the following fantastical ones in this play:—

The Court a wardrobe is of living shapes: †
And ladies are the tissue-spangled suits,
Which Nature wears on festival high days.

As this drama has escaped the notice of the Editor of the "Dramatic Specimens," a few more extracts may not be disagreeable to the poetical readers of the *Indicator*.

SONG OF THE BRUIDS.

Draw near ye heavenly powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers;
And ye who in the deep
On mossy pillows sleep;
And ye who keep the center,
Where never light did enter;

* By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

† Dresses.

And ye whose habitations
Are still among the nations,
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings;
Behold our present grief,
Relief doth beg relief.

By the vervain and lunny,
By fern-seed planetary,
By the dreadful misletoe
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Help us beset with danger,
And turn away your anger;
Help us begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double;
Help us oppress with sorrow,
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foeman,
Let air infect the Roman,
Let seas intomb their fury,
Let gaping earth them bury,
Let fire and air and water
And earth conspire their slaughter.

By the vervain, &c.

We'll praise then your great power
Each month, each day, each hour,
And blaze in lasting story
Your honour and your glory.
High altars lost in vapour,
Young heifers free from labour,
White lambs for suck still crying,
Shall make your music dying.
The boys and girls around,
With honeysuckles crown'd,
The bards with harp and rhiming,
Green bays their brows entwining,
Sweet tune and sweeter ditty,
Shall chaunt your gracious pity,

By the vervain, &c.

INVOCATION OF THE SAME TO THE MOON.

Thou Queen of Heaven, commandress of the deep,
Lady of lakes, regent of woods and deer;
A lamp dispelling irksome night; the source
Of generable moisture; at whose feet
Wait twenty thousand Naiades: thy crescent
Brute elephants adore; and man doth feel
Thy force run through the zodiac of his limbs:
O thou first guide of Brutus to this isle,
Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle—
Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe,
Or chaste Diana with a gilded quiver;
Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis's spouse;
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throes,
Doth thee delight. Rise with a glorious face,
Green drops of Nereus trickling down thy cheeks;
And with bright horns, united in full orb,
Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks;
Conjure up Neptune, and the Eolian slaves;

Contract both night and winter in a storm,—
 That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
 At sad Avernus' than at Albion's strand.
 So may'st thou shun the Dragon's head and tail!
 So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!
 So may the fair game fall before thy bow!—
 Shed light on us, but light'ning on our foe.

FUNERAL SPEECH OVER NENNIUS DEAD.

Set down that heavy load with heavier hearts—
 Could virtuous valour, honourable thoughts;
 A noble scorn of fortune, pride, and death;
 Myriads of vows and prayers sent to heaven;
 Could country's love, or Britain's genius, save
 A mortal man from sleeping in his grave,
 Then had'st thou lived, great Nennius, and out-lived
 The smooth-tongued Greek. But we may more envy,
 And less bewail thy loss, since thou didst fall
 On Honour's lofty field-bed, on which stage
 Never did worthy act a statelier part,—
 Nor durst pale Death approach with cypress sad,
 Till flourishing bays thy conquering temples clad.

ANDROGEUS OFFERS TO RESIGN THE CROWN OF BRITAIN TO HIS YOUNGER BROTHER THEMANLIUS, WHICH THE LATTER REFUSES.

And. I know their* hatred just; and here resign
 All my birth-right to thee, my second self.
 I must forsake my country's sight, and seek
 New fortunes with this emperor, in hope
 To be raised up by his now rising wheel.

Them. O do not so, dear brother! so to part,
 Were to divide one individual soul.
 Nor think me so ambitious. I can live
 A private life, and see a regal crown
 With no more envy than I see the sun
 Glitter above me. Let not Lud's two sons
 Be parted by a sea. * * * * *
 For my sake stay at home. Why will you fly?
 Think you a step-dame soil gives sweeter sap?

And. Yes—

For trees transplanted do more goodly grow.

Them. And I'll count men but stocks, when they do so.

* * * * *

* The people whom he had offended by siding with the invaders.

† Milton has told this story of the Brothers in his History, after Geoffrey of Monmouth; and it is the subject of Mr. Wordsworth's noble poem of *Artegall and Elidure*. If we could believe in such a process as anti-burlesque, one might imagine that this last-named author had elevated his well-known passage of the mountain's echoing back the lady's voice, in the poem to Joanna, from a perusal of the exquisite bombast in another passage of this same old play, where Mars is invoked in the following strains:—

Burst Janus' prison,
 Roar as thou didst at Troy, drown Stentor's voice
 By many eighths, which Pindus may re-beat,
 Which Caucasus may as a catch repeat,
 And Taurus laugh the same: that pignies small
 May squeak "it thunders," and dive into boroughs.

TRANSLATION FROM MILTON INTO WELSH.

We are going to do a thing very common with critics;—we are about to speak of a work we do not understand. What is not so common however, we are not going to condemn it. On the contrary, the evident spirit under which it is written, gives it a very advantageous character in our opinion; and we shall proceed to shew those eminent and dissatisfied persons, how possible it is by the help of a little good-humour and modesty to be pleased instead of provoked, and to enjoy one's imagination instead of resenting one's ignorance.

The reader is aware perhaps, that there is a kind of Poetical Order existing among our Welsh brethren, the object of which is to keep up the genius as well as remembrance of their ancient Bards. The members look upon themselves, in love at least, as their successors; take the same title of Bards; distribute harps as prizes; and endeavour to catch the reflection of their old fire on the same mountains. Nor is this second-hand inspiration, we dare say, without the occasional production of something fine. In a populous modern city, with its sophistications, such an establishment might be regarded as a mere game at antiques. But in persons of simplicity of life and earnestness of intention, especially in solitudes peopled with grand human recollections, it is difficult to love any thing fervently, and never speak of it in a worthy manner. We have seen poems in the English language written by Welshmen of this character, which were as good as some of the English productions of Burns; and the inference is, that in their own language, and on the subject of their own affections, they have not always produced poetry unworthy of ranking with his Scotch. Even upon subjects of mere antiquity, the inspiration above-mentioned may act upon them as that of the great poets of Greece and Italy has acted upon their own. Great times and men may literally be said never to die in point of effect. Their touch reaches us from afar. Their eye is upon us out of the clouds of time. We feel their memory in our ears, like the tremble of an eternal song. If their own works help to divert us from the more natural soil out of which they drew the flowers and fountains of their immortality, they serve to create a new stratum of fertility, not so fine indeed as the other, but still fine and abundant, and full of a second vitality. Death itself helps to beautify them. We walk among their memories, as we do among the leaves of autumn, or the ruins of great places; and supply the want of present perfection with the love of that which is past.

In our youth, we met with one of the Modern Welsh Bards, who had all the character we speak of. He was a man of primæval simplicity of manners; that is to say, one who without any of the conven-

As another instance of the same sort of stuff not unfrequently to be found in this most unequal of dramas, a lover apostrophises the poison by which his lady died, with this elegant curse—

May toads,

Dragons, and mandrakes, be thy gally-pots!

tional substitutes for the humanities of intercourse, possessed that natural politeness of benignity, which is so instantly felt to be their vital spirit. He had the true Welsh face improved by information, hair and eyes black as a raven, and an expression of great candour and good nature. If we remember rightly, we gathered from his conversation, that he had risen, by dint of his love of letters, and much to the credit of those who noticed him, from an humble origin; which origin he neither affected to hide nor to boast of. He occasionally came up to London; took his meals with the best society among his countrymen or at his own hermit-like table; and hired an humble lodging near the Museum, where it was his delight to go and study Welsh antiquities. Thus if he came to London, he brought his country with him; found his bards and his very quiet about him, wherever he pleased, in the shape of books; and in default of his goats and mountains, could get among animals and things which perhaps he loved as well, and thought almost as real, the dragons and golden fields of Cambrian heraldry. Among other advantages of the remoteness and romantic nature of the sphere in which he grew up, it had kept him free from the small pedantry and self-sufficiency so often observable in the leading wits of country towns and minor cities; who think their own amount of knowledge the sum of all that is accomplished, and have a particular fancy for setting Londoners in the right. He had the humanity to think well of what he did not know. He loved his country's music and its poets, and in our fondness for an air on the piano-forte and an ode of Horace was pleased to discover something which he thought worthy both of his sympathy and his respect.

[The Editor slowly recovering his health, is obliged to postpone the remainder of this article to next week.]

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXVII.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1821.

TRANSLATION OF MILTON INTO WELSH.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

THIS pleasant Cambro-Briton, of whom we were speaking, once took us to see a countryman of his, whose taste in urbanities and antiquities resembled his own. He lived in a small quiet house near the fields; and we found him up to the eyes in good-humour, books, and a Welsh harp. If we are not much mistaken, this is the author of the Welsh Milton.

There is something very beautiful to us to see the whole souls of men yearning in this manner towards their native country, when its power has long ceased to exist. They have all the merit of adhering to a great friend in adversity; and yet the friend is perhaps greater than ever he was, and can reward them more. The ancient Britons had in them the seeds of a great nation, even in our modern sense of the word. They had courage; they had reflection; they had imagination. When driven from their larger possessions by the mere power which the world then adored, they soon found out the two great secrets of adversity,—that of softening reality with romance, and of turning experience to reformation. They possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the spirit of legislative improvement. Power at last made a vassal of their prince. There were writers in those times; harpers and bards, who made the instinct of that brute faculty turn cruel out of fear. But there were no presses to let all the world know what the writers thought, and to give intellectual power its fair chances with brute. They bequeathed to their countrymen however the glory of their memories. They, and time together, have consecrated their native hills, so as they were never before consecrated. Existing, in a manner, no longer as a thing of the common world, the country took an elevation nearer heaven. It lifted up its head in the light of love

and poetry, and its tops shine to this day in the reverted eyes of its wanderers.

Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine cloud
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Violence is the grown childhood of the world. Its manhood is intellect and equanimity; and part of the grace of manhood consists in recollecting the better things of infancy. Edward the First, who made vassals of the Welsh, is now an inferior person in our eyes compared with Howel the legislator. We would rather see Alfred the Great than the widest-ruling of all the Roman Emperors. We should expect more in his face. We should recognize in him a greater existing man,—a finer co-temporary,—or rather a more becoming fellow-creature for the Shakspeares and Bacons: for when we speak of modern times, we mean the intellectual times which such great men have produced for us. Even the smallness of the territory, to which the old Britons were confined, serves to concentrate and make strong the gaze of recollection. Mere greatness acts through the medium of pride or fear. It always inflicts a sort of uneasy consciousness of the gross nature of its pretensions. Break it, and it resolves its compounds into littleness. You can only contrast it with mere smallness, or pity it because it is not entire. It cannot afford to be otherwise. Its compounds have no principle of growth,—no power of voluntary aggrandizement,—no charm with which to call associations about them. But break a heart into a thousand shivers, and every atom shall be revered. Love is great enough for itself. Such phrases as the Great King and the Great Nation, even though warranted in point of physical power, are nothing but vanity, and are felt to be so. Both imply a want of individual importance, and by the same reason a want of general humanity. They make the recollections either too vaguely public, or too minutely private. The Persian in Greece, or the Turk in Candia, was angry at being killed by a petty republican, or regretted only his haram or his houris; but the Greek who “dying, thought of sweet Argos;” * and the Florentine who turned at hearing Dante speak in his native language, and felt his heart live again at “the dialect of Arno’s vale,” thought of his home and his country as one.

It is a feeling connected with this love of country, which most particularly strikes us in the translation of Milton. Here is an author fond of authorship, an author living among Englishmen, and well aware of the universality of their language, and yet he contents his ambition with producing a long work which none but his countrymen shall understand. It is sufficient for him if he can give them a new source of pleasure. It is enough for the true largeness of his spirit if he can give a thousand times more than he can receive,—happy in

* *Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, cœlumque
 Adspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

Virgil, Lib. 10, v. 781.

obtaining the thanks of the modern Howels and Llewellyns, and in being renowned in a country about twice the size of Yorkshire.

On opening the book, we are then struck with the delight it must afford to those who have no other language, and amused with the unreadable face it presents to those who are not acquainted with it. One's familiarity with the original, and utter inability to make out its expounder, make up a very pleasant perplexity. We will quote a passage from both, which in Milton is like the coming of an army with music, and which must present high associations, of another sort, to the Welsh reader: Satan has just numbered his forces:—

And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armorick knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Africk shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell.
By Fontarabbia.

Yna ymfulehïa,
Ei galon, a chaledu yn ei nerth
Ymorfoledda: canys nid erised
Er pan fu dyn, yr ymddygyrchai lu
Wrth y rhai hyd teilyngach fyddent nog
Oedd y peddyios mân a gyrchent gynt
Greyrod; er pe cawri Phlegra oll
Yn gyflu ag y glewion a gatëynt
Rhag Thebes a rhag Iliou, cymhlith o
Gyfnëirthiaid Dduwiau y ddwy blaid; a phleth
A soniant chwedlau am fab Uthr ar gyrch
Marchogion Prydain ac Armorica;
Ac wedi hwynt oll, cred neu anghred lu,
Yn Aspramont neu Montalban, neu yn
Damasco, neu Marocco; neu Trebisonde,
Neu o Affric dorf Biserta, yn y drin
Wrth Fontarabbia, pan y syrthiai holl
Urddolion Carlo Mawr ac efe ei hun.

Here are some fine words to the eye:—

Yna ymfulehïa
— Ei galon, a chaledu yn ei nerth
Ymorfoledda.

And again:—

Marchogion Prydain ac Armorica:

And,—

Yn y drin
Wrth Fontarabbia, pan y syrthiai holl
Urddolion Carlo Mawr ac efe ei hun.

Charles the Great keeps up his old triumphs. He always gets well off in every tongue and nation,—Charlemain, Carlo Mano, Carolus Magnus. Even his plain monosyllable, Carl, which Camden tells us is the only appellation on his coins, has a self-sufficing and dominant sound. But we know not that he ever cut a more imperial figure than in this lofty and solemn agnomen of Carlo Mawr. It reminds one of the mountain.* The names that abound in this passage serve only to shew to greater effect the obscurity of the rest. Uthr and Prydain we can make out : Damasco, and Marocco, and Trebisond, are as familiar to us as the sounds of a trumpet ; but “ what the devil,” as Brantome would say, is “ oedd y pedditos mân ?” There happens to be a note to these words ; and the idea of explanation is so united with that of a note, that one looks involuntarily for some instruction on the point. The following is the elucidation. “ *Odd y pedditos mân.*”]—*Syniad yw hyn am y ddammeg o ryfel rhwyng y crôdod ac y creyrod.*” Even the Preface, we find, has nothing in it for us Saxons ; nor the Index either. At last, in the former, we hit upon some Greek letters, and thought that some light was going to break in upon us, when lo ! we know not for what cause, but these Greek letters contained only Welsh words. This was “ the unkindest cut of all.” But they look like some memorial about a lady, perhaps an affectionate one ; and we return to our gravities.

The only remaining observation we have to make, is the pleasure with which the great poet himself would have witnessed a translation of his work into this language : there has lately been an Icelandic version of *Paradise Lost*. This would have gratified him, from feelings common to all writers. The Italian ones were a matter of course.—But a translation into old British would have been particularly curious to one, who had meditated an epic poem on the exploits of King Arthur, and had no doubt made himself as well acquainted as possible with Welsh antiquities, for that purpose. The overflowings of this first intention of his, when it was afterwards diverted, are visible in the little streams of romance which occasionally run into its other sphere. Among the subjects also which he has left on record for tragedy, are passages from the same period ; and when he began a History of Britain, he delighted to go as far back as possible, and do justice to Briton as well as Saxon. He speaks of the intended epic poem in various parts of his writings, and talks of his subject with a zeal and even a *British* sort of partiality, which is as striking as the ardour of his verse. See particularly the famous passage in his Latin poem to Tasso’s friend, Manso, where after expressing his wish to meet with so understanding a patron, and to write about the Round Table and Arthur, who “ at that moment was preparing his wars under ground,” he bursts out in a strain like the clang of metal :—

* Those rogues the punsters, who will be levelling every thing, and laying every language double, have already got hold of the translation of Mr. Owen Pughe. One of them, the other day, seeing the words “ Mr. Tomkins” at the head of an advertisement, and finding that it concerned that late eminent writing-master, said that he was the greatest man that flourished during the last century, and that he ought to be called Penman-Mawr.

Et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalangas!

And Oh, did spirit come on me but fit for those high wars,
I'd crash the Saxon phalanxes beneath the British Mars!

Perhaps considering what a proud patriot Milton was, notwithstanding all his cosmopolitical qualities, it affords some additional explanation to this British part of his enthusiasm, to find that his mother was of Welsh origin. His connexions were probably a good deal among the countrymen of her family. His first wife was the daughter of a Powell. That he did not do what he intended, has been regretted by every poet who has alluded to it, from Dryden to Walter Scott. We remember a note in the latter's edition of Dryden, where he asks, what would not have been done with such subjects as the Perilous Chapel and the Forbidden Seat? So much, that being compelled to bring this article to a close, we dare not trust ourselves with dwelling upon it,—with fancying a thousandth part of the grand and the gorgeous things, the warlike and the peaceful, the bearded and the vermeil-cheeked, the manly, the supernatural, and the gentle, with which his poem would have burnt brightly down to us, like windows painted by enchantment.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

From the Second Volume of Mr. Moore's National Melodies.

WITH AN ANSWER TO IT.

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel;
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out, by moon-light,
With Genius on his rambles.
While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone,
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him;
T'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came at last
To a shady river;—
Common Sense soon passed
Safe, as he doth ever!

While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it,
While I touch the string, &c.

How the wise one smiled;
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth so wild,
Dripping from the current.
Sense went home to bed;

Genius, left to shiver,
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel;
For the tale I sing:
Has, for once, a moral,

FURTHER ACCOUNT.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel;
For the tale I sing
Has a further moral.

"Tis said!" Did he so?
Then let me say, that *Tis*, Ma'am,
Is, as many know,
The veriest liar that is, Ma'am.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel;
For the tale I sing,
Has a further moral.*

Genius did not die;
Twas an envious rumour,
He got quickly dry,
And turned the dip to humour,
Common Sense, 'tis true,
Left him like an elf there;
But Common's wife, a shrew,
Made him wish himself there.

While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense next day
Went to business sulky,
Cheating all the way
To make his pockets bulky.
Genius went about,
Sowing smiles and flowers;
Bright eyes looking out
To thank him from their bowers.

While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense at last
Died of the old woman,
And was buried fast
By his niece Uncommon.

* *Tis* more familiarly known by the addition of his usual habit, *Tis said*, is own cousin to the well known gabbling Frenchman *On dit*.

Genius loved and wooed
 By that self-same river;
 They had Common Good;
 And all three lived for ever.
 While I touch the string,
 Wreath my brows with laurel;
 For the tale I sing,
 Has a further moral.

A HATE SONG.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND A LADY.

- P. Let lovers whine of darts and pains
 That run 'em through and through;
 And curse their lot in such old strains,
 As make us curse it too;
 For my part, Ma'am, my happier fate
 At present is to be in hate.
- L. In hate! Good God, Sir, what a phrase!
 And what a dreadful thing!
 Come, come, you're in your joking ways:
 What! lofty as a king!
 Well, well, I hope its not with me!
 You'll not convince me easily.
- P. I trust I may, for those sweet eyes
 So gentle are and winceable,
 They hold the sum of all that's wise,
 Convincing and convinceable;
 So there!—and there!—They call it, Ma'am,
 The argument *ad fœminam*.
- L. Well, Sir, I vow—Nay, nay, I'll hide
 The book you kiss so for one;
 But still I am not satisfied,
 Now you, Sir, could abhor one.
 Why, it must be a shocking state!
 What does one do, when one's in hate!
- P. Why nothing, Madam. There's the Bliss:—
 'Tis all a fine negation;
 No anxious thoughts of that or this,
 Nor any inclination;
 Except indeed, when one is present,
 To go away, or be unpleasant.
- L. Nay, this would be indifference,
 Except for that last word;
 I, sometimes, God knows, could dispense
 With a whole tattling herd;
 But as to being wilfully
 Unpleasant, why—P. You cannot be.
- Now I, Ma'am (here some critic cries,
 " Ay, ay, there is no need
 For telling us that eyes are eyes:
 You'd say that *you* succeed"—)
 Now I, Ma'am, may; though seldom sure
 Except with some poor fierce Reviewer.
- But one can't be in hate with men;
 It must be with a person
 Of t'other sex; and only then
 When she's a very curse on
 The sex itself; and only known
 For woman by her libellous gown.

A vain and jealous lump, to wit,
 Who sins and thinks all sinners;
 Or one who "cannot eat a bit,"
 Because she's had two dinners;
 Or one who holds her kindred small,
 And yet demands first love from all;
 Or one, who with a mighty air
 Makes flourishes of trumpets
 In asking you to eat a pear,
 Or pressing you to crumpets;
 Then chucks a farthing to a beggar,
 Because he looks "so monstrous eager."
 Or one, who with a tongue as meek
 As if it could not stir,
 Will flatter you till you are sick,
 In hopes you'll flatter her;
 And if you don't, or won't, or can't,
 Will go and say you keep your aunt.
 Or one who cannot find a pounded
 To cheer her parents' faces,
 And then to all her gossips round
 Goes flaring in new laces;
 Wearing in her adder's ears
 Pearls that seem compos'd of tears.
 L. My wonder's gone!—but still—this fust—
 P. Ah, Madam, pray reflect;
 If Ladies fall in hate with us,
 They cannot bear neglect.
 Disdain so kills them with vexation,
 'Tis kindness to return the passion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent asks after the words, which suggested to us the song in a number or two back. We found them in an old set of airs by Millico, who we believe, was a popular composer. They are as follow, and are set in a very sprightly and characteristic manner.

Se monaca ti fai,
 Io frate mi farò;
 In che convento vai,
 Io pur ti seguirò.
 Quando batte la luna,
 Fatto la mia fortuna;
 Che regular non so:
 Vorresti farti monaca,
 Ma non lo credo, no.

We are much obliged to our friend T. R., and should like to see the work he speaks of.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXVIII.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1821.

APOLOGIES AND PRIMROSES.

WE omitted to mention, that the verses in our last number were repeated from the *Examiner*. It is neither the importance nor the unimportance of the things themselves, which makes us thus scrupulous; but as we go upon a ground of truth in all we write, and do not even wear a mask in this our "Indicative mood," we like the reader to know when he is purchasing patterns that have not been sold before, and when he is consenting, for our accommodation, to let those that have, be copied for him as a make-up. It is fair play towards him; and assists whatever value our writings may have, when new.

As people cannot get well, somehow, as fast as they could wish, still less by the same means which helped to make them ill, (which is very inconvenient), we must again draw upon former productions for a whole number. There are twenty subjects pressing upon us for notice, to all which, like friends whom we long to visit, we are obliged to make the most unwilling and self-denying excuses: but it is only with the hope of securing our health for their service. At present, we are obliged to go on nursing our megrims, diaphragms, patiences, and "other gentilities," as Metastasio says. But spring, as well as hope, is now before us; and we omit no active, as well as passive means, to restore the equilibrium between our preaching and our practice, and prove ourselves worthy pioneers into the woods and green lanes. On Saturday morning, which happened to be so fine, we heard, for the first time this year, the cry of Primroses; which besides its being a very pretty cry and tuneable, is to the new year what the Cuckoo is to the summer; only it is a still pleasanter song, because it is still more wanted, and is human. Fortunately, the crier was a woman, and did it justice. What a world of thoughts must not a passing voice, on such an occasion, cast into each house as it goes! To how many people must it not speak of youth, and childhood, and the green fields, and all that has past since they used to stroll in them, and all the

hours they would willingly pass there again! For our parts, in spite of our ill health, it opened upon us at once such an agreeable sphere of creation, made up of health, and morning, and youth, and fresh air, and the flowers, that we could not help imagining the crier to be both young and handsome. The woman with doves on her head in one of Raphael's pictures could not have touched us more. It is true, had she turned out old and withered, she might not have touched us less:—but we did not get up to see.

FALSTAFF'S LETTERS.

[Agreeably to our plan of noticing such works as either demand a particular kind of introduction to the public, or do not appear to be appreciated as they deserve, we repeat a criticism written by a friend on the following Letters. Not long after it appeared in the *Examiner*, the author, who was its subject, died. His name was James White; and many who knew nothing of him as a writer, will recollect being familiar with his name in the unromantic title of an Agent for Newspapers. Not the least indeed of his Shakspearian qualities, was an indifference to fame. He was also, like his great inspirer, a gentleman. He was one among the many living writers, who passed their boyhood in Christ Hospital, where he held an office, sometime after quitting it. We remember, as he passed through the cloisters, how we used to admire his handsome appearance, and unimprovable manner of wearing his new clothes.]

“Original Letters, &c. of Sir John Falstaff and his Friends; now first made public by a Gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from genuine MSS. which have been in the possession of the Quickly Family near four hundred years.”

A copy of this work sold at the Roxburgh sale for five guineas. We have both before and since that time picked it up at stalls for eighteenpence. Reader, if you shall ever light upon a copy in the same way, we counsel you to buy it. We are deceived if there be not in it much of the true Shakspearian stuff. We present you with a few of the Letters, which may speak for themselves:—

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

“I pr’ythee, Hal, lend me thy ’kerchief. An thy unkindness have not started more salt gouts down my poor old cheek, than my good rapier hath of blood from foemen’s gashes in five and thirty years’ service, then am I very senseless mummy. I squander away in drinkings monies belonging to the soldiery! I do deny it—they have had part—the surplus is gone in charity—accuse the parish-officers—make them restore—the whoreson wardens do now put on the cloak of supplication at the church doors, intercepting gentlemen for charity, forsooth!—’Tis a robbery, a villainous robbery! to come upon a gentleman reeking with piety, God’s book in his hand, brimfull of the sacrament! Thou knowest, Hal, as I am but man, I dare in some sort leer at the plate and pass, but as I have the body and blood of Christ within me, could I do it? An I did not make an oblation of a matter of ten pound

after the battle of Shrewsbury, in humble gratitude for thy safety, Hal, then am I the veriest transgressor denounced in God's code. But I'll see them damned ere I'll be charitable again. Let 'em coin the plate—let them coin the holy chalice.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“Ha! ha! ha! And dost thou think I would not offer up ten pound for thee? yea, a hundred—more—but take heed of displeasing in thy sacrifice. Cain did bring a kid, yea, a firstling upon the altar, and the blaze ascended not. Abel did gather simple herbs, penny-royal, Hal, and mustard, a fourpenny matter, and the odour was grateful. I had ten pound for the holy offertory—mine ancient Pistol doth know it—but the angel did arrest my hand. Could I go beyond the word?—the angel which did stretch forth his finger, lest the good patriarch should slay his son.—That Ned Poins hath more colours than a jay, more abuse than a taught pie, and for wit—the cuckow's dam may be Fool of the Court to him. I lie down at Shrewsbury out of base fear! I melt into roods, and acres, and poles! I tell thee what, Hal, there's not a subject in the land hath half my temperance of valour.—Did I not see thee combatting the man-queller, Hotspur; yea, in peril of subdument? Was it for me to lose my sweet Hal without a thrust, having my rapier, my habergion, my good self about me? I did lie down in the hope of sherking him in the rib—four drummers and a fifer did help me to the ground:—didst thou not mark how I did leer upon thee from beneath my buckler? That Poins hath more scurrillity than is in a whole flock of disquieted geese.

“For the rebels I did conceal, thou should'st give me laud. I did think thou wert already encompassed with more enemies than the resources of man could prevent overwhelming thee; yea, that thou wert the dove on the waters of Ararat, and didst lack a resting-place. Was it for me to heap to thy manifold disquiet? Was it for me to fret thee with the advice of more enemies than thou didst already know of? I could not take their lives, and therefore did I take their monies. I did fine them, lest they should escape, Hal, thou dost understand me, without chastisement; yea, I fined them for a punishment. They did make oath on the point of my sword to be true men:—an the rogues foreswore themselves, and joined the Welchman, let them look to it—'tis no 'peachment of my virtue.”

AGAIN.

“Oh! I am sitting on a nest of the most unfledged cuckows that ever brooded under the wing of hawk. Thou must know, Hal, I had note of a good hale recruit or two in this neighbourhood. In other shape came I not; look to it, Master Shallow, that in other shape I depart not. But I know thou art ever all desire to be admitted a Fellow Commoner in a jest. Robert Shallow, Esq. judgeth the hamlet of Cotswold. Doth not the name of judge horribly chill thee? With Aaron's rod in his hand, he hath the white beard of Moses on his chin. In goodsooth his perpetual countenance is not unlike what thou wouldst conceit of the momentary one of the lunatic Jew, when he tumbled God's tables from the mount. He hath a quick busy gait—more of this upright Judge (perpendicular as a pikeman's weapon, Hal), anon. I would dispatch with these Bardolph; but the knave's hands—(I cry thee mercy) his mouth is full in preventing desertion among my recruits. An every liver among them haven't stood me in three and forty shilling, then am I a naughty escheator.—I tell thee what, Hal, I'd fight against my conscience for never a Prince in Christendom but thee.—Oh! this is a most damnable cause, and the rogues know it—they'll drink nothing but sack of three and twopence a gallon; and I enlist me none but tall puissant fellows that would quaff me up Fleet-ditch, were it filled with sack—picked men, Hal—such as will shake my Lord of York's mitre. I pray thee, sweet lad, make speed—thou shalt see glorious deeds.”

How say you, reader, do not these inventions smack of Eastcheap? Are they not nimble, forgetive, evasive? Is not the humour of them elaborate, cogitabund, fanciful? Carry they not the true image and superscription of the father which begat them? Are they not steeped all over in character—subtle, profound, unctuous? Is not here the very effigies of the Knight? Could a counterfeit Jack Falstaff come by these conceits? Or are you, reader, one who delights to drench

his mirth in tears? You are, or, peradventure, have been a lover; a "dismissed bachelor," perchance, one that is "lass-lorn." Come, then, and weep over the dying bed of such a one as thyself. Weep with us the death of poor Abraham Slender.

DAVY TO SHALLOW.

"Master Abram is dead, gone, your Worship, dead! Master Abram! Oh! good your Worship, a's gone. A' never throve, since a' came from Windsor—'twas his death, I called him rebel, your Worship—but a' was all subject—a' was subject to any babe, as much as a King—a' turned, *like as it were the latter end of a lover's lute*—a' was all peace and resignation—a' took delight in nothing but his Book of Songs and Sonnets—a' would go to the Stroud side under the large beech-tree, and sing, till 'twas quite pity of our lives to mark him; for his chin grew as long as a muscle.—Oh! a' sung his soul and body quite away—a' was lank as any greyhound, and had such a scent! I hid his love-songs among your Worship's law-books; for I thought, if a' could not get at them, it might be to his quiet; but a' snuffed 'em out in a moment. Good your Worship, have the wise woman of Brentford secured—Master Abram may have been conjured—Peter Simple says, a' never looked up after a' sent for the wise woman—Marry, a' was always given to look down afore his elders; a' might do it, a' was given to it—your Worship knows it; but then 'twas peak and pert with him, marry, in the turn of his heel.—A' died, your Worship, just about one, at the crow of the cock.—I thought how it was with him; for a' talked as quick, aye, marry, as glib as your Worship; and a' smiled, and looked at his own nose, and called "Sweet Ann Page." I asked him if a' would eat—so a' bad us commend him to his cousin Robert (a' never called your Worship so before) and bad us get hot meat, for a' would not say "nay" to Ann again.* But a' never lived to touch it—a' began all in a moment to sing "Lovers all, a Madrigall." 'Twas the only song Master Abram ever learnt out of book, and clean by heart, your Worship—and so a' sung and smiled, and looked askew at his own nose, and sung, and sung on, till his breath waxed shorter, and shorter, and shorter, and a' fell into a struggle and died. Alice Shortcake craves, she may make his shroud." * * * * *

Should these specimens fail to rouse your curiosity to see the whole, it may be to your loss, gentle reader, but it will give small pain to the spirit of him that wrote this little book; my fine-tempered friend, J. W.—for not in authorship, or the spirit of authorship, but from the fullness of a young soul, newly kindling at the Shakspearian flame, and bursting to be delivered of a rich exuberance of conceits,—I had almost said *kindred with those of the full Shakspearian genius itself*,—were these Letters dictated. We remember when the inspiration came upon him; when the plays of Henry the Fourth were first put into his hands. We think at our recommendation he read them, rather late in life, though still he was but a youth. He may have forgotten, but we cannot, the pleasant evenings which ensued at the Boar's Head (as we called our tavern, though in reality the sign was not that, nor the street Eastcheap, for that honoured place of resort has long since passed away) when over our pottle of Sherris he would talk you nothing but pure Falstaff the long evenings through. Like his, the wit of J. W. was deep, recondite, imaginative, full of goodly figures and fancies. Those evenings have long since passed away, and nothing comparable to them has come in their stead, or can come. "We have heard the chimes at midnight." * * * *

* Vide Merry Wives of Windsor, latter part of 1st scene, 1st act.

CHARGE OF FRIGHTENED DEATH-BEDS: DEATHS OF VOLTAIRE,
LUTHER, CALVIN, &c.

[The following article was written in answer to some lately revived calumnies. We omit a few words at the beginning, because they name a party paper, and are written with more of the spirit of party than we admit into these our sequestered columns. We must only observe, that the Abbé Barruel was mentioned, as the authority always quoted for these stories. We must add too, that with all our respect for Voltaire's wonderful talents and benevolence, we do not think he had enough of what is emphatically called sentiment, to enter into all that might be made of the Christian system; but he had grown up in the thick of its abuses, was inspired against it by the very share he preserved of its own spirit, and was assuredly, in the eyes of all who can reason as well as feel, much more of the real Christian than his calumniators. They pretend, though they are far from believing, that his opposition will have done good to the Christian doctrine; and so it will, but not in their sense. The extraordinary, undeniable, and still increasing effect which he produced upon the world, has even assisted, and will continue to assist, the true part of it; that part of it, in which he believed with his heart if not with his tongue; and which, by the way, those very calumniators have always done their best to hamper and confound. The paragraphs relating to Paine's death-bed are omitted for want of room.]

The first person who gave a genuine account of the death as well as life of Voltaire, was a man no less illustrious for his virtues than talents,—Condorcet. His account was confirmed and given more in detail by a writer, who was furnished with every possible means of getting at the truth by Voltaire's family and connexions, the portfolios of men of letters, and the manuscript memoirs of the philosopher's secretary, Longchamp. The substance is as follows:—Voltaire, in extreme old age, beheld his bust crowned at the theatre at Paris, amidst the tears and shouts of an enthusiastic multitude. "They will kill me," said he, "with pleasure." Honours and gratitude crowded upon him. Among others who came to pay him their homage (mark this, Englishmen) was *Franklin*, who asked him for his benediction upon his little grandson. The philosopher in giving it, said he could not resist speaking for a moment the native tongue of his visitor. "I will give," said he, "the only benediction befitting a grandson of Mr. Franklin;" and then laying his hand on the child, pronounced in English, "God and Liberty." The sensibility he witnessed on all sides, roused all the fire of his youth. He said that the treatment he experienced gave him hopes of being able to propose to the Academy the eulogy of *Coligny* (the Huguenot Admiral slain in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew). He advised the Academy to remodel their dictionary, and took for his portion the letter A, upon which he went stoutly to work. He took immoderate draughts of coffee, the better to keep his old age awake; then opium to counteract the coffee, but it only assisted it; and all these efforts and emotions hastened his last

hour. Another shock of the most pleasing kind awaited him when he lay down to die. This was the reversal of the decree against M. Lally Tolendal's father,—a cause in which the saviour of Calas and Serven had interested himself. The last sentence he dictated was on this subject, and *has become more interesting to us all every day*. "I die content," said he, "for the reign of Justice has commenced." (It was destined to have a bloody commencement, it is true, like the Christian religion; but it has survived all shocks, and will triumph.) At length his hour arrived. The Curate of St. Sulpice, a vain, servile, and haughty simpleton, who had made his appearance before to no purpose, and who burned to have the honour of converting him, intruded on his last moments. It was told him the Curate was come; upon which he raised himself a little, embraced him, and said "Accept my respects, Sir."—It seemed in the minds of the bystanders, as if he meant to say "I am charitable towards you: do not torment me." But the Curate again demanded, in a loud and confident tone, "Sir, do you recognize the divinity of Jesus Christ?" "Sir," replied Voltaire, "leave me to die in peace."—"Do you recognize, Sir," reiterated the Curate, "the divinity of Jesus Christ?" It was then that the dying philosopher, rousing up all his departing strength, and putting into one sentence the whole substance of his theological writings, uttered those last, and memorable words—"For the love of God, speak to me no more of that *man*."

It is in this real account of the matter, that the reader will see all the causes of the false ones. The bigots were doubly enraged at this proof of his invincible faith, and, according to their *old plan* (as we shall presently shew) loaded it with every misrepresentation which could be set in motion by revenge, mortified egotism, hypocrisy, the downfall of priestcraft, and the death-bed fears which are, or ought to be, the natural result of such a barbarity as the belief in eternal punishment.

The late French philosophers in general,—many of whom, as D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Helvetius, &c. were the most amiable men in the world, died in a manner becoming them. Rousseau died, gazing with enthusiasm on a setting sun. Their predecessors the English philosophers and deists, died with similar calmness,—Collins, Shaftesbury, Adam Smith, Gibbon, &c. But the greatest stumbling-block to the feet of those who bring "good tidings" of eternal punishment, was the death of Hume, recorded by his friend Adam Smith. It was so cheerful, that they were then shocked in a different manner, and wished to die, for their parts, trembling and in decent fear. And thus it has been always. If you are known to die with their trembling and decent fear, then they say you are frightened; if with placidity, it is want of feeling; if with cheerfulness, it is impudent temerity; and if nobody can prove how you died, of course it was raving. Your only refuge is to send and ask how you are to die; only you must take care to ask but one sect, or you will have twenty different confessions recommended, all indispensibly necessary and every one damning the other.

And now a word or two of Mr. Barruel's predecessors in these precious arts of misrepresentation, formerly defended as well as attacked under the name of *pious frauds*. The story of a frightened

death-bed is the oldest as well as saddest joke in theological history. Father Menochio, a Jesuit, one of the most popular authorities among the Catholics, has a chapter in his tissue of *Learned Treatises*, upon the unhappy deaths of Arch-heretics.* He begins with the old legend of Ebion, who for denying the divinity of Christ, was killed by the fall of a bathing-house. But what will the Protestants, who are so fond of attributing unhappy death-beds to the Deists, say to the unhappy death-beds attributed to all their venerable leaders by the Catholics? Oh,—“a weak invention of the enemy,” of course! But it was strong enough to mislead millions of the Christian world, and would have done so to this day, if such practices had not been exposed. The same brother-Jesuit of Barruel, Father Menochio, quotes two authoritative gentlemen of the name of Bozsius and Cocleus, who say that Luther died of suffocation after a hearty supper. This is possible, as he was a gross bodied person; but that illustrious obscure, Mr. Bozsius, says that one of Luther's own servants (*afterwards converted*) told him his master had hung himself. This is possible also, but who believes it, coming from such authors? The same Bozsius says that Ecolampadius was run through by the devil with fiery darts; and quotes Luther's own authority for it, with whom Ecolampadius *had differed*. Such is sure to be the cause of these scandalous stories. Osiander, according to the same Catholic authority, after being struck dumb, “died horribly, like a beast.” Martin Bucer, whom Milton uses with such reverence in his treatise on Divorce, was visited on his death-bed, to the great terror of the persons present, by “a horrible dæmon,” who dashed him from the bed in such a dreadful manner as to sprinkle his bowels about the room. Calvin, the great leader of the Protestant misrepresenters of death-beds, has an assortment of horrors suitable to the doctrines he preached. Not content with quoting Beza, as the authority for his having had a shocking set of diseases for four years, colic, gout, stone, asthma, vomiting of blood, &c. &c. he is said to have died of a death which cannot be mentioned, and which was softened down (for so the relators, with a horrible humour, put it) into a death by vermin.

Another Catholic book with which the kindness of a friend has furnished us,—a sort of classical dictionary,—says pithily of Calvin, that he was a great rascal of Saxony (he was a Frenchman) who out of vanity raised up a villainous sect, giving great trouble to the Romish Church, and withdrawing from it the Scotch and other people. He led a very vicious life, was a debauchee, and convicted of a horrible sin. (It is not said what.) He suffered a grievous death, being eaten up with vermin.—*Nuovo Dizionario Poetico ed Istorico*. p. 70. *Venezia*.—No later than 1742.

And now what does all this prove, but that men embittered by the exclusiveness of faith, and unsoftened by the charities of philosophy, have all delighted to misrepresent one another? There are men undoubtedly, of all beliefs and non-beliefs, who had unhappy as well as happy deaths: and one thing is certain, that wherever the death has

* Le Stuore, ovvero Trattenimenti Eruditi del Padre Gio. Stefano Menochio, &c. &c. Parte Prima, p. 208.

been of the unhappy sort in question, it has been produced by a belief, habitual or otherwise, in one of the most favourite and horrible dogmas of the Christian church,—the belief in eternal punishment. How many Christians in all probability have died wretched, as they lived, because of their inability to reconcile so shocking a doctrine with the goodness of their Maker? What a life did poor Cowper pass, for that reason! And then as to the happy death-beds of religionists, what do they prove for the exclusive excellence of faiths, in which so many have died miserably? What does Addison's death, for instance (if he really died it; Walpole says that he died of too frequent a recurrence to the exhilaration of the bottle; but this is no proof that he did not die in the other way also) but what does Addison's ostentation about "See how a Christian can die," prove against a death in any other faith? Do we suppose that no Mussulman dies happy; and that he might not say with as much logic, "See how a Mahometan can die?" The young Mussulman mentioned by Gibbon, exclaimed in battle, "I see a black-eyed Houri waiting for me at the gate of Heaven, and waving a green handkerchief;" and so saying, he rushed into the thick of the fight, a willing victim.

The truth is, that a death-bed proves nothing but that a man can live no longer. A belief in shocking dogmas may make it unhappy; and a non-belief in them may help to make it easy. But what absurdity is it to expect of any man that he shall be in his easiest or his most confirmed state of mind, at the moment of all others when he is most sick and feeble? The wonderful thing after all is, not that some men have been terrified at such moments by the recurrence of the dogmas inflicted upon their childhood, but that so many men, in spite of them, have died so calmly, so courageously, so triumphantly.

May knowledge and charity go on increasing, till none of us shall suffer more than the physical evils of death; and none of us, above all, be capable of feeling any *kind* of delight in holding up the unhappy deaths, real or pretended, of others.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXIX.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1821.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.

[We repeat in our present number a criticism in the *Examiner* on the works of this author. He is not so much known as he is admired; but if to be admired, and more, by those who are better known, have any thing of the old laudatory desideratum in it, we know no man who possesses a more enviable share of praise. The truth is, that Mr. Lamb in general has performed his services to the literary world so anonymously, and in his most trivial subjects has such a delicate and extreme sense of all that is human, that common readers have not been aware of half his merits, nor great numbers of his existence. When his writings were collected by the bookseller, people of taste were asking, who this Mr. Charles Lamb was that had written so well. They were answered,—the man who set the critics right about the old English Dramatists, and whom some of them shewed at once their ingratitude and their false pretensions by abusing.—Besides the works here alluded to, Mr. Lamb is the author of an interesting prose abridgment of the *Odyssey* under the title of the *Adventures of Ulysses*, and has helped his sister in other little works for children (equally fit for those “of a larger growth”), especially one called *Mrs. Leicester’s School*. We believe we are taking no greater liberty with him than our motives will warrant, when we add that he sometimes writes in the *London Magazine* under the signature of ELIA.]

There is a spirit in Mr. Lamb’s productions, which is in itself so *anti-critical* and tends so much to reconcile us to all that is in the world, that the effect is almost neutralizing to every thing but complacency and a quiet admiration. We must even plainly confess, that one thing which gave a Laputan flap to our delay in speaking of these volumes, was the meeting with a flimsy criticism in an orthodox review, which mistook the exquisite simplicity and apprehensiveness of Mr. Lamb’s genius for want of power; and went vainly brushing away at some of the solidest things in his work, under the notion of its being chaff.

That the poetical part of Mr. Lamb’s volumes (and as this comes first, we will make the first half of our criticism upon it) is not so striking as the critical, we allow. And there are several reasons for it;—first, because criticism inevitably explains itself more to the reader; whereas poetry, especially such as Mr. Lamb’s, often gives him too much credit for the apprehensiveness in which it deals itself;—second, because Mr. Lamb’s criticism is obviously of a most original cast, and directly informs the reader of a number of things which he did not know before; whereas the poetry, for the reason just mentioned, leaves him rather to gather them;—third, because the author’s

genius, though in fact of an anti-critical nature (his very criticisms chiefly tending to overthrow the critical spirit) is also less busied with creating new things, which is the business of poetry, than with inculcating a charitable and patient content with old, which is a part of humanity:—fourth and last, because from an excess of this content, of love for the old poets, and of diffidence in recommending to others what has such infinite recommendations of its own, he has really, in three or four instances, written pure common-places on subjects deeply seated in our common humanity, such as the recollections of childhood (vol. 1. p. 71.), the poem that follows it, and one or two of the sonnets. But he who cannot see, that the extreme old simplicity of style in *The Three Friends* is a part and constituent recommendation of the very virtue of the subject;—that the homely versification of the *Ballad noticing the Difference of Rich and Poor* has the same spirit of inward reference,—that the little Robert Burton-like effusion, called *Hypochondriacus*, has all the quick mixture of jest and earnest belonging to such melancholy,—and that the *Farewell to Tobacco* is a piece of exuberant pleasantry, equally witty and poetical, in which the style of the old poets becomes proper to a wit overflowing as theirs,—such a man may be fit enough to set up for a critic once a month, but we are sure he has not an idea in his head once a quarter.

From this last poem, which is an old friend of ours, and passages of which used to be, and are still, often in our mouth like a favourite tune, we must indulge ourselves in a few extracts. It opens in this pleasant manner, *agitato*:—

May the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyraus of thy leaves.

[But want of room, as well as a further design which we have upon this poem, must prevent us from repeating the rest of our passages from it.]

There is something very touching as well as vivid in the poem that stands first, entitled *Hester*. The object of it is a female Quaker who died young, and who appears to have been of a spirit that broke through the cold shell of her sect. She was of a nature so sprightly and strong, that the poet, for some time, says he could not

By force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.
* * * * *
My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy chearful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

If the Quakers appear to be the only real Christians extant, they are such only in a negative sense. We allude to them, of course, in general. They deny themselves a good deal, but they allow others little; and this, we suspect, is Christianity wrong side outwards. A Quaker will not be outrageous, and will not get drunk; he will also prevent his wife from copying the beauties of God's creation in the colours of her dress; and God's gift of music he holds to be very small; but next to a hypocrite (and we by no means intend to confound the two), he would be the last man in the world to forgive a woman taken in adultery, or to be present at an avowed feast, or to refer a money-getter to "the lilies of the valley which toil not," or to patronize the waste of a box of precious ointment for the sake of a sentiment. If a true Christian means any thing, it means, we suspect, something which would startle all the commonly received notions and establishments out of their wits; and is made up of a mixture of Platonism in speculation, and a community of good in practice, equally calculated to baffle the despisers of the ancient world, and the sharers of the present. When a Quaker, or a Methodist, or an indifferent Churchman, talks of Christianity, we see in it nothing but vain negation, or fanaticism, or worldliness. All these men send those who differ with them to the devil, and know no more about the finer aspirations of one's nature than any bad passion or selfishness can. It is difficult, from his works, to collect whether Mr. Lamb is a professed Christian or not. The Calvinist would surely pronounce against him, because he decries eternal punishment; the Quaker, because he finds out something more than pardonable in the vehement passions; and all other Protestants, because at the sight of a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, he wishes to be a Catholic, that he may worship the *Madonna*. All this must be *caveare* to the Christian multitude. It is another version of the sentiment about the box of ointment. Yet the less Christian he may be thought to be in these matters, the finer spirit of religious feeling is there in the following lines on the same picture. They are a recognition, not of Catholic bigotry, but of the diviner aspirations of our being, under whatever devout shape they appear, and which always appear finest and most probable when connected with ideas of child-like innocence and joy. Filicaja or Tasso might have been proud of writing them; and, by the way, it would have done both

Filicaja and Tasso good, and made them less perturbed Christians, had they possessed what they would have called the Anti-christian tolerance in the rest of our author's works :—

LINES ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

While young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration ;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles there.

The tragedy of *John Woodvil*, which we think liable in some measure to Mr. Coleridge's objection mentioned in the Dedication, of its being a little too over-antique in the style, gave rise, partly on that account, to less fortunate objection from the critics on its first appearance. People were not acquainted then as they are now with the older dramatists ; and the critics, finding it a new production which was like none of their select common-places, confounded the oldness of the style and the manly and womanly simplicity of the sentiments with something hitherto unheard of, equally barbarous and mawkish. They have since learnt better, partly, perhaps chiefly, from the information of this very author ; and it is doubtless a good deal owing to this circumstance, that some of them chuse to abstain from noticing this publication, the better natured from a feeling of awkwardness, and the malignant from having since turned commentators on old plays themselves. The tragedy of *John Woodvil* has this peculiarity,—that it is founded on a frailty of a very unheroic nature, and ends with no punishment to the offender but repentance. Yet so finely and humanly is it managed, with such attractions of pleasantry and of pathos, that these circumstances become distinguishing features of its excellence ; and the reader begins to regret that other poets have not known how to reconcile moral lessons, so familiar and useful, with the dignity of dramatic poetry. Sir Walter Woodvil, a gentleman of an ancient family, who had taken part against Charles the First, is obliged to hide himself at the Restoration. His son, left in possession of the family mansion, grows in the mean time riotous and dissipated, after the court fashion ; and partly from his natural frankness, is excited during the fever of drunkenness to intrust the secret of his father's hiding-place with one Lovel, a bottle-companion and supposed friend. Sir Walter is in consequence sought out in Sherwood Forest by Lovel and another drinking associate, and during a violent parley between

the two intruders and his faithful younger son Simon, *breaks his heart without a word*. This is as true a piece of pathos as we remember in tragedy. John Woodvil, after great wretchedness of mind, leaves the reader to suppose that he is restored to comparative peace, partly by the force of repentance, and partly by the attentions of Margaret, an orphan ward of his late father, and a most noble creature, whose character alone would serve to shew the generous delicacy of the author's genius. During his unhappy and noisy prosperity, John, though avowedly her lover, treats her with unceasing neglect, and under the peculiar circumstances of her situation she thinks it becoming a proper pride in her to go and seek out Sir Walter, and to unite her helping fortunes with him and his younger son. She does so, and only shews that John has treated her unhandsomely by turning away with a tear when the question is asked her, and then resuming her kindly aspect of society. After the catastrophe which happens to Sir Walter, she excuses John as well as she may, resolves at all events not

To join the clamour of the world
Against her friend,

and again appears before him to shew him that sympathy in adversity, which he refused to cultivate in her, during prosperity. The best passages in this play are the pathetic ones; but as these depend a good deal on the context, and are more pervading than the others, we must content ourselves with selecting some lines of beautiful description. Simon Woodvil says that he loves all things that live

From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly,
That makes short holyday in the sun-beam,
And dies by some child's hand. The feeble bird
With little wings, yet greatly venturous
In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
That knows no touch of eloquence. What else?
Yon tall and elegant stag,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water, where he drinks.

MARGARET.

I myself love all these things, yet so as with a difference:—for example, some animals better than others, some men rather than other men; the nightingale before the cuckoo, the swift and graceful palfrey before the slow and assinine mule. Your humour goes to confound all qualities. What sports do you use in the forest?—

SIMON.

Not many; some few, as thus:—
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Fitch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.

To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
 Like bashful youngers in society.
 To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

The pathetic of this tragedy is after all inferior to that of the story of *Rosamund Gray*, which very properly stands at the head of the prose part of Mr. Lamb's Works, and is one of the most painful yet delightful in the world. There is one part of it, in which, to be sure, the pain greatly predominates; but this is told very briefly, and with something beyond delicacy: and we have here to make a remark which has often struck us;—namely, that in the most painful, most humiliating, and even most overwhelming and stupifying death of a virtuous person, there is something still which conquers the conqueror. The mere fact that the virtue, the good-heartedness, the sentiment (in whatever shape it may) of the sufferer survives to the last, leaves the happy-making faculty victorious over the temporary misfortune however dreadful; so that goodness in its most passive shape is greater and more powerful than vice is in its most active. *Rosamund*, like *Clarissa Harlowe*, is violated; but good God! what a difference in the management of the two stories. Mr. Lamb need not be alarmed: we are not going to say that Richardson is not a very extraordinary person. He was the more extraordinary inasmuch as he writes the most affecting books, in a spirit, which to us at least appears one of the most unfeeling imaginable. He writes seven or eight thick volumes on the tortures of a young woman; and seems at the end as if he could have written seven or eight more, had it been politic as a matter of trade. There is wonderful ability in his books, wonderful knowledge of all sorts of petty proceedings, wonderful variety of character; and with all this one cannot help being interested at a first reading. But in all the finer as well as larger meanings of the word, he wants humanity. He neither knows what vice nor what virtue is, properly speaking. He even, not unfrequently, makes them change sides,—his vice being occupied at any rate in some kind of sympathy with others, while his virtue at bottom thinks of nothing but itself. He does not, like the author before us, hurry over an agonizing incident, or touch it with some sweet, unaffected, unconscious superiority to its situation, like a dying flower; neither does he, like Shakspeare, bring about it all the redeeming graces of poetry and humanity, like so many winged and deep-thoughted angels;—but there is a pettiness and detail of preparation,—a pedantry and ostentation of virtue, even in its retirements,—and a cool never-ending surgical anatomy of suffering, equally destructive, in our minds, of the real dignity of the subject, and the respectability of the writer. He put forth his thorns and burrs, with as vegetable an indifference as a thistle. He wrote like a sentimental familiar of the Inquisition. He resembled one of his own printing-presses,—furnished with formal layers of literal knowledge, squeezing and grinding it down with a wooden and metallic want of remorse, and giving off so many sheets an hour with as little wear and tear as a mangle.

But to return.—*Rosamund Gray* is the story of a lovely young girl, a perfect picture of intelligent innocence, whose family have been brought low in the world, and who grows up with a blind old grand-

mother, that doats and rests all her being upon her. There grows a love between her and a fine frank-hearted youth, Allan Clare, which is described or rather constantly implied and felt, with a world of delicacy and young devotedness. Allan had a sister, who learned to love Rosamund as he did; and one night, after the two friends had had a happy long walk about the fields and green places near the village, Rosamund, unable to get out of her head the scenes which were now endeared to her by Allan's sister as well as himself, played her grandmother for the first time in her life a little trick, and in the irrepressible and innocent enthusiasm of her heart stole out of the cottage to go over them again. Matravis, a villain, met her—"Late at night he met her, a lonely, unprotected virgin—no friend at hand—no place near of refuge."—We thank the author for making this scoundrel sallow and ugly. It looks as if his physical faculties were perturbed and bad by nature, like a mistake; and that these had infected the humanity common to us all. Rosamund, "polluted and disgraced, wandered, an abandoned thing, about the fields and meadows till day-break." She then did not go home, but laid herself down stupified at Elinor Clare's gate; and in her friend's house she soon died, having first heard that her grandmother had died in the mean while. The blind old woman—her death is thus related:—

An old man, that lay sick in a small house adjoining to Margaret's, testified the next morning, that he had plainly heard the old creature calling for her granddaughter. All the night long she made her moan, and ceased not to call upon the name of Rosamund. But no Rosamund was there—the voice died away, but not till near day-break.

When the neighbours came to search in the morning, Margaret was missing! She had straggled out of bed, and made her way into Rosamund's room—worn out with fatigue and fright, when she found the girl not there; she had laid herself down to die—and, it is thought, she died *praying*—for she was discovered in a kneeling posture, her arms and face extended on the pillow, where Rosamund had slept the night before—a smile was on her face in death.

As to Rosamund, she scarcely uttered a word thence forward. "She expired in the arms of Elinor—quiet, gentle, as she lived—thankful, that she died not among strangers—and expressing by signs rather than words, a gratitude for the most trifling services, the common offices of humanity. She died uncomplaining."

Allan's sister, to whom Matravis had once paid his addresses though in vain, died of a frenzy-fever; and the young blighted lover himself is missed for a long while afterwards, till recognized sitting on his sister's tombstone in the village by his friend the surgeon, who is the supposed author of the book. His goodness, his sympathy with his fellow-creatures had survived his happiness; and he was still the same gentle yet manly creature as ever. His great enjoyment, his "wayward pleasure, for he refused to name it a virtue," was in visiting hospitals, and unostentatiously contriving to do personal and pecuniary services to the most wretched. The surgeon was called one night to attend the dying bed of a man of the name of Matravis. Allan went with him, to give the miserable wretch what comfort he could: but he talked deliriously, bidding them "not tell Allan Clare," who stood shedding over him his long-repressed tears.—The paper before us glimmers through our own.

The piece that follows is entitled *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, and is a favourite with us on many accounts, not the least of which is,

that we had the honour of being brought up in that excellent foundation as well as Mr. Lamb himself. Our Recollections of the school were somewhat later than his; but with the exception of a little less gratitude to one individual, and of a single characteristic, which his friend Mr. Coleridge had the chief hand, we suspect, in altering, (and we trust not essentially or for the worse), we can give cordial testimony, up to that later period, of the fidelity of his descriptions. We know not how completely or otherwise they may remain; but from what we see of the Christ Hospital boys in the streets, especially of the older and more learned part of them, and from the share which some of our old school-fellows have in the present tuition, we should guess that they still apply. We extract the following passage, both as giving a general character, and as the best written in the piece. Many persons in the metropolis, though not bred up in the school, will doubtless recognize the truth of it:—

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differentiating him from the former; and there is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependance, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into over-acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly slyness which boys melted up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by over-hastily mixing with common and secular playfellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let any one laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule any thing unusual in dress—above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat boy. That it is neither pride nor pusillity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys: he may be sure of an answer couched in terms of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a parish-boy, or to one of the treacher-caps in the ——— cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate, any more than the certain civility, and mercenary eye to reward, which he will meet with in the other, can fail to depress and sadden him.

[We find we must still delay the conclusion of this criticism till next week.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to the gentleman who favoured us with the two numbers of the Cambro-Briton; and to our friend T.R. for the loan of his volume, which will come back to him in a few days.

J. W. the first opportunity.

The Correspondent who signs his letter with the name of a certain unhappy polemic, is, we suppose, playing a joke with it: but any body who wishes to know the amount of our Christianity, may see it in the *Examiner* of Oct. 24, 1819.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth file,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXX.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1821.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

IN coming to the *Essays* and their masterly criticism, we must repress our tendency to make extracts, or we shall never have done. We must content ourselves with but one noble passage; and with expressing our firm conviction, that to these *Essays*, including remarks on the performance of Shakspeare's tragedies, and the little notices of his contemporaries originally published in the well-known *Specimens of the Old English Dramatists*, the public are indebted for that keener perception and more poetical apprehension of the genius of those illustrious men, which has become so distinguishing a feature among the literary opinions of the day. There was a relish of it in Seward, but a small one, nor did his contemporaries sympathize even with that. The French Revolution, which for a time took away attention from every thing but politics, had a great and new effect in rousing up the thinking faculties in every respect; and the mind, strengthened by unusual action, soon pierced through the flimsy common-places of the last half century. By degrees, they were all broken up; and though some lively critics, who saw only the more eccentric part of the new genius and confounded it with the genius itself, re-edified them, they were too late, as now begins to be pretty generally felt. Mr. Lamb, whose resemblance to the old poets in his tragedy was ludicrously taken for imbecility, had sown his criticisms as well as his example against a genial day; it came; and lo and behold! the very critics, who cried out the most disdainfully against him, adopted these very criticisms, most of them, we are ashamed to say, without any acknowledgment. But he is now beginning to receive his proper praise, after waiting for it in the most quiet and unassuming manner perhaps of any writer living. The following is the passage we alluded to:—

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This ease of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that “they themselves are old?” What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it shew: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous burial for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.

With the Letters under assumed signatures, some of which are in an exquisite taste of humour and wisdom united, many of our readers are acquainted through the medium of the *Reflector*. Some of the pleasantries are among what may be called our *prose tunes*,—things which we repeat almost involuntarily when we are in the humour,—as the one for instance about the coffin handles “with wrought gripes,” and the drawn battle between Death and the ornamental drops, at p. 145, vol. 2.

The undramatic mistake of the *Farce* at the conclusion of the volumes is, that the humour is really too entertaining and the interest too much excited not to lead to inevitable disappointment when the mysterious Mr. H—, who has such a genteel horror of disclosing his name, turns out to have no worse a patronymic than *Hogsflesh*. It is too desperate an appeal to the nominal infirmities common to great numbers of people. Had it been Mr. Horridface, or Mr. Hangman, or Mr. Highwayman, or Mr. Horn-owl, Hag-laugh, or Mr. Hellish, it might have been a little better; but then these would not have been so natural; in short, nothing would have done to meet so much expectation.

If we were to make a summary of Mr. Lamb's merits as a writer, we should say that there was not a deeper or more charitable observer existing. He has none of the abhorrent self-loves that belong to lesser

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in:
I happen to be one of those—who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
Writing so: I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation.
I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation.
It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so;
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, ev'n to saturation;
Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

THE LAST ACT OF TASSO'S AMYNTAS.

In consequence of having mislaid an article prepared for publication, the Editor is compelled to make up his present number with the last act of his translation of Amyntas. We believe the publisher will not quarrel with the liberty we take with our "own other-man's" book; and hope that the reader will be as tolerant.

CHORUS AND ELPINO.

ELPINO.

Truly the law, with which imperial Love
Governs eternally, is not a harsh
Nor crooked law; and wrongly are his works
Condemned, being full of a deep providence.
Oh with what art, and through what unknown paths
Conducts he man to happiness; and when
His servant thinks himself plunged down to the depths
Of evil, lifts him with a sparkling hand,
And places in his amorous paradise!
Lo, here, Amyntas casting himself down
Precipitous, ascends at once to the top
Of all his joy. O fortunate Amyntas!
By so much more the happier, as thou wert
Unhappy! Thine example gives me hope,
That that most fair and unaffectionate thing
Under whose smile of pity is concealed
An iron for my soul, may heal at last
With a true pity what her false has wounded.

CHORUS.

He who comes hither is the wise Elpino.
I hear him talking of the dead Amyntas,
As though he were alive, calling him blest
And fortunate. Ah! thus it is with lovers;

We think the lover fortunate who dies,
 And so finds pity in his lady's heart;
 And this we call a Paradise and long for!
 With what light bounty does the winged god
 Content his servants!—Art thou then, Elpino,
 So miserable too, that thou esteemest
 The miserable end of poor Amyntas
 A blessing, and would'st reach the same thyself!

ELPINO.

Be joyful friends; it was a false report
 That told us of his death.

CHORUS.

O blessed news!
 But did he not then cast himself from the hills?

ELPINO.

He did; but 'twas a cast so fortunate,
 That in the shape of death, a vital joy
 Received him in its arms: and now he lies
 Lapt in the bosom of his lady adored,
 Who is as kind as she was hard, and kisses
 With her own mouth the sorrow from his eyes.
 My business now is with Montano her father,
 To bring him where they are; for his consent
 Alone is wanting to their mutual love.

CHORUS.

Alike their age, their gentle blood alike,
 And now their wishes harmonize. The old man
 Has wished, I know, for grandchildren, to make
 A happy circle round about his age;
 So that his wishes must conform with theirs.
 But oh, Elpino, what kind God or chance
 Rescued Amyntas from that perilous leap?

ELPINO.

I shall delight to tell ye. Hear, then, hear,
 What with these eyes I saw. I was in front
 Of my own cave, which lies beside the hill,
 Just where it parts on meeting with the valley,
 And makes a kind of lap. I was conversing
 With Thyrasis upon one, who in her net
 Him first, and afterwards myself, took fast;
 And I was saying how much I preferred
 My sweet captivity to his flight and freedom;
 When suddenly there was a cry in the air;
 And we beheld a man shoot headlong down
 From the top of the hill, and fall upon some bushes.
 There grew on the hill side, just over head,
 A little queach of bushes and of thorns,
 Which being closely intertwined, made
 A sort of flowering hurdle. 'Twas on that
 He pitched, before the rougher juts had hurt him;
 And though he weighed it down, and so came rolling
 Almost before our feet, yet it had broken
 His fall enough to hinder it from killing.
 He was so hurt however, that he lay
 An hour or more quite stunned and without sense.
 The sudden spectacle had struck us mute
 With pity and horror seeing who it was;

understandings. He takes little, and grants much. He sees through all the causes or circumstances that modify the human character; and while he likes from sympathy, he dislikes with generosity and sincerity, and differs rather than pretends to be better. If there is any thing indeed that looks like affectation in the most sincere and unaffected temper of his writings, it arises partly from the excess of his sympathy with his species, and partly from a wish to make the best of all which they do or suffer; and it leads him into the only inconsistency that we can trace to him. As an admirer for instance of Christianity, and perhaps as a Christian himself in the truest sense of the word, he sympathizes exceedingly with patience and gentleness and the forgiveness of wrongs. This also appears to be his own temper; but then he seems fearful lest this should be construed into a weakness instead of a strength; and so from turning his sympathy to another side of human nature, he palliates some of the most vehement and doubtful passions, and has a good word to say now and then in behalf of revenge itself. The consequence of this exceeding wish to make the best of things as they are (we do not speak politically, but philosophically), is, that his writings tend rather to prepare others for doing good wisely, than to help the progress of the species themselves. It is this sympathy also, which tends to give his criticism a more prominent effect, than his poetry. He seems to think that poetry as well as prose has done enough, when it reconciles men to each other as they are; and that after Shakspeare and others, it is useless to say much on this subject; so that he deals little in the abstractions of fancy and imagination. He desires no better Arcadia than Fleet-street; or at least pretends as much, for fear of not finding it.—Mr. Lamb's style is sound, idiomatic English, equally free from the foreign invasions of the pedantic, and the freaks of us prose coiners, who dabble in a light mint of our own for lawless purposes. It is variously adapted to the occasion. If he is somewhat too antiquated in his verse, he is familiar, short, and striking, in his more passionate prose narrative; and in his criticisms, flowing and eloquent.

Among the poems we ought not to forget two or three by the author's sister, who is the main writer, if we mistake not, in some excellent little publications for schools. There is a delightful family likeness in the turn of her genius. One of these little pieces in particular (*on a Picture of Two Females by Leonardo Da Vinci*) looks like an epitome of his whole philosophy,—full of sympathies with this world, yet with a thoughtful eye to the world unknown. It sets out in a fine stately-moving manner, like the noble young beauty of which it speaks.—Mr. Lamb has addressed a sonnet to his sister, full of a charming deference and gratitude.

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

There is already an imitation by Mr. Huddesford of the following reverend piece of wit; and one of the passages in it beats any thing in the present version. It is the beginning of the last stanza,—

Mysterious and prophetic truths
I never could unfold 'em,
Without a flagon of good wine,
And a slice of cold ham.

The translation here offered to the reader is intended to be a more literal picture of the original, and to retain more of its intermixture of a grave and churchman-like style. We subjoin the original itself as a thing too good not to be repeated, and not common enough to be very easily found. It is preserved in the *Remains* of the learned Camden, who says in his usual pleasant way, that “Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, who in the time of King Henry the Second filled England with his merriments, confessed his love to good liquor in this manner:”—

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cûm venerint, Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad supérna.
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,
Quàm quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus;
Sitim et jejunium, odi tanquam funus.

Uni cuique proprium dat natura donum,
Ego versus faciens, vinum bibo bonum,
Et quod habent melius dolia cauponum,
Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.

Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo,
Nihil possum scribere, nisi sumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitus, quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,
Nisi tunc cûm fuerit venter bene satur;
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda fatur.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals.
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals.
Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels,
Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

But our conviction that he was not dead,
 And hopes to see him well, made the shock less.
 Thyrsis then gave me all the whole recount
 Of his sad story with its hopeless love;
 And while we were endeavouring to revive him,
 Having, meanwhile sent for Alpheisibæus
 To whom Apollo gave the art of healing,
 When he gave me the poet's harp and quill,
 Daphne and Sylvia who (as I found afterwards)
 Were searching for the body they thought dead,
 Arrived together; but when Sylvia recognised
 Amyntas, and beheld his beautiful cheeks
 So lovelily discoloured, that no violet
 Could pale more sweetly, it so smote on her,
 That she seemed ready to breathe out her soul.
 And then like a wild Bacchante, crying out
 And smiting her fair bosom, she fell down
 Right on the prostrate body, face to face,
 And mouth to mouth.

CHORUS.

Did then no shame restrain
 Her who had been so hard and so denying?

ELFINO.

It is a feeble love that shame restrains;
 A powerful one bursts through so weak a bridle.
 Her eyes appeared a fountain of sweet waters,
 With which she bathed his cold cheeks, moaningly;
 Waters so sweet, that he came back to life,
 And opening his dim eyes, sent from his soul
 A dolorous "Ah me!" But that sad breath
 Which issued forth so bitterly,
 Met with the breath of his beloved Sylvia,
 Who with her own dear mouth gathered it up,
 And turned it all to sweet.
 But who could tell with what deliciousness
 They kept in that embrace, each of them sure
 Of other's life, and he at least made sure
 Of his long love returned,
 And seeing himself bound thus fast with her!

CHORUS.

And is Amyntas then so safe and sound,
 His life is in no danger?

ELFINO.

None whatever.

He has some petty scratches, and his limbs
 Are somewhat bruised, but it will come to nothing,
 And nothing he accounts it. Happy he,
 To have given so great a proof of all his love,
 And now to have its sweets all set before him,
 Healing and heavenly food for his past toils.
 The Gods be with ye, friends: I must resume
 My way, and find Montano, the old man.

CHORUS.

I know not whether all the bitter toil,
 With which this lover to his purpose kept,
 And served, and loved, and sighed, and wept,

Can give a perfect taste
 To any sweet soever at the last :
 But if indeed the joy
 Come dearer from annoy,
 I ask not, Love, for my delight,
 To reach that beatific height :
 Let others have that perfect cup :
 Me let my mistress gather up
 To the heart, where I would cling,
 After short petitioning ;
 And let our refreshment be
 Relished with no agony ;
 But with only pungent sweets,
 Sweet disdains, and sweet retreats ;
 And warfare, such as still produces
 Heart-refreshing peace and truce.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Could J. W. oblige us with another copy of the article on Sleep?

J. E. wishes that the article in the *Examiner*, alluded to in our last number, should be reprinted in this publication. We are sorry, just now on our own account, as well as his, that we cannot oblige him ; but it is not among the objects of the *Indicator* to discuss subjects of faith, nor would the paper on Death-beds have been reprinted, had it not involved rather a general question of charity and philosophy, as well as been convenient to the author while recovering.—The person whom we referred to the article in the *Examiner*, may consult also, if he pleases, a review in the same paper, of a sermon entitled “The Duties of Christians towards Deists,” by J. W. Fox ; or rather, (if he was in earnest), the sermon itself.

A letter signed an Old Maid has not been forgotten. It has been delayed, because we hoped to introduce it with longer remarks than we must make at present ; but it shall appear shortly, at all events.

Neither must F. N. suppose that we have forgotten her and her friend,

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXI.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1821.

VALENTINE DAY.

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air's thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher.
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon:
The husband cock looks out, and strait is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather bed.
This day more chearfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Thus sings old warm-hearted and witty-headed Donne, upon the marriage of a Prince and Princess, which happened to take place upon this day. The Prince and Princess are now forgotten, or remembered only in a corner of history for their misfortunes; but old Valentine, the arbiter of love and the birds, is kept immortal by his office, and comes round again with the rolling year, like a sainted Anacreon.—We shall add a few more extracts from the poets on this poetical subject, then a few from the prose-writers on the origin of chusing Valentines, and close our number with an article which was written by a friend in the *Examiner* of 1819. After his piece of homage we should certainly have written nothing of our own on the subject, whether in sickness or in health.

The following sparkling ode "To his Valentine" is from Drayton:—

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth chose a make,
This day's St. Valentine's;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be,
That fortune us assigns.

THE INDICATOR.

But lo, in happy hour,
 The place wherein she lies,
 In yonder climbing tow'r,
 Gilt by the glittering rise ;
 O Jove! that in a show'r,
 As once that thund'rer did,
 When he in drops lay hid,
 That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw,
 With spangled plumes bedight,
 No mortal ever saw
 So ravishing a sight ;
 That it the gods might awe,
 And pow'rfully transpierce
 The globy universe,
 Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay
 Upon her heav'nly cheek,
 Dy'd like the dawning day,
 As polish'd ivory sleek:
 And in her ear I'll say ;
 " O thou bright morning-star,
 'Tis I that come so far,
 My Valentine to seek.

" Each little bird, this tide,
 Doth chuse her loved pheer,
 Which constantly abide
 In wedlock all the year,
 As nature is their guide:
 So may we two be true,
 This year, nor change for new,
 As turtles coupled were.

" The sparrow, swan, the dove,
 Tho' Venus' birds they be,
 Yet are they not for love
 So absolute as we:
 For reason us doth move ;
 They but by billing woo:
 Then try what we can do,
 To whom each sense is free.

" Which we have more than they.
 By livelier organs sway'd,
 Our appetite each way
 More by our sense obey'd:
 Our passions to display,
 This season us doth fit ;
 Then let us follow it,
 As nature us doth lead.

" One kiss in two let's break,
 Confounded with the touch,
 But half words let us speak,
 Our lips employ'd so much
 Until we both grow weak ;
 With sweetness of thy breath,
 O smother me to death:
 Long let our joys be such.

“ Let's laugh at them that choose
 Their Valentines by lot.
 To wear their names that use,
 Whom idly they have got:
 Such poor choice we refuse,
 Saint Valentine befriend;
 We thus this morn may spend,
 Else, Muse, awake her not.”

Chaucer has left us a poem referring to St. Valentine's Day, called the Assembly of Fowls. The birds are all gathered before Nature to chuse their mates. Ladies who tantalize us with kissing their parrots, will be pleased to hear that Nature held on her hand

A formell eagle, of shape the gentillest,
 That ever she among her workes fond,
 The most benign, and eke the goodliest;
 In her was every virtue at his rest
 So far forth, that Nature herself had blisse
 To look on her, and oft her beak to kisse.

This eagle (probably an allusion to some royal lady of the time) is beloved by three others, who each claim her for their year's mate; but as she cannot live with them all, nor choose any one in preference to another without a knowledge of their qualities, she requests of Nature, that she may have a year's time to try the force of their attachment, upon the principle of “ Qui bien aime, tard oublie—” Well to love is slow to forget. The request is granted ;

And when this workè brought was to an end,
 To every foulè Nature gave his make,
 By even accord; and on their way they wend;
 And lord! the bliss and jöy that they make,
 For each of 'em gan other in his wings take,
 And with their neckès each gan other wind,
 Thanking alway the noble goddess of kind.

But first were chosen foulès for to sing,
 As year by year was alway their usaunce,
 To sing a roundel at their departing
 To do Nature honour and pleasaunce.
 The note, I trowè, maked was in Fraunce;
 The words were such as ye may herè find
 The next verse, as I now have in mind.
 Qui bien ayme, tard oublie.*

THE BIRD'S SONG.

“ Now welcome, Summer, with thy sunnès soft,
 That hast this winter weather overshake!
 Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
 Which drivest away the long nightès black!
 Thus singen smallè fowles for thy sake:
 Well have they causè for to gladden oft,
 Since each of them recovered hath his make:
 Full blissful may they sing, when they awake.”

* How pleasant this irregular introduction of the motto is! Chaucer says he was so pleased with the following song of the birds, that he remembers it completely; for “ Qui bien ayme, tard oublie.”

The poet finishes with one of those agreeable allusions to himself and his habits, which make us intimate with and love him.

And with the shouting, when their song was do,
That the fowls made at their flight away,
I woke, and other bookes took me to
To read upon; and yet I read away.
I hope, I wis, to read so some day,
That I shall meetè something for to fare
The better; and thus to read I will not spare.

Dr. Drake, in his account of Shakspeare and his Times (Vol. 1. p. 324) has collected the following opinions respecting the custom of Valentines. "The tradition" says he, "that birds choosing their mates, on this day, occasioned the custom of drawing Valentines, has been the opinion of our poets from Chaucer to the present hour. Shakspeare alludes to it in the following passage :

"Good-morrow friends! Saint Valentine is past;
~~Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"~~*

"The ceremony of this day, however, has been attributed to various sources beside the rural tradition just mentioned. The legend itself of St. Valentine, a presbyter of the church, who was beheaded under the Emperor Claudius, we are assured by Mr. Brand, contains nothing which could give rise to the custom; but it has been supposed by some to have originated from an observance peculiar to carnival time, which occurred about this very period. It was usual, on this occasion, for vast numbers of knights to visit the different Courts of Europe, where they entertained the ladies with pageantry and tournaments. Each lady, at these magnificent feasts, selected a knight, who engaged to serve her a whole year, and to perform whatever she chose to command. One of the never-failing consequences of this engagement, was an injunction to employ his muse in the celebration of his mistress.

"Menage, in his Etymological Dictionary, has accounted for the *Valentine*, by stating that Madame Royale, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honour of the Saint, then in high esteem, she called *the Valentine*, at the first entertainment which she gave in it, was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers *for the year* by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of *choosing* her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant Princess gave, during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that, at every tournament, the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. This custom, says Menage, occasioned the parties to be called *Valentine*.

"Mr. Brand, in his observations on Bourne's Antiquities, thinks, that the usages of this day are the remains of an ancient superstition in the Church of Rome, of choosing *patrons* for the year ensuing, at this season; and that, because ghosts were thought to walk on the night of

* Reed's Shakspeare, vol. iv. p. 453. *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, act. vi. sc. 1.

this day, or about this time ;” * but Mr. Douce, with more probability, considers them as a relic of paganism. “ It was the practice in ancient Rome,” he observes, “ during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *februata*, *februalis*, and *februlla*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women : and as the festival of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Saint Valentine’s day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the lives of the saints, the Reverend Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed ; a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions : and accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes ; and that all persons so chosen would be called *Valentines*, from the day on which the ceremony took place.” †

“ The modes of ascertaining the *Valentine* for the ensuing year, were nearly the same in Shakspeare’s age as at the present period ; they consisted either in drawing lots on Valentine-eve, or in considering the first person whom you met early on the following morning, as the destined object. In the former case the names of a certain number of one sex, were, by an equal number of the other, put into a vase ; and then every one drew a name ; which for the time was termed their *Valentine*, and was considered as predictive of their future fortune in the nuptial state ; in the second there was usually some little contrivance adopted, in order that the favoured object, when such existed, might be the first seen. To this custom, Shakspeare refers, when he represents Ophelia, in her distraction, singing,

“ Good morrow, ’tis Saint Valentine’s day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.” ‡

“ The practice of addressing verses, and sending presents, to the person chosen, has been continued from the days of James I., in which the gifts of Valentines have been noticed by Moresini, § to modern times ; and we may add a trait, not now observed, perhaps,

* Bourne’s Antiquities apud Brand, p. 253.

† Douce’s Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 252, 253.

‡ Reed’s Shakspeare, vol. xviii. p. 281.

§ Moresini, Deprav. Relig. 160.

on the authority of an old English ballad, in which the lasses are directed to pray *cross-legged* to Saint *Valentine*, for good luck."*

We have consulted Mr. Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*, but have nothing to add to these opinions, except that Valentine is said to have been conspicuous in overthrowing the Pagan customs above-mentioned, and that he suffered martyrdom in company with a family whom he had converted, by restoring one of the daughters to sight. We must not omit however one curious passage. Master Valentine is not only the mysterious personage which we all know him to be, but some would leave us to conjecture that he was originally kept as much so as possible by his fellow-priests, and that the custom which takes his name may have been subsequently admitted into the calendar through the ignorance of their successors. Some authors inform us, that he renounced his creed, adding, that instead of being a bishop, he did so because he was not made a bishop. This may be a sufficing reason to them; but in Christian charity, a less mercenary reason might have been found. Heliodorus, the author of the Greek romance called the *Cethiopics*, renounced his bishoprick, because he was told that he must either give up that or his book. A paragraph of Mr. Brady's (*Clavis Calendaria*, vol. I. p. 223.) may throw some light on this secret:—"While authors in general," he tells us, "accede to the above statement, some are of opinion, that Valentine, who, as before observed, abjured his religion because he was not elected bishop, used to call together the male proselytes to his new and heretical doctrines on the 14th of February, when each chose a female to instruct in religion, and even" (quoth Mr. Brady, with his edifying Italics) "*in worldly affairs*, during the year, and from thence deduce *our* present innocent custom." Perhaps, when we consider the nature of Valentines, these heretical doctrines bore some resemblance to those of Friar Dolcino and his mistress Margarita, who at the beginning of the 12th century were burnt in Italy for construing the Christian system into something very different from the reigning opinions.

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop VALENTINE! great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, or Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

* Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 258.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little mis-sives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all for-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other thing. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, “Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal;” or putting a delicate question, “Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?” But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It “gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated.” But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse, that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that “bringeth good tidings.” It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, “That is not the Post, I am sure.” Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens, and all those delightful eternal common-places, which “having been will always be;” which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having their irreversible throne in the fancy and affections; what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish, and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—e-street. She was all joyousness and inno-

cence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for, when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought unseen and unsuspected a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and besure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust!)—of the common Post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans with old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of T. W. K. did not reach us till too late in season; but we trust we shall be able to use them suitably still.

A. A.'s letter the first opportunity. Her request is rather alarming; but it is a lady's, and the Editor will do his best to comply with it; so, at least, as to be understood by a spirit like hers.

"Friend R. N." need not be afraid of being obliged to become hostile to us. It is not in his nature to be so, we suspect, if he would; and we shall not give him occasion.

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THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1821.

THE JAPANESE WIDOW AND HER SONS.

MY DEAR SIR,—If you should consider the extract which I enclose as deserving a place in your paper, I shall think myself fortunate to have been the means, in the present weak state of your health, of sparing you a few minutes exertion. Hoping that without pain or injury to yourself, you will soon be enabled to resume your literary labours, I subscribe myself, with the most sincere respect and esteem,
A CONSTANT READER.

A woman was left a widow with three sons, and with no other subsistence than their labour. The young men not having been brought up to this kind of life, could scarcely earn the most common necessities of life, and bitterly lamented their inability to place their mother in a more comfortable situation. It had been lately decreed, that any person who should seize a robber, and convey him to a magistrate, should receive a considerable reward. The three brothers, who were a thousand times more affected with their mother's poverty than their own, took a resolution as strange as heroic. They agreed that one of the three should pass for a robber, and that the other two should denounce him as such: they drew lots to determine which was to be the victim of filial love, and it fell to the youngest, who was bound, and conducted before the magistrate as a criminal. He was questioned, confessed the robbery of which he was accused, was sent to prison, and the two brothers received the reward; but before they returned home, they found means to enter the prison, wishing at least to bid an affectionate adieu to their unfortunate brother. There, believing themselves unobserved, they threw themselves into the arms of the prisoner, and by their tears, their sobs, and the most tender embraces,

displayed the excess of their affection and grief. The magistrate, who by chance was in a place from whence he could perceive them, was extremely surprised to see a criminal receive such marks of affection from the very men who had delivered him up to justice; he gave orders to one of his people to follow the two young men, and observe them narrowly. The servant obeyed, and reported to his master that he had followed the two young men to the door of their mother's apartment; that on entering, their first care was to give their mother the sum of money which they had received; that she, astonished at the sight of so considerable a sum, had shewn more uneasiness than pleasure at it, and had eagerly questioned them as to how they obtained it, and the cause of their brother's absence; that for a time the two youths could answer only by their tears, but that at last, threatened with the malediction of a mother so tenderly beloved, they had confessed the truth. At this dreadful recital the unfortunate woman, penetrated with gratitude, terror, and admiration, and abandoning herself to the most violent transports of despair, sprung towards the door to go out, with the intention of declaring every thing to the magistrate; but that restrained by her cruelly generous sons, overwhelming them with reproaches and bathing them with tears, overpowered at once by anger, and by the most passionate grief and tenderness, she had fallen senseless in their arms.

After this recital the judge repaired to the prison, and questioned the younger brother, who still persisted in his account, and nothing could induce him to retract. The magistrate at last told him, that he had wished to know to what excess of heroism filial piety could raise a virtuous heart, and declared to him that he was informed of the truth. The judge went to report this adventure to the sovereign, who, struck with an action so heroic, desired to see the three brothers, and the happy mother of such virtuous children: he loaded them with praises and marks of distinction, assigned to the youngest 1500 crowns a year, and 500 each to the other two.—(*Histoire du Japon, par le P. Charlevoix.*)

OLD MAIDS.

We must apologize to the writer of the following letter for not having taken earlier notice of it. We had hoped that we should speedily be able to introduce it with a longer preface than our slow recovery will allow us to give; but it need not wait for an introduction; nor would this work be exactly the place for it. The authoress (for unfortunately, the prejudices of which she speaks compel us to suppose the writer of the female sex) is evidently too well aware of all the ordinary points of the question, perhaps more; and to enter on others, upon which the main one turns, would involve a consideration of all

those selfish outrages done to the female sex, whether in dooming them to a life of celibacy or the other extreme, which require great nicety and preparation even in touching. So much sorer even than the misfortunes it creates, is false virtue sure to be, however it has bulled itself up into the place of true. One of the objects for which we hope to live and to have strength, is to endeavour, in a work by itself, to call the attention of society to the great question of sexual intercourse in general,—we mean, to the actual amount of its happiness or misery, as gatherable from record and observation, to the prejudices which pollute it, and the principles on which, in our opinion, it ought to be regulated.

MR. INDICATOR,—To you I apply as to a person of known humanity, to take up your pen in a cause which would do you no dishonour, and which I do not fear that you should disdain; the defence of Old Maids.

Old Maid is, I am sorry to say it, commonly used as a term of reproach: an Old Maid is an object of general ridicule; and is there not injustice and even cruelty in this? Do people speak of curiosity, of prudery, of scandal, or of ill-temper, they speak of them as the common attributes of an Old Maid. From my own experience I have not found that these ill qualities are more common to Old Maids than to others: nay, one of the most amiable women whom I know is an Old Maid; and the most prying, scandal-loving, and ill-tempered woman that I know, or ever did know, has been twice married.

An Old Maid may have a kind and affectionate heart, she might have been an excellent wife and a tender mother, probably she may have survived her parents; her brothers and sisters may have married and dispersed about the world, and she be left alone; she has no power to make one human being happy, no one studies to make *her* happy. There is no one to whom she is the nearest and dearest; none take an interest in her pursuits; no one desires that she should take an interest in theirs: her heart is like the dove which Noah sent forth from the ark; it is lone and weary, and can find no place of rest.

She sees a mother smile upon the child she presses to her bosom; and she at the happy sight smiles too, but she smiles sadly, for she has no dear child to press to *her* bosom. She sees the young mother present her new-born babe to the husband whom she loves, she smiles at their happiness, but oh how her heart sickens! she too has loved, loved deeply; he whom she loved is lost to her for ever: in that moment the sweetest dreams of early hope strike upon her heart, they never can be realized; the tears are in her eyes, she stoops to kiss the child and so she hides them; she would not obtrude *her* sorrows upon the happiness of such a moment. Great God! must the privation of domestic happiness be yet further embittered by prejudices? Must unkindness and scorn be heaped on her who has none to soothe her? How many unhappy unions have been formed from a fear of encountering the mortifications attendant on a single life! I have not found that the faults attributed to Old Maids are at all more common to them than

to others; but were it so, we might believe that the stigma which rests upon them may tend to injure the temper; and we might consider too, that they have not that strong incentive to the correction of natural foibles, which may influence happier women. Singleness of life in women should be respected as misfortune, for it is scarcely ever the effect of a free choice; it is almost always occasioned either by pecuniary difficulties, by an unfortunate attachment, or by such deficiency of personal attractions, as leaves it not to their choice at all.

You, Mr. Indicator, whose admiration of feminine beauty is yet surpassed by your love of human kindness, will not, I am convinced, refuse to consider a subject in which so large a portion of the female world are interested. I have but faintly hinted at the mortifications to which an Old Maid is exposed; but could I have found heart to do it, I could have related a history which would draw tears from sterner eyes than yours, and excite feelings of sympathy even for

AN OLD MAID.

MRS. B.

MR. INDICATOR,—I am in a situation of unspeakable misery. You will perhaps believe that I am in some pecuniary distress, or that by death or by absence I have lost a beloved friend, or that I have been crossed in love: I have experienced some of these troubles, but it is not of these that I mean to complain to you.

Poverty I have never known; I lost my mother before I was old enough to feel the loss. It is true I suffered much in parting with my father, who left England a few years since for Jamaica, where he now resides. As to being crossed in love, I have only myself to blame for that; for my father positively forbade me, under pain of his severe displeasure, ever to fall in love without his permission; but the misery I now endure, Mr. Indicator, I did not bring upon myself. It is my misfortune to live in a country town. To you, Sir, I know it will appear the vilest heresy to say this; but have patience with me.

When my father left England, he placed me under the care of a widow lady, who, for my misfortune, has the reputation of being the most prudent of women. She is shocked beyond measure at what she calls my vicious propensities; and yet, Mr. Indicator, I am sure you, for whom I have the highest possible respect, would not object to any one of them.—I would have your candid opinion now.

I delight in Shakspeare;—I can only read him by stealth or open defiance (both very disagreeable to me), because Mrs. B. maintains that he is a very immoral author, whom no modest young woman would find pleasure in. She is indeed so careful of my morals, that she will not allow me to read any book, without first looking over it herself; and if she finds any thing improper in it, she is not contented

with merely looking it over, but so fearful is she of doing the author an injustice, that she reads it quite through before she pronounces sentence against it, and in that case I see it no more.

I take great pleasure in rambling in the fields and green lanes in the neighbourhood, where I have rarely met any person but a wood-cutter, a farmer, or some country labourer; but these rambles are forbidden me, because Mrs. B. insists that I take them for no other purpose than to meet "a certain person," as she denominates him whom she knows I should be most willing to meet, but that, alas! he is many miles from hence.

I have been taught music by an excellent master, and I have an absolute passion for this art; but I am not allowed to play or sing any thing but sacred music, because Mrs. B. says all profane music gives girls improper notions.

I have been taught French and Italian; but I am not allowed to read any book in either of these languages, because Mrs. B. who does not understand them, fears they might contain something improper.

Drawing, unfortunately I do not understand. There is a drawing-master in the town; but as with the exceptions of an ill-natured countenance and vulgar manners, he is a "very comely man, and is not more than fifty," Mrs. B. thinks it would be improper that I should receive lessons from him.

The only occupation she allows me to pursue without interruption is needle-work, and for this I have an unconquerable aversion. I would ask you, Mr. Indicator, if forbidding me in this manner all occupation of mind would be likely to destroy any vicious propensities? I would likewise ask you, Sir, if you consider as such the love of Shakspeare, of the fields, of music, and of books? I hope I shall ever preserve, and one day be able to gratify these propensities; yet if you condemn them, I will instantly sacrifice them all.

Having told you, Sir, what is forbidden me as improper, I will now add what is enjoined me as proper; needle-work as an occupation, and the society of female neighbours as a relaxation. Now, to my vicious taste nothing can be more unpleasant, or at the best insipid, than a company of females only, and those uneducated females, in a country town. I do not mean that a person may not be very amiable, without being what is called well educated; but the persons I mean are very illiterate people, who mix in very illiterate society, and who are so wrapped up in ignorance and prejudice, that while they admire excellence without knowing it, they hate it because they cannot attain it. With such people my evenings are passed; it is upon such people that I am to depend for amusement and for improvement. As to your papers, Sir, I can only read them by stealth, for you are particularly odious to Mrs. B.—I am, Sir, a respectful admirer, F. N.

We return our best thanks to our fair Correspondent for her regard, and even to Mrs. B. for her dislike; only we wish for the latter's own sake, as well as her companion's, that she would look upon us with an eye of greater humanity. If Mrs. B. were to explode such things as "Shak-

speare, the fields, and music, and books," she might as well explode Nature at once; which indeed, we are surprised, that some of these old ladies, female or male, do not propose to do. But as long as our fair correspondent understands these, and has one person that understands her, she may endure Mrs. B. C. and D. into the bargain.

LETTER FROM A DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

The following letter from a personage to whom we owe great obligations, is inserted with the becoming gratitude of a sick author.—The secretary who held the pen for him (his Serenity not being in the habit of writing, or even of talking but by hints) is, we understand, a youth of nineteen. It is not among the least or pleasantest evidences of the extraordinary growth of literature, to see young gentlemen of this time of life expressing their thoughts and turning their round ivory sentences, with a look of ease, perhaps with the ease itself, that shews how intimately they must have handled some of our most classical writers. To put our gratitude in proper official style, we beg leave to return our best acknowledgment to his Serenity for this as well as all the other assistance he has been pleased to afford "our wearied virtue," (not the least virtuous, as the infant proverb insinuates, when under his care) and to his amanuensis Mr. I. W. for the very handsome manner in which the letter was conveyed to us.

MR. INDICATOR,—I date my existence from that memorable æra when the happiness of our first parent was soon to be completed by the society of that fair helpmate, who was the secondary cause of perfecting his short-lived bliss and subsequent disobedience. It was I who held him in a soft captivity while the partner of his future joys and sorrows was formed, and then released him to admire and love the most finished of his Creator's works.

Having thus established my authority over the first parent of mankind, I have uniformly maintained it through all succeeding ages; and such is the extent of my power, that not only man, but every inferior class of animated being, willingly bend beneath it.

The greatest heroes of ancient and modern times—men whom persuasion could not influence, nor force terrify—whose ambitious views, and active spirit, "strong walls of brass nor bolts of adamant," inhospitable deserts, nor unnavigable oceans could bound—solicit my fetters, and most willingly resign themselves to my authority. Nor am I less the desire of the peasant, for under my mild government he finds that comfort and repose which inspires him with new alacrity and vigour. I free him from the sensibility of his sorrows, take off the burthen of his cares, and open to his view new prospects of happiness.

I frequently entertain my subjects with scenes which, without my assistance, lie beyond the limits of their faculties to contemplate. I recal to memory transactions and events in which they most delighted; realize the past; anticipate the future; and by a species of magic, incomprehensible to the mind, transport it "beyond the visible diurnal sphere." I bring distant and even departed friends to their view, and renew ideas of the long dissolved bonds of endearing friendship. While under my immediate care, the distinctions of rank, fortune, ruler, and servant, are suspended;—the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate, are equally happy.

But although the means not only of banishing pain and sorrow, but of increasing human happiness, yet I am frequently abused, and then I become productive of much inconvenience. By intemperate indulgence I become detrimental to the interests of society, and have often betrayed not only individuals, but armies, cities, and kingdoms, into ruin and destruction.

Until luxury had enervated the power of man, such was my modesty, that I was seldom seen in the face of day. But in this debilitated age, members (and ladies of fashion in particular) most willingly submit to wear my chains, till the sun blushes at their insensibility from heaven.

I delight most in silence, solitude, and darkness, and rarely appear in a crowd, unless at church.

At card-tables, tea-tables, and places of public diversion, I never presume to shew myself, knowing right well that no one would submit to my authority.

In circles where private scandal is the amusement, I am never admitted, because my presence would flatten the zest of defamation. Of both sexes, the majority may, however, declare with truth, that the hours they spend in my service are the most innocent, and frequently stronger than that of reason: I often stop their career, and by degrees restore them to their senses.

But although my authority extends over all sensible beings, I am accused of being partial to those who are least acquainted with affliction. I admit the charge, and can only plead that my conduct results from necessity. I have a secret but unconquerable aversion to scenes of woe and the bustles of human cares.

The man of sorrow, whom sickness, misfortunes, or adversity cause to water his couch with tears, frequently awaits my mandate with unavailing solicitude. In the acutest paroxysms of human misery, I am, however, the best restorer of quietude and peace.

I have been termed, and not improperly, the representative of a conqueror more potent than myself; and I might add much on the similarity of our power and influence.

But with all these qualifications, I fear it will never be in my power to persuade the vicious, the dissolute, and the circulators of private scandal, to lay aside their beloved employments, and sink for happiness into the embraces of

I. W.

SLEEP.

MUSIC.

A Song in commendation of it, by WILLIAM STRODE. [Died 1644.]

When whispering strains do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And when at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat and bear a part;
 When threads can make
 A heart-string quake;
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 The soul consists of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,
 My senses rock'd with wonder sweet!
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are,—
 Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
 Grief who need fear,
 That hath an ear?
 Down let him lie,
 And slumbering die,
 And change his soul for harmony.

FAST AFFECTION.

From WILBY's Second Set of Madrigals. 1609.

Love me not for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Nor for any outward part;
 No, nor for my constant heart;
 For those may fail, or turn to ill.
 So thou and I shall sever:
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why,
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To dote upon me ever.

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 street, Covent-garden. Orders received at the above places, and by all Book-
 sellers and Newsmen.

THE INDICATOR.

There he ariving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXIII.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1821.

A NEW POCKET EDITION OF HORACE.

THE other day a friend brought us a little Horace, which has just come out, and which appears to us to be very much to the purpose. It was very much to ours. Nothing does us so much good as pleasant companionship, and here it was, ancient and modern. Our friend is a man of wit and scholarship, who spends his leisure hours in the ancient world:—he gave it us on a fine day in a plot of Horatian evergreens, *inter virides arbutos*; and the next day, we read an ode of it in good classical style, in a warm bath.

This new pocket Horace is the neatest little plenitude we have seen a long time. It contains the Satires and Epistles as well as Odes, and yet may be almost concealed in the hand that carries it. The type also, though very small, is exceedingly clear. The Odes are headed either with the general subject or the names of the persons to whom they are addressed, instead of being merely numbered 8, 9, and 10, which is a dry, uninforming practice, much to our distaste. There is also a portrait of Horace at the beginning, which if not in the best style of the art, is not slovenly or unfitting; and this also we like. In short, the book is worthy of the author, whom Augustus called *homuncionem lepidissimum*,—the most entertaining of mannikins.

The portrait prefixed to this work, and another significant one enough, as a tail-piece, of Lord Bacon, with the title of his Advancement of Learning underneath him, have reminded us that the classics are apt to be too bald and uninviting in these matters. The omission may be translated into a compliment; but we like a few of these trifles thrown in by the bookseller. We are of the school-boy's mind, and are so willing to have our imaginations set at work by the most unassuming of prints, that we never knew but one instance in which they came amiss:—and there, we confess, the good-nature was something hard upon us. Original designs may not be so well in a classic; but gems and other antiques are always at hand to furnish subjects at once cheap, applicable, and graceful. It is true, we cannot expect them in

an edition intended to be cheap as well as neat, like the present; but if the bookseller has good taste, and even good policy enough, he may always allow us something of the kind. The ancient world was so profuse in its productions of art, and has become so identified with them in our imagination, that we give them the special title of antiques and antiquities; and no ancient author should come to us unadorned with some of their graces. There should be one gem at least on his finger. We should have his philosopher's chair, or his Muse, or his lyre and crown, or a characteristic bas-relief; such as we might suppose him to have had on his walls; and a portrait, if possible, always. No matter whether it does him justice or not, provided it means to do so. We must imagine that we see him darkly, like a friend at twilight.

And now with the usual gratitude which quarrels with a pleasant thing because it is not perfect, we must find fault with Mr. Pickering's Horace for not having a Life as well as a Portrait. It is a pity, especially as the lives prefixed to the poet's works are so short. The very longest as well as best, which we believe is the one attributed to Suetonius, would hardly have taken up more than a couple of pages. We should also have liked heads to the Satires, not because they are necessary, but because they make a work look the more complete and companionable; and Horace in particular can never look too much so.

Should the book come to a second edition, we hope these little faults may be mended. We trust also, that Mr. Pickering will succeed enough in his speculation to follow it with editions of Catullus and others, not forgetting Ovid, who though a voluminous writer as generally published, may be compressed into a comparatively trifling size by means of Mr. Corral's type and workmanship. Besides, Ovid, though some of his writings are very long on the face of them, is almost split into as many small portions as a lyric poet, when we come to read him; and this we take to be a main recommendation of authors who are to be carried in the pocket. The other indispensable requisite, with us, is, that they should be pleasant or poetical. We do not care, for instance, for a pocket Juvenal; though we once heard of a Scottish gentleman, who used to take one with him in his country walks, that he might have a book when he sat down on the grass. We would as lief select a puddle for putting our legs in, or lounge on a haycock with an executioner.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRAMA.

SIR,—I am a Frenchman, yet so uninfluenced by national prejudice, that I have no hesitation in acknowledging the excellence of your papers. Some times, however, I am vexed with you. Why bestow such admiration on Italian works, and never praise our *Chef d'Œuvres de Theatre*? Have the complaisance to read some of them,—you will

be enchanted. Many of my countrymen, now residing in London, would certainly be proud to subscribe for your *Indicators*, at the full price (twopence each), if you deign to take the hint of a sincere friend.

It is my ambition to direct your attention to our Drama, where every unbiassed mind must confess we far surpass the rest of the world. As for your Shakespear, untutored as he was in those laws which prescribe a scrupulous exactness, a courtly elegance, a tasteful delicacy, his works are as inferior to our's as a real landscape is to a beautiful painting on enamel. Had he been born a Parisian, he might have been a man of genius. To come to the point: how is it possible to eulogize an author who makes a King's son, the hero of his tragedy, a certain person named Hamlet, talk of his mother's old shoes—whose Madam Macbeth tells her husband to go and wash his hands—and whose Othello and Desdemona, in a scene intended to be pathetic, all at once most grotesquely enter into a conversation about their dinner engagements for the week? Alas! how are a hero and heroine degraded by allusions to their domestic economy, and above all to their necessity of eating! I defy our bitterest enemy to point out a single instance of the word "*manger*" being introduced into our tragedies. No, Sir, we are not so barbarous; though your Shakespear does not hesitate to speak, in downright words, of "feeding," and of "sauceto meat," and then adds, "now good digestion wait on appetite!" This is gross, and destroys all elevation of character. I say nothing of his outrageous rhodomontade,—it is too notorious. No wonder it provoked our pun upon his name, which always brings down a thunder of applause from the audience, when the incomparable Brunet, after spouting a string of bombastic lines, suddenly turns to our critics in the *parterre*, and exclaims, "*N'ai-je pas l'air d'un CHAT QUI EXPIRE!*" which is very witty.

It would be well to examine how our poets and your Shakespear have severally succeeded in pourtraying the same characters. I trust you will do so the first opportunity. In the mean time, permit me to offer a few words upon the Achille of the divine Racine, and the Achilles of Shakespear. At this you will shake your head, and say it is hardly fair; for Troilus and Cressida is not considered your best play, and the Iphigénie has been declared by Voltaire to be the noblest effort and the most perfect work of man. I own it does appear somewhat invidious. However I am tempted to make choice of this character,—or rather these characters, for they are quite distinct beings in the hands of the two authors,—I say, I fix upon them on account of my having it in my power to bring forward an extract from a MS. work, an elaborate criticism on Troilus and Cressida. In doing this I not only give fair play, but am wonderfully amused in observing how studiously the writer dwells upon those peculiarities which he imagines to be beauties, but which in reality are gross deformities. It is very droll. Here it is.

"Shakespear seems to have made choice of the story of Troilus and Cressida, for the purpose of displaying the military character. He

shows us the several species of a soldier,—the frivolous and the revolting, the admirable and the amiable. The love scenes, the women, and the comic characters, are sometimes a relief, but generally a furtherance to the main design. In his other plays his fighters are not mere soldiers; they have some cause dear to their bosoms which urges them on; they ‘have their quarrel just,’ or they think they have, or it is a struggle for power. But here they have no excitement beyond their profession. The affair originated in an oath of gallantry, and is continued as a point of honour. It becomes a by-gone dispute. It is an after seven year’s siege. No man appeals to it as he draws his sword. It served well enough for the ground-work of a declaration of war, but it grows weaker as Helen grows older. They fight because they know not how to leave off. No one can be personally interested except Menelaus and Paris, who are like two rival monarchs, with their assembled forces, while the lady is the kingdom, whose gain or loss cannot possibly affect the crowd on either side. They combat in their calling,—no matter for the cause, provided they are regularly paid. So then, these ancient heroes, these Greeks and Trojans, are exactly similar to the camp gentlemen of Shakespear’s day! Aye, and of this day too, and of a thousand years hence; for nature and he know not the change of manners. She and he walk hand in hand through all the modifications of fashion, the same that was, and is, and ever shall be. In this play he introduces the reader, a silent and invisible spectator, to an officers’ mess, where he touches them by turns with his magic wand; his Ithuriel’s spear, and every faculty is laid open to its source, whether good or ill. They talk, and he furnishes the argument of their discourse, giving them golden breath. Thersytes and Pandarus stand behind their chairs, significantly pointing at whatever is ridiculous or contemptible: while Shakespear himself, in his own sweet words, whispers in our ear the loves of the boy Troilus and the false Cressid.

“Let us begin with Achilles. We see him here divested of supernatural machinery,—he has no communion with ‘Olympus’ Hierarchy,’ as in the Iliad,—a very mortal,—and indeed the least estimable one in the play. However, being ‘great Thetis’ son,’ he shall have priority. The Greeks call him ‘the sinew and the forehand of their host,’ and no one is more sensible of his importance than himself. They cannot proceed without him, while, for his part, he chooses to be the ‘sleeping lion,’—to be sulky and keep his tent. This mood falls in with his haughtiness and indolence, especially as it is against the wishes of his party. Indeed he has one reason for ‘this his privacy,’ having sworn not to fight against Troy, for the sake of one of Priam’s daughters. This oath however, with such a man, is liable to be forgotten; so much so, that it requires a letter from Hecuba, and a token from Polyxena, to remind him of it. Nor is his passion for the lady much in his thoughts. He is no Romeo. Patroclus says to him—

—‘Rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane,
Be shook to air.’

And Patroclus knew better than to give him outrageous counsel. He knows he can shake off the weak wanton Cupid at his will; and in fact he does so at the last, when a stronger passion 'like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest.' His love of fame surpasses his love of woman; but his pride overcomes both; and his revenge, when thoroughly roused, tops them all. Achilles' pride is in the mouth of every character in the piece, while he and his humble servant Patroclus agree to call it by the name of greatness, till they talk themselves into a belief of it. Let Agamemnon and the Chiefs approach his tent, and humbly beg him to come forth,—to 'arm and out:' this is his delight; it is good for his pride; it is another opportunity for an evasive insolent message. In the mean time, with a keener relish, he can listen to the 'scurril jests,' and admire the slanderous mimicry of Patroclus, while at this sport

'The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolting,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause.'

One of the finest touches is where, his pride being hurt, he begins to moralize. Then comes Ulysses, and makes this mighty man a mighty puppet, with his 'derision medicinal,' playing upon him, and sounding him 'from the lowest note to the top of his compass.' He is made the jeer of the army, when he fancies himself at his wisest point. Ajax is envious of his illustrious name; Achilles cannot envy anybody, since he is confessedly above all; but he hates Hector for being next in fame to himself. That Hector is a dangerous neighbour. He cannot look upon him without fearing that the world may, at some future time, compare them together. He therefore eagerly desires to kill him, and in his 'greatness' tells him so to his face. This is never off his mind. He is angry if any one else presumes to fight with Hector. Even when about to feast him in his tent, he says,—

'I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.'

The wounded Patroclus is brought to him,—

'Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down, himself.'

He is described as 'arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,' and hurries forth, attended by his myrmidons, in pursuit of Hector, whom he finds unarmed and alone. The revenge of Achilles cannot 'forego this vantage.' 'Hector the great must die.' No comment is needed here. The character is in keeping from first to last. And if 'great Thetis' son' dragged Hector's body three times round the walls of Troy, he was precisely the man that Shakespear has delineated.

'Compare him with Hector.'—
* * * * *

But here I stop, for I know nothing of Hector, as the divine Racine has not condescended to dramatise him. The writer of the above appears to be out of his senses. Is such an Achilles to be tolerated? A fellow who lolls upon a bed, laughs aloud, listens to scurril jests,

thinks nothing of breaking an oath, is turned into derision, fights with odds against an unarmed man, and is not constant in love! Sir, this may be very natural, but certainly makes no hero, and consequently is unfit for the drama. Allow me to observe by the way, that Shakespear seems to have followed Homer. Now Homer is a bad prototype in these days, for be it remembered Homer did not write to ladies and gentlemen.

What a relief to turn our thoughts to the Achille of the polished Racine! How tenderly he loves the fair Iphigénie! Mark how sweetly he addresses her—"Princesse, mon bonheur ne depend que de vous!"—which is a fine idea, and beautifully expressed. And how fondly he talks—hark!

"On dit qu' Iphigénie, en ces lieux amenée,
Doit bientôt à son sort unir ma destinée!"

As he is the hero, it is not proper any one should outwit him; Ulysses tries, but in vain; this is as it should be, in order to keep up the sublimity of the scene. How different from your Shakespear with his "derision medicinal!" To crown all, the divine Racine so admirably draws his characters, that they never vary from the beginning of the tragedy to the end, but remain the whole of the time under the influence of one passion (love of course), and actuated by nearly the same sensations. I think I have almost said enough.

With the greatest satisfaction I now offer an opinion, which is a high compliment to the English. It is this:—I imagine their language, if properly cultivated, would prove to be nearly equal to our's in strength and elegance. This I discovered some time ago in the tragedy of the Distressed Mother, translated from Racine by Mr. Ambrose Phillips, who perhaps is not now alive. The above quotations from the Iphigénie, following such strange jargon from Troilus and Cressida, are enough to make many despair of so desirable an attainment on the part of our countrymen. However, I have hope. See how truly, and with what politesse, Mr. Ambrose Phillips translates Hermione's address to Orestes:

"How am I to interpret, Sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form, or love?"

This is positively equal to the French. Again, Pyrrhus speaks—

"Oh, 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accusom'd fondness!"

Once more. They are charming passages.

"Andromache appears! May I, Madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?"

These examples induce me to think something can be effected with your language. Besides, an intimate friend of mine, Mr. Wigson, a gentleman of great talent (who ingeniously corrects this letter as I go on), has made an entire translation of the Iphigénie, in the original measure, and in rhyme. It is a glorious ornament to your literature.

Yet the managers, aware of the perverted taste of the town, have refused it, candidly confessing they do not believe it will succeed in representation. I will delight you with a specimen; and you shall have the French, that you may make a judicious comparison between them. It is the famous speech of Achille, in the last act, where pity and terror are wound up to the highest pitch, after his listening to Iphigénie's resolution to be sacrificed at the altar, in obedience to the commands of his father.

Achille. Hé bien, n'en parlons plus. Obéissez, cruelle,
Et cherchez une mort qui vous semble si belle:
Portez à votre père un cœur où j'entrevois
Moins de respect pour lui que de haine pour moi.
Une juste fureur s'empare de mon ame!
Vous allez à l'autel; et moi, j'y cours, Madame.
Si de sang et de morts le ciel est affamé,
Jamais de plus de sang ses autels n'on fumé.
A mon aveugle amour tout sera légitime:
Le prêtre deviendra la première victime;
Le bûcher, par mes mains détruit et renversé,
Dans le sang des bourreaux nagera dispersé;
Et si, dans les horreurs de ce désordre extrême,
Votre père frappé tombe et périt lui-même,
Alors, de vos respects voyant les tristes fruits,
Reconnoissez les coups que vous aurez conduits! (*Il sort.*)

Thus superbly rendered by Mr. Wigson. Every line is accurately given—

Achilles. Well talk not about it. Obey, and be spiteful,
And yield to a death which you think so delightful;
Take back to your father a heart where I see
Less of duty to him than of hatred to me;
My soul's filled with rage till it cannot hold more!
Go, Ma'am, to the altar, and I'll run before.
If the heavens are famish'd for blood and dead bodies,
There'll be more than enough for each God and each Goddess.
Blind with love through all legal constraints I shall burst;
The reverend priest shall be victim the first;
I'll knock down the funeral pile to the mud,
I'll make the sticks float in the murderer's blood;
And if, in the midst of this horrible uproar,
Your father should fall and should never get up more,
Then, woe upon you for a dutiful daughter,
And own 'twas yourself that committed the slaughter! (*Exit.*)

Mr. Wigson has at present gone out of the house, and I fear much to write more, without his most good corrections. It is therefore to conclude, Mr. the Indicator, with the most perfect consideration, I embrace you with all my heart, and am, eternally, your very obedient and very humble servant,
PATROCLE.

M. the Indicator makes his best acknowledgments to M. Patrocle, and returns his embrace with as large a piece of his heart as M. Patrocle's all-conquering criticism has left in his body. What, he fears however, will very much shock M. Patrocle, though he trusts to his candour for excusing it, is that he is so far gone in the seductions of that jade Nature, as to be unable to help liking the criticism he has included in his own. What is said about the officers' mess in particular,

strikes him as being very critical and judicious, and perhaps would not not come so much amiss to some of the more illegitimate countrymen of M. Patrocle, if they could contrive to separate in their imaginations those very oddly connected characters, Shakspeare and the Duke of Wellington. At the same time, M. l'Indicateur is extremely happy to acknowledge the very native merit of the other criticism, and begs M. Patrocle to accept the assurances of the high consideration, with which he is an infinite number of *etceteras*.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

The following song is from an old play by Lyly. It has been reprinted in Percy's Reliques, and lately in Mr. Hazlitt's work on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth; but it is like one of those happy things in conversation, which a friend cannot avoid repeating, if he thinks there is one hearer that does not know it. We cannot refer to what Mr. Hazlitt has said of it, his books, as we are always having reason to find when we most want them, being of that description of property which may emphatically be called borrowable; but we remember his advising us to do the very thing we are now doing with it. We then were in comparative health, and thought we must talk on to the end of the chapter, or the reader would not like it. Such is the vanity of sprightly blood! We are glad that the readers approve this mode of filling up a space at the end of our paper. We cannot apologise for our present week's number; but sick or well, dull or amusing, we shall thus be always sure of something to conclude with, like a glass or two of good old wine after dinner.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He takes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too. Then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise,
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth fie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXIV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1821.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

MR. INDICATOR,—The following piece of Biography appeared to me so very singular, that I thought it might afford some amusement to you and your readers. I have translated it from the Life of Gretry, written by himself, in three volumes, and entitled, “Memoirs and Essays upon Music.” Gretry is known, I believe, in England as the composer of Richard Cœur de Lion; but the list of his works given in the above-mentioned publication enumerates no less than thirty-four operas composed by him, which are printed, and sixteen in manuscript; Hale, the subject of this extract, was an Englishman,* who resided at Paris, and wrote three pieces for the French theatre, which were set to music by Gretry. Hale was introduced to the French musician by Suard as a man of good understanding, in whom a fine taste was united with originality of ideas. He must have been a perfect master of the French tongue to have written for the theatre, a circumstance which Gretry remarks as singular, and thinks that no one in reading the pieces would have believed them the production of an Englishman, the style was so clear and idiomatic.

Hale's first piece, adapted to music by Gretry in 1788, was the Judgment of Midas, and was rejected at Court, where it was customary for the *Gentlemen of the Bedchamber* to decide upon the merit of new plays!

Afterwards, by desire of the Duke d'Orleans, it was performed at the house of Madame de M***, who played the part of Chloé “with as much grace as nature.” At a sitting of the French Academy this performance was mentioned in very slighting terms, and the orator's opinion becoming public, Hale heard of it, and dedicated the Judgment of Midas to him in a pleasant satirical letter, which Gretry had great difficulty in persuading him to suppress.

At last the piece was acted at Paris, and was well received by all but the lawyers' clerks, who were supposed to be the authors of the following printed letter sent to Gretry:—

* The French, with their characteristic nationality, transformed his name to D'Héle.

"SIR,—The Lawyers' Clerks invite you to a hissing of the second performance of the Judgment of Midas, in which piece they consider themselves insulted."

Gretry adds pleasantly, "the second representation of the Judgment of Midas was in truth a little stormy, but the clerks lost their suit."

It was in consequence of the various success which the Judgment of Midas met with, that Voltaire wrote the following *quatrain*, which his niece, Madame Denis, gave to Gretry :—

La Cour a dénigré les chants
Dont Paris a dit des merveilles;
Gretry, les oreilles des grands
Sont souvent des grandes oreilles.

Which may be rendered thus in English—

The Court has derided those songs
Which Paris received with such cheers;
Gretry, the ears of the great
Are frequently very *great ears*.

Of the second piece which Hale wrote, Gretry says, "It is useless to praise the Jealous Lover; the public have never ceased to consider it a model of its kind."* It was, however, much disliked at the rehearsal, which took place at Versailles on the day of its first representation, and so certain did its doom appear, that when Gretry was dining with the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, several of them thought proper to condole with him; he begged them to ask the King's permission to begin the evening with this play instead of another, which it was to have succeeded. The King consented. The fate of the Jealous Lover entirely changed in the performance, and "I own," says Gretry, "that this transition from a decided failure to a brilliant success, in so short an interval, was to Hale and to myself a delicious moment." He continues, "what reflections might not be made on the revolutions which a work undergoes before it is acted and judged—on the uncertainty which must be felt even by authors of the greatest experience."

The third comedy which issued from the pen of Hale was named Unforeseen Events, and was the last work of that author. Gretry says, "I, more than any one, ought to regret the loss of such fine talents: if death had not taken from this world, in the flower of his age, a man who not only had the clearest ideas himself, but knew better than any one how to arrange and perfect those of others, many works, without doubt, would have followed those I have mentioned."

Without further introduction, I shall now endeavour to give you the Biographical Anecdotes of Hale in Gretry's own words :—

"Hale had passed his youth in the service of the British navy, where apparently the excessive use of strong liquors, and an accident which he informed me he had received, occasioned a weakness on his lungs. While he was aboard, he and a party of officers got intoxicated

* From the description given of the plot, it is evidently taken from Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of The Wonder, although Gretry does not seem to be aware of there being such a play in English.

with punch; and his thirst during the night was so great that he drank a bottle of spirits, which the motion of the vessel had rolled towards him. He lived, however, very soberly at Paris; all other tastes and passions seemed annihilated in him, to animate that of love. The loss of his fortune had occasioned his coming to Paris to conceal his indigence, and a lady of that city dissipated the remainder of his property. It was then he became occupied for the theatre, and constantly frequented the Café du Caveau (the cellar) at the Palais Royale. Hale spoke little, but always well; he never thought it worth his while to talk upon subjects which are supposed to be generally known, but would interrupt the common-place chatterer by saying in a dry tone 'that is printed.' He marked his approbation of what was said by a slight nod of the head. If they put him out of patience by their nonsense, he crossed his legs, compressing them with all his might, took the pinch of snuff, which he always carried between his finger and thumb, and looked another way.*

"The judgment he pronounced upon new pieces was irrevocable; and the newsmongers founded their bets upon his political conjectures. It is easy to believe that Hale expected from other men the same clearness of intellect which he himself possessed, and which is conspicuous in his works; he had not the power of invention, but there were few things which did not improve in his hands; he was slow in his productions—I will not say he was idle, indeed no one can be so who is constantly reflecting, but he had within him that rigid yet consolatory principle of criticism, which a hundred times rejects, before it once pronounces, 'that is well done.' Many people have quoted, and still continue to quote him, as a model of ingratitude; but I firmly believe, that absorbed in his own ideas, he merely forgot his benefactors as he would have done his own benefactions. Being forced to fight with a man who insulted him, after having lent him money which he could not repay, Hale, after disarming him, said with true English phlegm, 'If I were not your debtor, I would kill you; if we had witnesses, I would wound you; as we are alone, I forgive you.'

"Soon after I sent him a sum of money from the Duke d'Orleans, at whose house I had brought out the Judgment of Midas; he did not answer my note, but merely said to the servant, 'very well.' After having met him twenty times, at last I said to him, 'I suppose you received?'——'Yes,' said he, and I was not astonished that he did not add a word of thanks.

"The first day of the representation of the Jealous Lover at Paris, he wrote to me the following note:—'I am not able to come to your house, come therefore to me directly, and bring with you about ten louis, without which I must go to prison, instead of this night attending the opera.' His bed was surrounded by bailiffs, for Hale had suffered judgment to go by default, in an action which had been brought

* This trait in Hale reminds one of those pleasant lines in Goldsmith's Retaliation, where, speaking of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he says—

*To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.*

against him by the woman who had squandered the remainder of his fortune, and who yet exacted the rent of the room she had given him at her house.

"It was with the same confidence and nonchalance, that being one day at the house of a friend, he put on some clothes of which he stood in need, and went away. His friend came in soon after, and wishing to change his dress, could not find all he wanted. Hale was the only person who had been in the apartment, but no one dared to suspect him. At night, however, the gentleman met him at the coffee-house, and putting his hand on Hale's knee, said to him, 'Are not those my pantaloons?'—'Yes,' said he, 'I had none.'

"It is far from my intention to throw ridicule on the character of such a man; he could not blush for actions which were in him the result of fixed and unalterable principles. I knew him for a long while nearly naked, yet pity was not the sentiment he inspired; his noble countenance, and the tranquillity depicted on it, seemed to say, 'I am a man: what more do I need!'

"If the termination of a slow disorder, not painful, but which never spares its victim, had been protracted but for a fortnight, Hale would have left us another work, and this work would have insured him the competence due to superior talent. It was designed for the Trianon theatre.

"A few days before his death, he crawled to see me; I was confined to my bed on account of my old complaint (expectoration of blood); he comforted me, and assured me that he felt better every day, and should not be long before he wrote the piece for the Trianon, which he was eager to finish, as he wished to set out for Venice. Hale never began to write until he had the whole of his work arranged in his mind. I had remarked in his productions, that when he said 'I have finished,' there remained no longer any doubt with him as to the incidents, the situations, or the manner in which he would conduct them. I can therefore be certain, that the work which I regret was absolutely terminated, and that, as the great Racine said, 'there remained nothing but to write it.' 'Of what kind is your new piece?' said I.—'It is a Portuguese subject,' answered he, 'and I think you will like it.' He died a few days afterwards, thinking more of the situations of his opera than of his own. He had in his hands a book of the post-roads: he was going to rejoin the object of his love, and while choosing a route by which he might avoid the highest mountains, took quietly that road wherein terminates humanity." O. B.

NAUTICAL POETRY.

SIR,—Having some little notion of authorship myself, I can very easily conceive that as Editor of a periodical paper you are sometimes reduced to a low ebb of matter, paddling along with difficulty among little shallows of thought, or quite becalmed, and whistling for a breeze of fancy. In this belief I take the liberty of suggesting, that there is a species of poetry very little attended to, but very well worth attention, which, when a time such as I have alluded to shall next

arrive, it will be a laudable effort of the *Indicator* to introduce to proper notice. Enough has been said of every other kind of poetry. The Epic, the Dramatic, the Lyric, and the Pastoral, have had their full share of comment and eulogium. But nobody writes about the *Nautical*! And yet this is a distinct species of poetry, distinct in its images and associations, which are likewise as grand as they are peculiar. I am at a loss to account not only for the neglect of the very little which has been written of this kind, but for the scarcity itself. I am not a poet myself; my ideas have not been trained to run in couples; my thoughts fly like swallows, without order or controul, and not like wild geese, in forms and figures. Nevertheless, prosaic as I am, I cannot go down the River to Ramsgate or Margate, or sail from Dover to the Downs, without feeling myself as it were oppressed by the magnitude, sublimity, and novelty of the scene. The sea itself, that material representative of eternity, is an inexhaustible source of ideas. When I have called to mind the many fine things which have been said by poets sitting under trees, by little prattling brooks, on the sides of hills, in flowery groves and bowers, &c. &c., I cannot imagine why no poet has tried the inspiration of sitting at the bow of a fine vessel on a clear evening, when the sun has just sunk, and a fresh breeze is blowing abaft, the gulls flying round, the white cliffs declining into the horizon, the sailors sitting about with their arms folded as the vessel scuds along before the wind, listening to one who, with a clear voice and a Kentish dialect, sings "Loose every sail to the breeze;" while at intervals is heard the splash of the lead line, and the finely toned chaunt of the man who heaves it—"and a half four."

It seems somewhat strange that readers, who can enter with spirit into the circumstances of village life, its cares, its loves, and its merry-makings, who read Crabbe, and Bloomfield, and Goldsmith, and Cunningham, and Burns, and who admire Morland's pictures, should deal so fastidiously with the homely part of a seafaring life. Nautical Poetry may be divided into two parts: you may find names for them, if you please. One treats of the subject as connected with the world, develops its associates and its consequences, carries us into the depths of its mysteries, places us under huge rocks in wave-worn caverns, brings us acquainted with the inhabitants of the deep, shews us the wonders of a storm, and so stretches our minds to the grasp of Ocean's majesty, that we no longer retain sufficient tension to keep ships and sailors without our regard. The other, not presuming beyond the facts as they appear, confines itself to a description of matters immediately connected with human life. The business of a sailor, his introduction to the sea, his perils, his toils, his hopes, and his reward; the structure, beauty, and management of his ship; these are the principal objects on which the minor division of Nautical Poetry dilates. The Shipwreck of Falconer, though partaking of both, belongs rather to the nobler species. It is some time since I read it; but if I recollect rightly, it has the fault of being enveloped in a pompous fiction of persons, and overloaded with classical allusions. Of the minor species are those sea songs which flutter on railings, and engage all the learning of pretty Polls and Sues, and in which, to say the truth, the circumstances are pretty nearly of one and the same kind. The hero

begins his career as a waterman, and we may fancy him a tight youth in all the charms of white ribbed stockings, brown jacket, yellow handkerchief, and hat of long rough nap and ribbon band, his name being either Joe, Tom, or Ben. He captivates a 'long shore lass, either Bet, Nancy, or the daughter of a washerwoman or humble ale-house landlady. While the current of their lives seems to be as smooth and as gay as the Thames on the day of a rowing-match, he gets pressed, a misfortune which causes more of sorrow than surprise. They lament, kiss, vow, exchange presents (he giving a thimble or housewife, and she a broach or tobacco-box), and part. She turns her love to account in increasing her industry at home, and he his in raising his courage in danger. She thinks on him as she darns stockings or washes trowsers, and he on her as he loads his gun or goes aloft in a gale. The catastrophe varies. Sometimes it is the hero's death in battle or by shipwreck, and his true love's of course on the arrival of the news: sometimes his return and getting pressed again before he had even set his foot on shore, and the breaking of her heart with grief at the disappointment: sometimes the inconstancy of the fair, and the lover's going to sea again in despair, getting into the hottest of the fight, and dying with the name of his cruel Poll on his lips. Yet is there to me in all these an expressible charm. Some of the songs are purely narrative, and in these the precision is a striking feature. Some begin with the exact date of the action or circumstance which constitutes the subject, as—

“In seventeen hundred and ninety-nine,
On the twenty-fourth of June,” &c.

with many repetitions of “Said the captain, said he,” and “Then said our bold captain.”—But the main beauty of these songs is the novelty and force of the images and figures. In a battle song which I once heard, the horror of the scene was conveyed in this expressive line—

“And the scuppers were streaming with gore.”

Another describing a ship sailing out of port with fair wind, begins with “When our anchors were weighed to the bows.” I do not intend to recommend those spurious sea songs in which, while there are a few sea terms introduced, the images are not exclusively nautical, but genuine sea songs, unsophisticated effusions of a sailor's heart, who knows little or nothing beyond his rudder and compass, and is, in the words of the fine old song, “All as one as a piece of his ship.” Such songs, for example, as “My name it is Tom Tough,” “Will Watch,” “Tom Bowling,” and “Wapping old stairs.” In all which they describe I feel an intense interest. I cannot tell, either by my own feelings or by reasoning on the facts, why the scenes of pastoral and agricultural life should be dwelt on with more pleasure than is felt in reading of ports, tiers of ships, trim cutters ably manned, fishing-nets, check shirts lying along the clean shingles, white sails, and streaming pendants. A fine tree is certainly a fine sight, but not a finer one than a ship in full sail. The unloading of a fine well-stored vessel, and the carrying of her cargo into the warehouses, may well bear comparison with the getting in of a harvest. A neat green and white skiff, deep but thinly made, and dancing lightly at its moorings on a green

sea within a large harbour, is a sight to which I can compare no rural object with which I am acquainted, unless it be a fine clean ox feeding in a rich meadow. And what can equal the pleasure of being the first to walk over a fine sandy bay just after the tide has left it? How invitingly level! How provocative of verse! A fine lawn cannot equal it unless the lawn be covered with young children at play, or a dozen of merry couples dancing. But I must not run on to too great a length.

I hope then that, from what I have said, you will take these subjects into your consideration, and invite some of the modern poets to make trial of a coasting voyage, and a short residence at a small seaport town, where they make anchors and ropes, and build small vessels. You may assure them from me, who have tried it often, that it will fill their minds with as fine food as any that can be got from an inland residence, be the country as fine as it may. And there is one modern poet in particular, to whom you may say that an old friend begs him to "do this in remembrance of him," and in preference to carrying the Muses into such vile places as Fives Court, the Castle, and the Hole-in-the-Wall. Only think of the Muses at the Hole-in-the-Wall!—I am, Sir, your obedient servant and constant reader,

J. C. H.

P.S. A few words, when time serves, on the subject of Watering-places, would be very acceptable to some of your readers. They are places which lie under base imputations, the effect of a vulgar prejudice.

ELIA VERSUS INDICATOR.

The ingenious author (we hate resentment) of the articles with the signature of Elia, in the London Magazine, complains of us for saying that he was "a Mr. L—b." This is an evasion but too characteristic, we understand, of the clever but mendacious writer. Call himself what he may, we deny that we called him L—b. The name we mentioned was one of four plain-spoken honest syllables, belonging to a respectable friend of ours, whose pardon we must beg for confounding him with this his too fortunate mimic. He says, that "a writer whose real name, *it seems*, is Boldero," (it is with great scorn that we acknowledge we cannot help laughing at this and some other passages of his tirade) that a writer whose real name, *it seems*, is Boldero, but who amuses the town under the signature of — (mentioning a signature which never appears in these papers) charges him, Elia, with not writing the articles under that name, &c. : and in another part of his petulant imitation of our friend's style, (written doubtless after he had lost to some occasional player at whist) he accuses us of being assassins of his very essence,—fellows who not only forbid him "to be any longer, but to have been at all:" and therefore he cries out upon our "ancestors to look to it." As if a man of the name of Elia could have had any ancestors! To attribute the labours of us two-penny authors to a person even of the same name as that of an eminent banking family, savours of too sorry a spirit of jesting; but what will the reader say, when he hears, that Elia, with all his personalities upon other people, and the

indifferent knavery of his *it seems*, is neither more nor less than this very Mr. L—b, for whom he *pretends* we took him? And yet he has not an opinion of himself sufficiently handsome to acknowledge even that! If indeed, it be not rather that he has too good a one, and is far gone in the vanity of modesty. At any rate, see the jealousy of some people. This Mr. L—b is so impatient of having his soul or better half of him looked at, that as rabbits will fall upon their young if you stare at them, he flies upon himself for very anger, and tears out his inward man. He will have none of his own body. With one stroke of his pen he exenterates himself,—L—b. He is Pætus and Arria in one, and will die rather than be lorded over with love. Like the Spartan boy, who stole the fox, he will have his bowels torn out, sooner than acknowledge himself for the rogue he is. He is a true thief and modest withal,—nobody,—only a head and a heel. His jealousy knows no medium. He abolishes all his intermediate faculties, as an Egyptian lets nothing be seen about his wife but her eyes and feet. It really disturbs the natural current of our tropical blood to see these capricious-tempered, peevish-veined English (Genoese forsooth!) insisting upon being at once loved and not loved, laudable and not praised, personal yet anonymous. There *was*, by the bye, a family of the name of Elia who came from Italy,—Jews; which may account for this boast about Genoa. See also in his last article in the London Magazine some remarkable fancies of conscience in reference to the Papal religion. They further corroborate what we have heard; viz. that the family were obliged to fly from Genoa for saying that the Pope was the author of Rabelais; and that Elia is not an anagram, as some have thought it, but the Judaico-Christian name of the writer before us, whose surname, we find, is not Lamb, but Lomb;—Elia Lomb! What a name! He told a friend of ours so in company, and would have palmed himself upon him for a Scotchman, but that his countenance betrayed him. We regret that such a person should have had us at a disadvantage; and shall take care in future how we panegyrisé our betters in such a way, as to render them liable to be confounded with their inferiors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents, D. T., W. H. C., H., and J. N., will accept our thanks. We have not forgotten the promise alluded to by the first.

An answer to the Letter on French Literature as early as possible.

Two passages in the Letter from a Distinguished Personage, which appeared in our last number but one, were wrongly printed, and ought to have stood thus:—

“Of both sexes the majority may, however, declare with truth, that the hours they spend in my service are the most innocent, and frequently the most happy.

“In scenes of intemperance my influence is frequently stronger than that of reason: I often stop their career, and by degrees restore them to their senses.”

For “the sun blushes at them from heaven,” read also, “the sun blushes at them from his highest throne in heaven.”

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXV.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14th, 1821.

PULCI.

WE present our readers with a prose abridgment of the beginning of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci, the father of Italian romance. We would rather have given it them in verse; but it would have taken more time and attention than we can just now afford. Besides, a prose specimen of this author is a less unjust one, than it would be of any of his successors; because though a real poet, he is not so eminent as a versifier, and deals less in poetical abstractions. He has less of the oracular or voiceful part of his art, conversing almost exclusively with the social feelings in their most familiar language.

Luigi Pulci, the younger of three literary brothers, was born the 15th of December (3d, O.S.), 1431. His family was noble, and probably gave their name to the district of Monte Pulciano, famous for the supereminence of its wine. It was a fit soil for him to grow in. He had an enviable lot, with nothing to interrupt his vivacity; passing his life in the shades of ease and retirement, and "warbling his native wood-notes wild" without fear of hawks from above or lurking reptiles from below. Among his principal friends were Politian, Lorenzo de Medici, and the latter's mother Lucrezia Tornabuona. He speaks very affectionately of her memory at the close of his work. At Lorenzo's table he was a constant guest; and at this table, where it is possible that the future Pope, Leo the Tenth, was present as a little boy, he is said to have read, as he produced it, that remarkable poem, which the old Italian critics were not agreed whether to think pious or profane.*

The reader, at this time of day, will be inclined to think it the latter; nor will the reputation of Pope Leo himself, who is said to have made use of the word *Fable* on a very remarkable occasion, be against their verdict. Undoubtedly there was much scepticism in those days, as there always must be where there is great vivacity of mind, with a great demand upon its credulity. But we must take care how we pronounce

* Leo was born in 1475, forty-four years after the birth of Pulci; so that, supposing the latter to have arrived at any thing like length of days, he may have had the young Father of the Faithful for an auditor.

upon the real spirit of manners unlike our own, when we consider the extraordinary mixture of reverence and familiarity with which the most bigoted periods of Catholicism have been accustomed to treat the objects of their faith. They elbow them, till they treat them like their earthly kindred, alternately expecting most from them, and behaving worst by them. Popish sailors have angrily scourged the idols, whom they have prayed to the minute before for a fair wind. The most laughable exposure of the tricks of Roman Catholics in our own language is by old Heywood the Epigramatist, who died abroad "in consequence of his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause."—"The bigotry of any age," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is by no means a test of its piety, or even sincerity. Men seemed to make themselves amends for the enormity of their faith by levity of feeling, as well as by laxity of principle; and in the indifference or ridicule with which they treated the wilful absurdities and extravagances to which they hood-winked their understandings, almost resembled children playing at blind-man's buff, who grope their way in the dark, and make blunders on purpose to laugh at their own idleness and folly."—Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, p. 192. It may be added, that they are sometimes like children, playing and laughing at ghosts in daylight, but very much afraid of them at night-time. There have not been wanting readers to take all Pulci's levity in good religious part. This does not seem possible; but it is possible that he may have had a certain conventional faith in religion, or even regarded it as a sentiment and a general truth, while the goodness of his disposition led him to be ironical upon particular dogmas. The reader must judge him in charity, giving him the benefit of his doubts, whatever they may be. His heart is in the right place; and heaven is around that, wherever it is.

The specimen now laid before the reader is perhaps as good a one, for prose, as could have been selected. The characteristics of our poet are wildness of fancy, pithiness of humour, sprightliness of transition, and tenderness of heart. All these, if the reader has any congeniality of spirit, he may find successively in the outset about the giants, the complaint made of them by the Abbot, the incipient adventures of Morgante in his new character, and the farewell, and family recognition, of the Abbot and Orlando. The passages about the falling of manna, and the eternal punishment of those who are dear to us, furnish the earliest instance of that penetration into absurdity, and the unconscious matter-of-course air of speaking of it, which constitute the humorous part of the style of Voltaire. The character of Margutte, who makes his appearance in Canto 18, and carries this style to its height, is no less remarkable as an anticipation of the most impudent portraits of professed worldliness, and seems to warrant the suspicions entertained respecting the grosser sceptics of that age, while it shews the light in which they were regarded by the more refined. In Margutte's panegyrics upon what he liked, appear to be the seeds of Berni and his followers. One of the best things to be said of the serious characters of Pulci, and where he has the advantage of Ariosto himself, is that you know them with more distinctness, and become more

personally interested in them as people like yourself; whereas, in Ariosto, with all his humanity, the knights are too much of mere knights,—warlike animals. Their flesh and blood is too much encrusted by their armour. Even Andrea Rubbi, the quaint and formal editor of the *Parnaso Italiano*, with all his courtesies towards all established things, says in distinguishing the effect of three great poets of Italy, that “You will adore Ariosto, you will admire Tasso, but you will love Pulci.” The alliteration suits our critic’s vivacity better:—“In fine, tu adorerai l’Ariosto, tu ammirerai il Tasso, ma tu amerai il Pulci.”

Twelve Paladins had the Emperor Charlemagne in his court; and the most wise and famous of them was Orlando. It is of him I am about to speak, and of his friend Morgante, and of Gan the Traitor, who beguiled him to his death in Roncesvalles, where he sounded his horn so strongly after the Dolorous Rout.

It was Easter, and Charles had all his court with him in Paris, making high feast and triumph. There was Orlando, the first among them, and Ogier the Dane, and Astolfo the Englishman, and Ansuigi: and there came Angiotin of Bayonne, and Uliviero, and the gentle Berlinghieri; and there was also Avolio, and Avino, and Otho of Normandy, and Richard, and the wise Namor, and the aged Salamon, and Walter from Monlione, and Baldwin who was the son of the wretched Gan. The son of Pepin was too happy, and oftentimes fairly groaned for joy at seeing all his Paladins assembled together.

But Fortune stands watching in secret, to baffle our designs. While Charles was thus hugging himself with delight, Orlando governed every thing at court, and this made Gan burst with envy; so that he began one day talking with Charles after the following manner:—“Are we always to have Orlando for our master? I have thought of speaking to you about it a thousand times. Orlando has a great deal too much presumption. Here are we, Counts, Dukes, and Kings, at your service, but not at his; and we have resolved not to be governed by a boy. You began in Aspramont to give him to understand how valiant he was, and that he did great things at that fountain; but if it had not been for the good Gerard, I know very well where the victory would have been. The truth is, he has an eye upon the crown, and this, Charles, is the worthy who has deserved so much: all your Generals are afflicted at it. As for me, I shall repass those mountains over which I came to you with seventy-two Counts. Do you take him for a Mars?”

Orlando happened to hear these words as he sat apart, and it displeased him with Gan that he should speak so, but much more that Charles should believe him. He would have killed Gan, if Oliver had not prevented him and taken his sword Durlindana out of his hand; nay, he could have almost killed Charlemagne himself; but at last he went away from Paris alone, raging with scorn and grief. He borrowed as he went, of Ermellina the wife of Ogier, the Dane’s sword Cortana and his horse Rondel, and then proceeded on his way to Brava. His wife, Alda the Fair, hastened to embrace him; but while she was saying “Welcome my Orlando,” he was going to strike her

on the head with his sword, for his head was bewildered, and he took her for Ganellone. The Fair Alda marvelled greatly, but Orlando soon recollected himself, and she took hold of the bridle, and he leaped from his horse, and told her all that had passed, and rested himself with her for some days.

He then took his leave, being still carried away by his disdain, and resolved to pass over into Pagan-land; and as he rode, he thought every step of the way of the traitor Gan; and so, riding on wherever the road took him, he reached the confines between the Christian countries and the Pagan, and came upon an abbey, situate in a dark place in a desert.

Now above the abbey was a great mountain, inhabited by three fierce giants, one of whom was named Passamonte, another Alabastro, and the third Morgante; and these giants used to disturb the abbey, by throwing things down upon it from the mountain with slings, so that the poor little monks could not go out to fetch wood or water. Orlando knocked, but nobody would open till the Abbot was spoken to. At last the Abbot came himself, and opening the door, bade him welcome. The good man told him the reason of the delay, and said that since the arrival of the giants, they had been so perplexed every day that they did not know what to do. "Our ancient fathers in the desert," continued he, "were rewarded according to their holiness. It is not to be supposed that they lived only upon locusts; doubtless, it also rained manna upon them from heaven; but here one is regaled with stones, which the giants rain upon us from the mountain. These are our nice bits and relishes. The fiercest of the giants, Morgante, plucks up pines and other great trees by the roots, and casts them on us." While they were talking thus in the cemetery, there came a stone, which seemed as if it would break Rondel's back. "For God's sake, Cavalier," said the Abbot, "come in, for the manna is falling." "My dear Abbot," answered Orlando, "this fellow, methinks, does not wish to let my horse feed any longer; he wants to cure him of being restive; the stone seems as if it came from a good arm." "Yes," replied the holy father, "I did not deceive you. I think some day or other they will cast the mountain itself upon us." Orlando quieted his horse Rondel, and then sat down to a meal; after which he said, "Abbot, I must go and return the present that has been made to my horse." The Abbot with great tenderness endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain; upon which he crossed him on the forehead, and said, "Go then, and the blessing of God be upon you."

Orlando scaled the mountain, and came where Passamonte was, who seeing him alone, measured him with his eyes round about, and asked him if he would stay with him for a page, promising to make him very comfortable. "Stupid Saracen," said Orlando, "I come to you, according to the will of God, to be your death, and not your foot-boy. You have displeased his servants here, and are no longer to be endured, you mastiff."

Non puo più comportarti, can mastino,

The giant finding himself thus insulted, ran in a fury to arm, and returning to Orlando, slung at him a large stone, which struck him on

the head with such force, as not only made his helmet ring again, but felled him senseless to the earth. Passamonte thought he was dead. "What," said he, retiring to disarm himself, "could have brought that paltry fellow here?"

But Christ never forsakes his followers. While the giant went to disarm himself, Orlando recovered, and cried aloud, "Giant, where are you going? Do you think that you have killed me? Turn back, for unless you have wings, you shall not escape me, you dog of a renegade." The giant greatly marvelling, turned back, and stooping to pick up a stone, Orlando, who had Cortana naked in his hand, cleft his skull; and, cursing Mahomet, he tumbled, dying and blaspheming, to the ground. Blaspheming fell the sour-hearted and cruel wretch; but Orlando, in the meanwhile, thanked the Father and the Word.

The Paladin went on, seeking for Alabastro, the second giant; who, when he saw him, endeavoured to pluck up a great piece of stony earth by the roots. "Ho, ho!" cried Orlando, "what you think to throw that stone, do you?" Then Alabastro took his sling, and flung at him so large a fragment as obliged Orlando to defend himself, for if it had struck him, he would no more have needed a surgeon; but collecting all his strength, he thrust his sword into the giant's breast, and the loggerhead fell dead.

Morgante, the third giant, had a palace, made of earth, and boughs, and shingles, in which he shut himself up at night to rest. Orlando knocked, and disturbed the giant from his sleep, who came staring to the door like a madman, for he had had a bewildering dream. "Who knocks there?" "You will know too soon," answered Orlando: "I am come to make you do penance for your sins, like your brothers. Divine Providence has sent me to avenge the wrongs of the monks upon the whole set of you; and I have to tell you, that Passamonte and Alabastro are already as cold as a couple of pilasters." "Noble Knight," said Morgante, "do me no ill; but if you are a Christian, tell me in courtesy who you are." "I will satisfy you of my faith," replied Orlando: "I adore Christ; and, if you please, you may adore him also."

"I have had a strange vision," replied Morgante, with a low voice: "I was assailed by a dreadful serpent, and called upon Mahomet in vain; then I called upon your God, who was crucified, and he succoured me, and I was delivered from the serpent; so I am disposed to become a Christian."

"If you keep in this mind," returned Orlando, "you shall worship the true God, and come with me and be my companion, and I will love you with perfect love. Your idols are false and vain; the true God is the God of the Christians. Deny the unjust and villainous worship of your Mahomet, and be baptized in the name of my God, who is alone worthy." "I am content," said Morgante. Then Orlando embraced him, and said, "I will lead you to the abbey." "Let us go quickly," replied Morgante, for he was impatient to make his peace with the monks. Orlando rejoiced, saying, "My good brother, and devout withal, you must ask pardon of the Abbot; for God has enlightened you, and accepted you, and he would have you prac-

tice humility." "Yes," said Morgante, "thanks to you, your God shall henceforth be my God. Tell me your name, and afterwards dispose of me as you will." And he told him that he was Orlando.

"Blessed Jesus be thanked," said the giant, "for I have always heard you called a perfect knight; and, as I said, I will follow you all my life through." And so conversing they went together towards the abbey; and by the way Orlando talked with Morgante of the dead giants, and sought to console him, saying they had done the monks a thousand injuries, and our scripture says the good shall be rewarded and the evil punished, and we must submit to the will of God. "The doctors of our church," continued he, "are all agreed, that if those who are glorified in heaven, were to have compassion of their miserable kindred, who lie in such horrible confusion in hell, their beatitude would come to nothing; and this, you see, would plainly be unjust on the part of God. But such is the firmness of their faith, that what appears good to him, appears good to them. Do what he may, they hold it to be done well, and that it is impossible for him to err; so that if their very fathers and mothers are suffering everlasting punishment, it does not disturb them an atom. This is the custom, I assure you, in the choirs above."

"A word to the wise," said Morgante; "you shall see if I grieve for my brethren, and whether or no I submit to the will of God, and behave myself like an angel. So dust to dust; and now let us enjoy ourselves. I will cut off their hands, all four of them, and take them to these holy monks, that they may be sure they are dead, and not fear to go out alone into the desert. They will then be sure also that the Lord has purified me, and taken me out of darkness, and assured to me the kingdom of heaven." So saying, the giant cut off the hands of his brethren, and left their bodies to the beasts and birds.

They went to the abbey, where the Abbot was expecting Orlando in great anxiety; but the monks not knowing what had happened, ran to the Abbot in great haste and alarm, saying, "Will you suffer this giant to come in?" And when the Abbot saw the giant, he changed countenance. Orlando perceiving him thus disturbed, made haste and said, "Abbot, peace be with you. The giant is a Christian; he believes in Christ, and has renounced his false prophet, Mahomet." And Morgante shewing the hands in proof of his faith, the Abbot thanked heaven with great contentment of mind.

The Abbot did much honour to Morgante, comparing him with St. Paul; and they rested there many days. One day wandering over the abbey, they entered a room where the Abbot kept a quantity of armour; and Morgante saw a bow which pleased him, and he fastened it on. Now there was in the place a great scarcity of water; and Orlando said, like his good brother, "Morgante, I wish you would fetch us some water." "Command me as you please," said he; and placing a great tub upon his shoulders, he went towards a spring at which he had been accustomed to drink, at the foot of the mountain. Having reached the spring, he suddenly heard a great noise in the forest. He took an arrow from the quiver, placed it in the bow, and raising his head, saw a great herd of swine rushing towards the spring

where he stood. Morgante shot one of them clean through the head, and laid him sprawling. Another as if in revenge, ran towards the giant, without giving him time to use another arrow; so he lent him a cuff on the head, which broke the bone, and killed him also; which stroke the rest seeing, fled in haste through the valley. Morgante then placed the tub full of water upon one shoulder, and the two porkers on the other, and returned to the abbey which was at some distance, without spilling a drop.

The monks were delighted to see the fresh water, but still more to see the pork; for there is no animal to whom food comes amiss. They let their breviaries therefore go to sleep awhile; and fell heartily to work, so that the cats and dogs had reason to lament the polish of the bones.

"Now, why do we stay here doing nothing?" said Orlando, one day, to Morgante; and he shook hands with the Abbot, and told him he must take his leave. "I must go," said he, "and make up for lost time. "I ought to have gone long ago, my good father, but I cannot tell you what I feel within me at the content I have enjoyed here in your company. I shall bear in mind and in heart with me, for ever, the Abbot, the abbey, and this desert; so great is the love they have raised in me in so short a time. The great God who reigns above must thank you for me in his own abode. Bestow on us your benediction, and do not forget us in your prayers."

When the Abbot heard Count Orlando talk thus, his heart melted within him for sweet tenderness, and he said; "Knight, if we have failed in any courtesy due to your prowess and great gentleness, (and indeed what we have done, has been but little) pray put it to the account of our ignorance and to the place which we inhabit. We are but poor men of the cloister, better able to regale you with masses, and orisons, and paternosters, than with dinners and suppers. You have so taken this heart of mine by the many noble qualities I have seen in you, that I shall be with you still wherever you go, and on the other hand you will always be present here with me. This seems a contradiction, but you are wise, and will take my meaning discreetly. You have saved the very life and spirit of us: for so much perturbation had those giants cast about our place, that the way to the Lord among us was blocked up. May he who sent you into these woods, reward your justice and piety, by which we are delivered from our trouble. Thanks be to him and to you. We shall all be disconsolate at your departure. We shall grieve that we cannot detain you among us for months and years; but you do not wear these weeds; you bear arms and armour; and you may possibly merit as well in carrying those, as in wearing this cap. You read your Bible; and your virtue has been the means of shewing the giant the way to heaven. Go in peace and prosper, whoever you may be. I do not ask your name, but if ever I am asked who it was that came among us, I shall say that it was an angel from God. If there is any armour, or other thing that you would have, go into the room where it is, and take it." "If you have any armour that would suit my companion," replied Orlando, "that I will accept with pleasure." "Come and

ser," said the Abbot: and they went into a room that was full of old armour. Morgante examined every thing but could find nothing large enough, except a rusty breast plate, which fitted him marvellously. It had belonged to an enormous giant, who was killed there of old by Milone of Angfante. There was a painting on the wall which told the whole story, how the giant had laid cruel and long siege to the abbey, and how he had been overthrown at last by the great Milone. Orlando, seeing this said, within himself;—"Oh God, unto whom all things are known, how came Milone here, who destroyed this giant?" And reading certain inscriptions which were there, he could no longer keep a firm countenance, but the tears ran down his cheeks.

When the Abbot saw Orlando weep, and his brow redden, and the light of his eyes become child-like with pity, he asked him the reason; but finding him still dumbly affected, he continued, "I do not know whether you are overpowered by admiration of what is painted in this chamber. You must know, that I am of high descent, though not through lawful wedlock. I believe I may say I am nephew or sister's son to no less a man than that Rinaldo, who was so great a Paladin in the world; though my own father was not of a lawful mother. Ansuigi was his name; my own, out in the world, was Chiaramonte; and this Milone was my father's brother. Ah, gentle haion, for blessed Jesus's sake, tell me what name is yours!" Orlando, all glowing with affection, and bathed in tears, replied; "My dear Abbot and kinsman, he before you is your Orlando." Upon this, they ran for tenderness into each other's arms, weeping on both sides with a sovereign affection, which was too high to be expressed at once. The Abbot was so overjoyed, that he seemed as if he would never have done embracing Orlando. "By what fortune," said the knight, "do I find you in this obscure place? Tell me, my dear father, how was it you became a monk, and did not follow arms like myself and the rest of us?"

"It is the will of God," replied the Abbot, hastening to give his feelings utterance. "Many and divers are the paths he points out for us, by which to arrive at his city. Some walk it with the sword, some with the pastoral staff. Nature makes the inclination different, and therefore there are different ways for them to take; enough if they all arrive safely at one and the same place, the last as well as the first. We are all pilgrims through many kingdoms: we all wish to go to Rome, Orlando; but we go picking out our journey through different roads. Such is the trouble to body and soul brought upon us by that sin of the old apple. Day and night am I here with my book in hand; day and night do you ride about, holding your sword, and sweating often both in sun and shadow; and all to get round at last to the home from which we departed:—I say, all out of anxiety and hope, to get back unto our home of old." And the giant, hearing them talk of these things, felt the tears also.

THE INDICATOR.

There he arriving round about doth lie,
And takes survey with busie curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.

SPENSER.

No. LXXVI.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21st, 1821.

PASSAGES FROM THE OLD DRAMATISTS.—THE INDICATOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS READERS.

A YOUNG OLD AGE.

Nicoletto. Old? hem! all heart of brass; sound as a bell;
Old? Why, I'll tell your graces; I have gone
But half the bridge o'er yet; there lies before me
As much as I have pass'd, and I'll go it all.

Florence. Mad Vanni still!

Nic. Old oaks do not easily fall:
December's cold hand combs my head and beard,
But May swims in my blood; and he that walks
Without his wooden third leg, is never old.

Pisa. What is your age, my lord?

Nic. Age? what call you age?
I have lived some half a day, some half an hour.

Marston's Wonder of a Kingdom.

FELLOWSHIP WITH HEAVEN.

He that does good deeds here, waits at a table
Where angels are his fellow servitors.—*Id.*

VARIETY OF BEAUTIES PRODUCED BY THE SAME CAUSE.

With one beam
The god of metals makes both gold and wine.—*Id.*

MARRIAGE WITHOUT SUFFICIENT LOVE.

She that's made sure to him she loves not well,
Her banns are asked here, but she weds in hell.—*Id.*

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Accursed queen of chance! what had we done
Who having sometimes like young Phaetons
Rid in the burnished chariot of the Sun,
And sometimes been thy minions, when thy fingers
Wegged wanton love-nets in our curled hair,
And with sweet juggling kisses warmed our cheeks,
Oh! how have we offended thy bright eyes,
That thus we should be spurned and trod upon,
Whilst those infected limbs of the sick world,
Are fixed by thee for stars in that bright sphere,
Wherein our sun-like radiance did appear.

Decker's Old Fortunatus.

DEATH.

—Though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.—*Id.*

WORLDLY BEHAVIOUR.

I am not enamoured of this painted idol,
This strumpet world; for her most beauteous looks
Are poison'd baits, hung upon golden hooks.
When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
Will, wantonly, dance on the silver streams;
But when this squint-eyed age sees virtue poor,
And by a little spark sit shivering,
Begging of all, relieved at no man's door,
She smiles on her, as the sun shines on fire,
To kill that little heat; and with her frown
Is proud, that she can tread poor virtue down.
Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine sour:
Her gifts are toys, and I deride her power.—*Id.*

A DEFEATED PRINCE IMAGINING A WAR AGAINST HIS AFFLICTIONS.

Wouldst have me go unarmed among my foes?
Being besieged by passion, entering lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief;
My soul beleagured with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience! Ah, Lucio, go unarmed?
Come, soul; resume the valour of thy birth:
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquished power;
Cornets of horse shall press the ungrateful earth;
This hollow-wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms;
Ghastly amazement, with upstart hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.

Marston's Antonio and Melinda.

CANDLE-LIGHT ENVIED FOR ITS LITERARY OPPORTUNITIES.

Enter Feliche, walking unbraced.

Fel. Castilio? Alberto? Balardo? none up?
Forobasco? Flattery, nor thou up yet?
Then there's no courtier stirring, that's firm truth.
I cannot sleep: Feliche seldom rests
In these court lodgings. I have walked all night
To see if the nocturnal court delights
Could force me envy their felicity;
And by plain troth, I will confess plain troth,—
I envy nothing but the traverse-light.
Oh! had it eyes, and ears, and tongues, it might
See sport, hear speech of most strange surquedries.
Oh! if that candle-light were made a poet,
He would prove a rare firking satirist,
And draw the core forth of imposter sin.
Well, I thank heaven yet, that my content
Can envy nothing but poor candle-light.—*Id.*

A MALCONTENT NO SUCCEEDER WITH THE LADIES.

Castilio. Yon ne'er accosted them in pomp,
Put your good parts in presence graciously.
Ha, and you had, why they would have come off, sprung
To your arms, and sued, and prayed, and vowed,
And opened all their sweetness to your love.

Feliche. There nre a number of such things as thou
Have often urged me to such loose belief;
But 'stid, you all do lie, you all do lie.
I have put on good clothes, and smugged my face,
Strook a fair wench with a smart speaking eye,
Courtied in all sorts blunt and passionate,
Had opportunity, put them to the Ah!
And by this light I find them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable: perchance a kiss or so,
But for the rest, oh, most inexorable.—*Id.*

A LOVER'S ABSENCE OF MIND, AND FORCIBLE SEPARATION FROM HIS MISTRESS, LEAVE
HIM YET A CERTAIN TASTE OF SWEETNESS.

As having clasped a rose
Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
My hand retains a little breath of sweet;
So may man's trunk, his spirit slipped away,
Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest.—*Id.*

LOVE OUT OF SORTS WITH THE SEASON.

Jacomo. Yon gleam is day: darkness, and sleep, and fear,
Dreams, and the ugly visions of the night,
Are beat to hell by the bright palm of light.
Now roams the swain, and whistles up the morn;
Deep silence breaks; all things start up with light,—
Only my heart; that endless night and day
Lies bed-rid, crippled by coy Celia.

Quadratus. There's a strain, law!
Nay, now I see he's mad most palpable,
He speaks like a player, ah! poetical.

Jac. The wanton spring lies dallying with the earth,
And pours fresh blood in her decayed veins,
Look, how the new sapped branches are in child
With tender infants, how the sun draws out,
And shapes their moisture into thousand forms
Of sprouting buds. All things, that show or breathe,
Are now instaured, saving my wretched breast.

Marston's What You Will.

THE METAPHYSICIAN AND HIS SPANIEL.

Delight my spaniel slept, while I baus'd leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept:
Whilst I wasted my lamp-oil, 'bated my flesh,
Sharunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antic Donate, still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I, first *an sit anima*,
Then an 'twere mortal;—oh, hold, hold, at that
They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain,
Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixed,
Ex traduce, but whether it had free will
Or no,—O philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propped,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stuffed noting books, and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.—*Id.*

FLATTERY

Doth fall on kings
As soft and soon as their first holy oil.

Marston's Parasitaster.

FLATTERY, AND SATIRE UNDER THE MASK OF IT.

Gonzago (the Duke). Count Granuffo, as I live this Faunus is a rare understander of men, is a not? Faunus, this Granuffo is a right wise good lord; a man of excellent discourse, and never speaks. His signs to me, and men of profound reach, instruct abundantly. He begs suits with signs, gives thanks with signs, puts off his hat leisurely, maintains his beard learnedly, keeps his lust privately, makes a nodding leg courtly, and lives happily.

Hercules. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before so instructing a wisdom as your Excellency's. As for his advancement, you gave it most royally, because he deserves it least duly; since to give to virtuous desert is rather a due requital than a princely magnificence, when to undeservingness it is merely all bounty and free grace.—*Id.*

WOMAN.

Tiberio. Oh Fawn, what man of so cold wit
But must love such a wit in such a body?
Thou last and only rareness of heaven's works,
From best of man made model of the gods,
Divinest woman! thou perfection
Of all proportion, made when Jove was blithe,
Well filled with nectar, and full friends with man,
Thou dear as air, necessary as sleep,
To careful man,—oh, who can sin so deeply,
As to be cursed from knowing of the pleasures,
Thy soft society, modest amorousness,
Yields to our tedious life?—*Id.*

MODERN WIT MATRIMONIAL.

Zuccolo. I know it, I confess. All this I did, and I do glory in it;—Why? Cannot a young lady for many months keep honest? No. I misthought it. My wife had wit, beauty, health, good birth, fair clothes, and a passing body; a lady of rare discourse, quick eye, sweet language, alluring behaviour, and exquisite entertainment. I misthought it; I feared, I doubted, and at the last I found it out. I praise my wit; I knew I was a cuckold.

Hercules. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True, Fawn. You shall read of few dunces that have had such a wit, I can tell you; and I found it out, and I was a cuckold.

Herc. Which now you have found, you will not be such an ass as Cæsar, Great Pompey, Lucullus, Anthony, or Cato, and divers other Romans, cuckolds; who all knew it, and yet were ne'er divorced upon't: or like that god-smith Vulcan, who having taken his wife, yet was presently appeased, and entreated to make an armour for a husband of hers.

Zuc. No; the Romans were asses, and thought that a woman might mix her thigh wantonly with a stranger, and yet still love her husband matrimonially.

Herc. As indeed they say, a many married men lye sometimes with strange women, whom, but for the instant use, they abhor.

Zuc. And as for Vulcan, twas humanity more than human. Such excess of goodness, for my part, shall belong only to the gods.—*Id.*

FOLLY AND WORSE FOLLY.

Montsurry. No question we shall see them imitate,
Though afar off, the fashions of our courts,
As they have ever aped us in attire.
Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leap out of themselves as they;
Who when they travel to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French suit.

Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
For their most complete issue. He's sole heir
To all the moral virtues; that first greets
The light with a new fashion; which becomes them,
Like apes disfigured with the attires of men.

K. Henry. No question they much wrong their real worth
In affectation of outlandish scum;
But they have faults, and we more; they foolish proud,
To jet in others' plumes so haughtily;
We proud, that they are proud of foolery,
Holding our worth more complete for their vaunts.

Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois.

A SOLDIER'S FALL.

— As in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose,
Ev'n groaning with his weight, he 'gan to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows,
Which he had oft wrapped in the sky with storms,
Should stoop, and yet his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:—
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your Highness' war
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.— *Id.*

A SPARKLING PORTRAIT.

Gilbert. What said you, Grime?

Grime. I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the hour that ere I got the girl:
For, sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdains them all, to have
Poor George a Greene unto her husband.

Bonfield. On that, good Grime, I'm talking to your daughter;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love
Sets me to school, she is so overwise.
But, gentle girl, if thou'lt forsake this Pinner
And be my love, I will advance thee high.
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and diamonds, planted
Upon a velvet hood, to hide that head,
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire.
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the lord of Doncaster.

Bettris. Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place.

George a Greene, or the Pinner of Wakefield.—Anonymous.

A FOOL IN PROSPECT.

Isabella. Good father!

Fabritio. Tell not me of tongues and rumours.
You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple;
The better for a husband, were you wise:
For those that marry fools, live ladies' lives.
On with the mask! I'll hear no more: he's rich;
The fool's hid under bushels.

Livia. Not so hid neither,
But here's a foul great piece of him methinks;
What will he be, when he comes altogether?

Middleton's Women Beware Women.

LOVE SHOULD NOT BE LACHRYMOSE.

Faith, daughter, you're to blame. You take the course
 To make him an ill husband; troth you do;
 And that disease is catching, I can tell you,
 Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
 And that with little urging. Nay fie, see now;
 What cause have you to weep? would I'd no more,
 That have lived threescore years! there were a cause,
 And 'twere well thought on. Trust me you're to blame:
 His absence cannot last five days at utmost.
 Why should those tears be fetch'd forth! cannot love
 Be e'en as well expressed in a good look,
 But it must see her face still in a fountain?
 It shews like a country maid dressing her head
 By a dish of water.—*Id.*

VANITY.

Mother. How like you it, daughter?

Bianca.

"Tis a noble state!

Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
 Of such a solemn and most worthy custom.
 Did not the Duke look up? methought he saw us.

Mother. That's every one's conceit that sees a Duke.
 If he look stedfastly, he looks straight at them;
 When he, perhaps, good careful gentleman,
 Never minds any; but the look he casts
 Is at his own intentions, and his object
 Only the public good.—*Id.*

MAKING UP.

Isabella. Prithee forgive me;
 I did but chide in jest: the best loves use it
 Sometimes: it sets an edge upon affection.
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,
 'Tis not all sweetness that we set before them;
 There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
 And make 'em taste their wine well: so, methinks,
 After a friendly, sharp, and savory chiding,
 A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape:
 How thinkst thou? does it not? (*Kisses him.*)—*Id.*

A SWEET VOICE ILL APPRECIATED.

Methinks now such a voice to such a husband,
 Is like a jewel of unvalued worth
 Hung at a fool's ear.—*Id.*

AN UNLAWFUL LOVER OBLIGED TO COMMEND HIS MISTRESS TO A BRIDEGROOM.

I have a strange office en't here;
 Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
 Concealed for his own bosom; but my fortune
 To set 'em out for another's liking;
 Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
 That parts from his good horse with many praises,
 And goes on foot himself.—*Id.*

A HUSBAND SCORNE BY A WIFE WHO HAS LEFT HIM TO LIVE WITH A PRINCE.

With what a cruel pride
 The glory of her sin strikes bye my afflictions!—*Id.*

HIS FEELINGS AT HER DESERTION OF HIM.

Hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?
 Oh, Bianca! now I miss thee: Oh! return,

And save the faith of woman. I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now. 'Tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were fall'n upon man here: so new it is
To flesh and blood; so strange, so insupportable:
A torment e'en mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it
In scalding oil.

Livia. Sweet sir!

Leantio (without noticing her). As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoyed thee.

Liv. Sir!

Lean. (without noticing her.) Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? How it has watched
Whole nights together in all weathers for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers,
That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes;
And then received thee from thy father's window
Into these arms at midnight; when we embraced
As if we had been statues only made for it
To shew art's life, so silent were our comforts,
And kissed as if our lips had grown together.—*Id.*

ORTHODOXY.

Cromwell. My lord, yet grant one suit unto us all;
That this same ancient serving man may wait
Upon my lord his master, in the Tower.

Rochester. This old iniquity, this heretic,
That in contempt of our church discipline
Compelled my summer to devour his process!
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatic,
Had not the King prayed us to pardon you,
You had fryed for't, you grizzled heretic.

Harpool. 'Sblood, my lord bishop, you wrong me. I am neither heretic nor
puritan, but of the old church. I'll swear, drink ale, kiss a wench, go to mass,
eat fish all Lent, and fast Fridays with cakes and wine, fruit and spicery; shrive
me of my sins afore Easter, and begin new before Whitsuntide.

Crom. A merry mad-conceited knave, my lord.

Har. That knave was simply put upon the bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity wish his soul no hurt.

Sir John Oldcastle.—Anonymous.

THE INDICATOR'S FAREWELL.

It was the Editor's intention to reserve the above passages and other
extracts for the purpose mentioned a few weeks ago, that of filling up
his paper when matter was wanting; but a premature return to his
work in general, has brought on such a return of his illness, as com-
pels him, with great reluctance, to give up the paper itself; and here,
accordingly, the Indicator takes leave of his readers. He is still re-
covering; but so slowly, and with so much necessity to be careful, that
it would be weakness in him to keep hovering in this manner over a

task which he cannot properly pursue. He must complete the repose which was already doing him so much good: but he takes it only in the hope of being able to renew his labours, if not in this shape, in others.—Pleasures he should rather call them, for they are so even when pains and harms. The truth is, his pains have been so literally his pleasures, that although he has not written half what he reasonably might, nor attended a twentieth part as he ought to dispatch and punctuality, yet he has not put enough of his own rural doctrines in practice. He has suffered his imagination to take too many walks for him instead of his legs; has made book-journies about Vadcluse and Hymettus, to the neglect of his much-injured suburbs; and instead of a dozen retreats or so at intervals, which might have saved him the necessity of making these effeminate excuses, has now to keep a holiday of unwilling length and very equivocal pleasure.—Upon casting his eye back upon the numbers of the *Indicator*, he has little to say but to thank his readers, his correspondents, his defenders, his users, who were always welcome when they were not afraid of being so, and his abusers, who in some instances have also thought fit to be his imitators. What he has written at any time, was at least written sincerely. He has generally had to perform his task without books, often with little comfort but the performance, always in the midst of a struggle of some sort; but if the mention of this is a vanity as well as an excuse, it may serve also to shew how much the cultivation of a natural cheerfulness can do for the entertainment of itself and others, and what riches there must be in that ordinary world about us, whose veriest twigs and common-places want but the look of one's own eye to act upon them as a sunshine. If the *Indicator* has found some honey in places more barren than was expected, it is surely neither his fault nor theirs; nor will he make an apology for what is perhaps, at last, his only merit. To use a phrase of Cowley's, it would be very "unbirdly" of him.

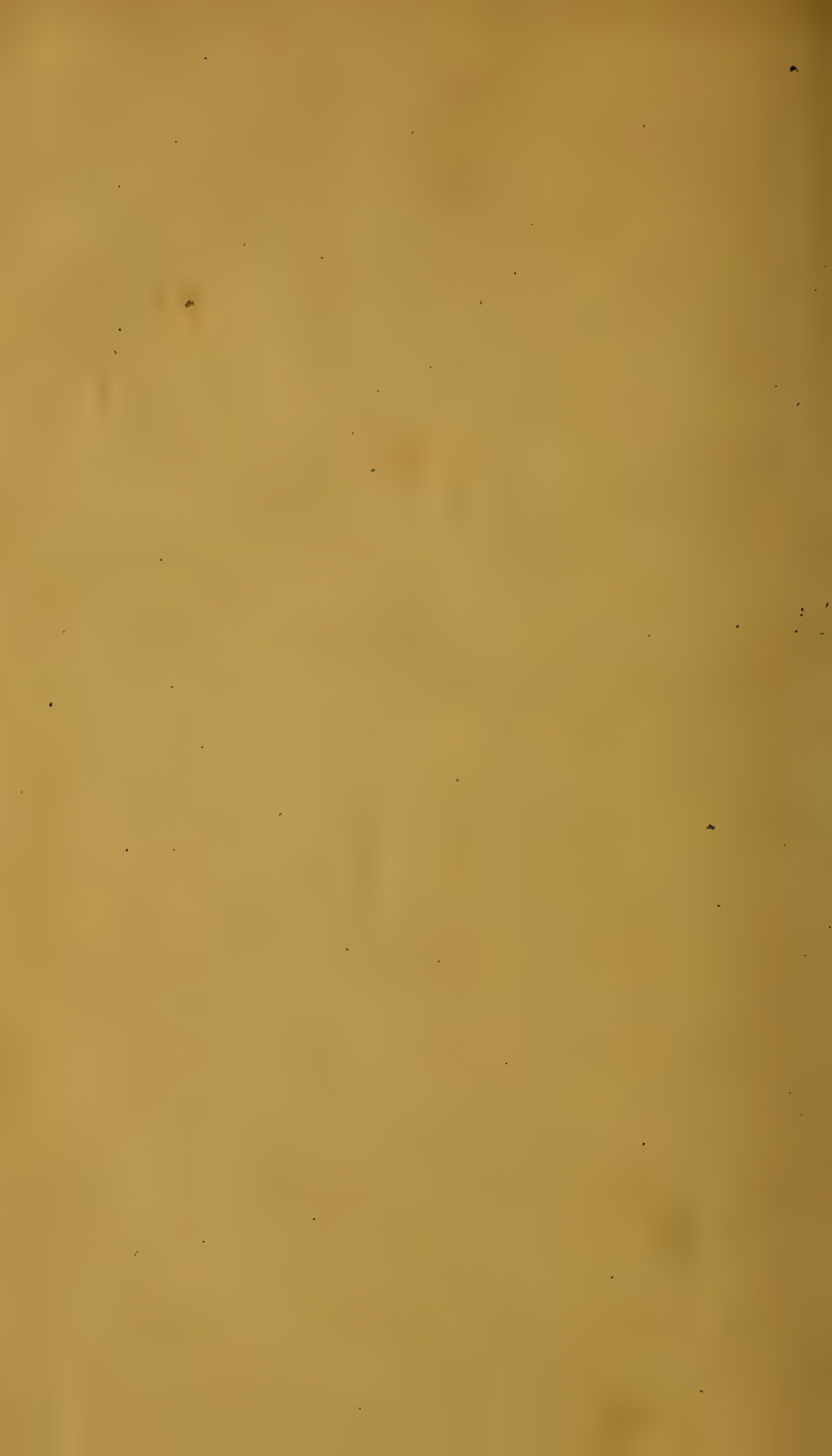
And now, returning to his own shape again, though retaining his birdly propensities, he shakes hands at parting with all his readers male, and gives a kiss on the cheek,—nonsense!—on the mouth, to all his fair readers, who have ever had faith in the good intentions of

LEIGH HUNT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor need not excuse himself on this occasion to the various Correspondents whose communications he intended to notice; but he is very sorry to part with some of them.—Will A. A. be good enough to mention some place to which a few books can be sent her by and by?

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